

# Chatelaine

MARCH • 1945  
TEN CENTS

*The Canadian Woman's Magazine*



Stories by Gladys Taber, Ellen Farley, Fanny Ellsworth, Nan O'Reilly  
"Those Hollywood Kids" and their beauty routine  
Forecast of Fashions from New York, Paris and Canadian designers



# TRUSHAY

THE NEW BEFOREHAND LOTION  
*protects hands even in hot, soapy water*



Even the busiest hands can be lovely! Guard them the easy *beforehand* way — with Trushay! Smooth this new lotion on *before* all your soap-and-water tasks. It helps prevent dryness, roughness—helps keep hands beautiful while they work!



As a delightful all-over body rub, too, Trushay helps keep skin satiny smooth and radiant. Use it also for softening rough elbows, for soothing chapped hands, or as a powder base. You'll be won over to Trushay in no time!



Trushay is economical! A few drops go a long way. So use it in every way you wish. But, above all, use it the *beforehand* way—for Trushay keeps your skin soft and smooth because it does its protective work *beforehand*.

**TRUSHAY—THE BEFOREHAND LOTION—NOW AVAILABLE IN CANADA**

*A Product of Bristol-Myers — Made in Canada*



# WABASSO

## *Fast Colour Prints*

### and BROADCLOTHS



For your children and for yourself Wabasso offers a profusion of smart Spring patterns in fast-colour print cloths and broadcloths . . . dainty dots, colourful stripes and fascinating floral designs styled exclusively for Wabasso. The Wabasso white rabbit trademark is your assurance that the colours are

absolutely sun-fast and tub-fast and will last as long as the serviceable Sturdi-Cloth itself; that no trade-marked Wabasso print and broadcloth will fade even after repeated launderings and exposure to strong light. Ask to see the lovely Wabasso prints and broadcloths at your favourite store.

*Always ask for Trademarked*

# WABASSO



# COTTONS



# these 700

ON THE NIGHT of March 31, 1942, Ford of Canada ceased making automobiles for civilians. There was a risk that many Ford dealers thus deprived of their revenue from new car sales, would seek some other means of livelihood. The *character* of the individual Ford dealers prevented this from happening. Thousands of Ford owners

have continued to receive repair service and civilian transportation has been maintained.

Ford dealers are men of resolution. Faced with this perplexing problem each one exercised his own private judgment, drew on his experience as a member of the Ford organization and charted his course for the future.

Events have sorely tried these men. But, once again, it has been proven that the strong are not beaten by difficulties—that for every one able to stand prosperity, there are a hundred who will stand adversity. So do character and resolution make organizations that endure.

On March 31, 1942, Ford of Canada had seven hundred dealers. There are *still* seven hundred.

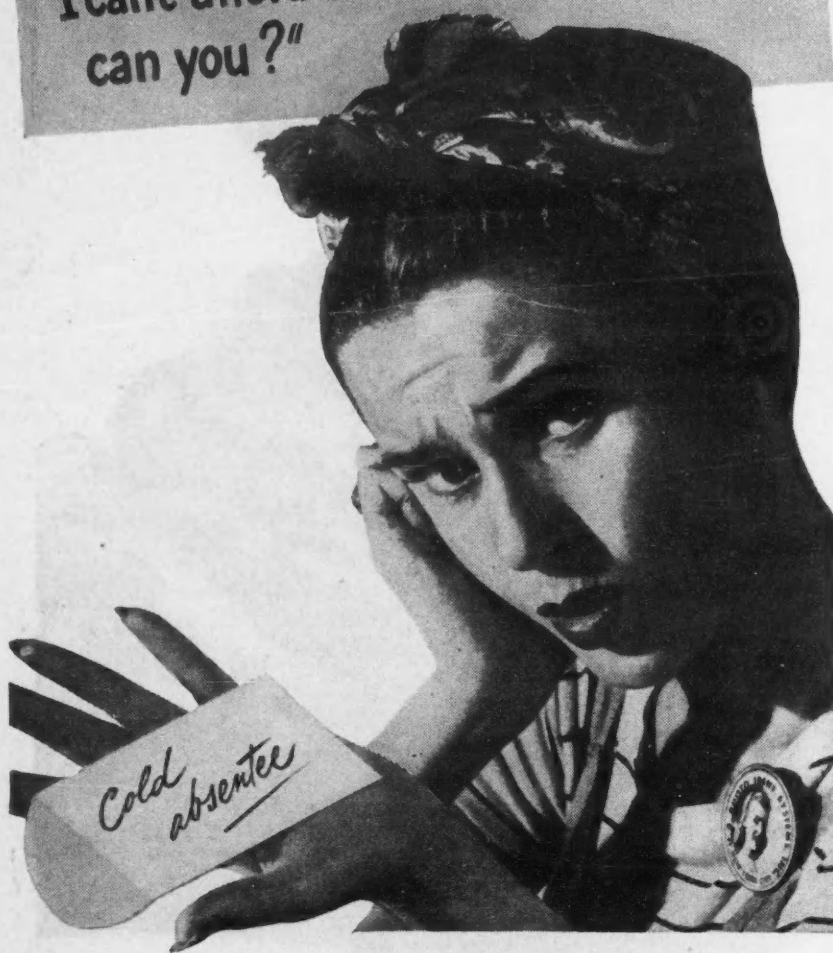
**GIVE  
TO THE  
RED CROSS**



**FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED**



"I can't afford to lose a week's salary—  
can you?"



OF course you can't afford to lose a week's salary! But if you are like many people you lose it just the same. A nasty cold takes it right out of your pocket. Fifty million people "pay through the nose" every year!...a crippling loss to industry, to the war effort, and to you.

What can you do about it? Here are a few helpful suggestions:

1. During the chilly months dress adequately, eat moderately, take sufficient exercise every day, and get plenty of sleep. If you do catch cold put yourself to bed and eat lightly.
2. Avoid people with colds and stay out of crowds which number many cold sufferers.
3. Avoid sudden temperature changes, drafts, over-tiredness, and wet or cold feet which lower resistance.

Add to these intelligent precautions another wise one—the systematic morning-and-night use of

Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle.

Remember, clinical tests made over a twelve-year period reveal this impressive result:

#### Fewer Colds in Tests

*Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.*

Here, we believe, is why Listerine is so effective: It reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of those potentially troublesome germs called the Secondary Invaders.

This germ-killing action may often halt a "mass invasion" of the tissues by these germs . . . sparing you the siege of misery they so often produce. So, remember! Listerine Antiseptic—especially when you feel a cold coming on!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.  
Toronto, Ont.

**At the first sign  
of a Cold or Sore Throat**

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC — Quick!**

MADE IN CANADA

## Foreword and Footnotes



RONALD A. McEACHERN, who gives out with some exceedingly solid advice under the heading, "Hang on to Your Money," (Page 11) is editor of The Financial Post—the paper your husband strews over the chesterfield with weekly regularity. Mr. McEachern is an expert in the rarefied field of finance; he can spot a cartel a continent away; understands exchange, corporation balance sheets, bulls and bears. But don't let that scare you! In spite of (or is it because of?) such specialized knowledge, Mr. McEachern believes that Big Business is built around a core of Little Business, and that, viewed from any angle, what happens to the ordinary family's savings is a matter of real concern.

SOME MONTHS ago the short-story world, which includes authors, literary agents, magazine editors, was all agog over a clever, crazy tale about the mistaken identity of a soldier's arm, and how, after a dive-bombing, it was re-attached, but to the wrong guy, with devastating effect on his personality. A charming little lady of Adams, Mass., thought that one up—none other than Ellen Farley whose latest story you'll find on Page 5.

Foreword asked Miss Farley for a few biographical notes, and here's her response: "I've been a teacher, a doctor's receptionist, a draftsman, a housewife. Right now I'm a nurse's aide and I expect to continue scrubbing backs, smoothing sheets and carrying bedpans until war's end. Then when my husband, who is now a doughfoot in Italy, comes home, I hope to realize a long-frustrated ambition: to beat him just once at anagrams."



IN ORDER to settle family arguments before they become violent, we hasten to report that those Cover pups are Scalyhams. This breed is what is known to the experts as a "hybrid purebred"—having three distinct ancestors: the Dandie Dinmont, the wire-haired

fox terrier and the bull terrier. The Scalyham comes in white, all over or with brown or black markings; has floppy ears and a coat that's shaggy but fairly soft. A cunning fellow, in brief; and when you get him young and in a double setup, as here, pretty irresistible.

IT'S SPRING again, or almost—on acct. of our gardening expert is with us again, to help readers plan some smashing new effects on small plots. Frances Steinhoff Sanders, whom you'll find farther on in the book under the heading of "Easy Does It," has been studying and designing gardens for the past dozen years, and, equipped with a well-turned journalistic gift, has been able to carry the gospel of better gardening to a wide public. She is a member of the Canadian Society of Landscape Architects. Until her marriage last year she resided in Toronto; now living in Vancouver, she is looking forward eagerly to her first experience of camellias and wallflowers in bloom in April, in Canada.





# It's Nice to Have Company

by Ellen Farley

MRS BUZZIE had never felt more Alive!—which, Mrs. Buzzie knowing what she knew, was really very Strange.

Mrs. Buzzie's daughter Essie and her son-in-law Edward—whom Mrs. Buzzie wouldn't have *thought* of calling Ed—had been gone from the house only two minutes. Mrs. Buzzie now stood behind the curtains in the huge, beautifully furnished living room and watched the rear end of their taxi go careening off down Livingston Drive. And as she watched, she smiled most happily.

For wasn't it a wonderful coincidence that Edward should be called away at this Special time in Mrs. Buzzie's life! And wasn't it almost a miracle that Essie had decided to go with him?

Essie had never been satisfied with the curtains Mrs. Buzzie had selected for her room and one of the things Essie intended to purchase while she was away was curtains—decent ones—for her mother's little nest.

Essie called it that and it had been one of the few of Essie's expressions which Mrs. Buzzie had taken to. She liked to think of her room at her daughter's as a little nest. It was a sort of homey expression . . . and whatever Essie and Edward's lovely domicile could be called, it couldn't be called homey.

So Mrs. Buzzie liked to think of her bed-sitting-bath-room on the third floor as a nest, a cozy, warm nest in a large cold mansion. For, of course, the only buildings on Livingston Drive were mansions, and Essie and Edward's was the most special mansion of them all. Mrs. Buzzie, after almost two years residence, was still being surprised by the mansion-ness of it.

Only last week she had discovered, in amazed anger, about the little hole at the front of the fireplace. It opened so nicely and you could sweep the ashes down it into a chute. Mrs. Buzzie had wanted to light the lovely pile of birch logs just so she might be able to use the chute. But Essie explained that, what with the servant problem, now, she and Edward thought it wiser not to use the fireplace.

But Mrs. Buzzie was still annoyed that she hadn't known before about that little door leading into the little chute.

But not much annoyed; just a little, as she stood watching the taxi hurry down the parkway, for Mrs.

Buzzie knew that as soon as the car was out of sight, she had Things to Do. Very important, wonderful things that made poor Essie's curtain buying seem very funny indeed.

"I'll take care of my own curtains," thought Mrs. Buzzie with a little chuckle which it pleased her to think of as grim. Except that it wasn't curtains, it was curtain. Well, it didn't matter. Not a bit! For the taxi was out of sight. It was gone! And there was no one in the great big lovely house except Mrs. Buzzie and cook. It wasn't quite eight o'clock. A whole day stretched before Mrs. Buzzie like a huge

piece of cloth she was to cut and nick into shape with her busy shears. A whole big wonderful day!

NO SOONER had the taxi disappeared than Mrs. Buzzie turned spryly from the window and hurried, almost skipped, across the thick rug which she had never liked because it made her feet feel as if they had weights on. She flew into the hall and then through the huge dining room with its great glistening chandelier and on to the serving pantry and finally, all breathless, reached the kitchen. Here she gave her orders to cook who had been her friend for months.



*Mrs. Buzzie stood watching the taxi hurry down the street, for she knew that as soon as it was out of sight she had very important wonderful things to do.*



# Bread *stretches your food dollar*

*Cut the cost of main dishes  
with these delicious recipes*

**DOES** your food budget stump you every time you try to dress up a simple family meal? Then take this tip: include BREAD in the dishes you plan.

The clever things Bread will do are a happy cooking surprise. Bread puts the "company" touch to ordinary dishes—makes leftovers fit for a feast. Recipes with bread help to spread main dish helpings when unexpected guests show up for dinner.

Bread is *highly* nutritious eaten alone or used in main dishes. It is one of the best and cheapest sources of food energy, and our Canadian bakers are supplying you with bread that is a good source of high-quality protein for tissue-building and muscle repair.

Bread is so easy, so *satisfying* to cook with. Use slices, cubes, toast, breadcrumbs. Bread combines perfectly with almost every other food.

You'll find it fun to try the recipes on this page. All are simple, inexpensive, taste-tempting. Let your family and your budget be the judge.

## Croûstades of Creamed Chicken (Illustrated)

Croûstades for servings desired  
1½ cups medium-thick white sauce

1½ cups diced cooked chicken  
1 scraped onion  
Seasoning as desired

**Croûstades**—Cut day-old bread in 2½-inch slices. Remove crusts. Cut into 3 by 2½-inch pieces. Hollow out each block with sharp knife. Leave shells unbroken but thin. Brush all over with melted butter. Brown lightly in moderate oven.

**White Sauce**—Melt 2 tbsp. butter and blend with 2tbsp. flour, ½ tsp. salt and ½ tsp. pepper, or few grains cayenne. Add 1 cup hot milk. Stir and cook until mixture thickens smoothly.

**Combine sauce and chicken.** Add scraped onion. Season to taste. Heat over boiling water. Serve in hot croûstades. Garnish with parsley.

## Baked Meat Loaf

4 cups soft breadcrumbs  
2 lbs. ground raw beef  
1 chopped onion  
1 tbsp. salt  
1 egg, slightly beaten

½ tsp. pepper  
1 tsp. dry mustard  
1 tsp. mixed poultry seasoning  
Shortening

Combine all ingredients except fat. Mix thoroughly and shape gently into loaf. Place in roasting pan and spread generously with fat and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Brown in very hot oven, 550°. When richly browned, lower heat sharply to 350°. Continue to bake uncovered 45 to 60 minutes longer. Baste frequently.

## Cheese Fondue

3 cups bread, cut in ¾-inch cubes  
1½ cups grated nippy cheese  
3 eggs, slightly beaten

1 tsp. salt  
½ tsp. pepper  
Scraped onion to taste  
2 tbsp. butter  
3 cups hot milk

Place alternate layers of bread cubes and cheese in greased baking dish, having cheese on top. Add seasonings and butter to eggs and stir in milk. Pour over bread and cheese and let stand ½ hour. Bake in pan of hot water in moderate oven, 325° to 350°, until knife inserted in center comes out clean. (45 to 60 minutes.) Serve at once. Bacon is perfect with it.



## Buy Bakers' Bread

You can rely upon your local baker for the finest bread that can be made today. His baking skill—his modern equipment and methods, the fine ingredients he uses give you bread that is packed with food energy, unequalled in wholesomeness and delicious flavour.

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of National Health.

CROÛSTADES OF CREAMED CHICKEN—A DELICIOUS "MAIN DISH" FOR LUNCHEON OR SUPPER



scattered lashes. A young girl wearing a full light-green coat and no hat on her long, blondish hair.

Mrs. Buzzie's heart fell at this, for she knew that young people are not lonely. They hadn't had time to learn how to be. But maybe . . . Mrs. Buzzie's heart skipped a beat, then another. For the girl was hesitating at the bench opposite and . . . yes . . . she was sitting down. That, Mrs. Buzzie knew, was an almost infallible sign. People who weren't lonely walked on; but those who were, hesitated and sat and then they looked, after a while, uncertainly at the bench opposite and then they said, "It's a nice day?" questioningly.

Mrs. Buzzie watched the girl in order to intercept that uncertain look, in order to be the first to say, "Isn't it a lovely day?" For she knew what a satisfaction it was to a lonely person to have somebody else speak first. But as she watched, the girl allowed her coat to fall open and Mrs. Buzzie had to catch and swallow the disappointment which nearly burst out of her throat. For this wasn't a lonely person. This girl was about to become a mother. And Mrs. Buzzie

knew, from remembering back 50 years before when she had been about to have Essie, that it wasn't a lonely feeling.

So, sadly, she prepared to stand up, to go . . . when the girl leaned forward and said, "It's a nice day?" uncertainly. And startled, pleased, almost stunned with joy, Mrs. Buzzie sat back and cried joyously, "Isn't it? Isn't it a lovely day!"

TWO HOURS later, Mrs. Buzzie had one guest in her pocket.

She was waiting to see the doctor. She was sitting near the window and looking down upon the busy city street. She hadn't wanted to keep this appointment, this day. But she had promised Essie. Essie might not have gone away, leaving Mrs. Buzzie alone with cook if her mother had not promised to keep her appointment with Essie's doctor. Mrs. Buzzie always thought of him as Essie's doctor although he had been treating those skips of her heart for over a year. He was like Essie, terribly busy and his eyes wandered.

Well, Mrs. Buzzie thought, she wouldn't have to see him after today, and when Essie phoned about six, she could say truthfully, "I saw the doctor," and so not spoil the evening with an unnecessary lie.

Thus, when she was finally told it was her turn by the efficient-looking nurse all in pure white, Mrs. Buzzie sallied into the doctor's office with considerable aplomb. For it was only half-past eleven and she already had one guest, and she wasn't ever going to have to visit this busy man again.

She was anxious to convince him that she was fine and be gone. For she didn't know then about the Good Turn he was going to do her. Such a very Good Turn that she was to think that afternoon: Well, you never know.

The doctor took one look at her this morning, and got up from the desk where he was writing something and came forward to smile down at her with more interest than he had ever revealed before. (Mrs. Buzzie even jumped a little, wondering if he had guessed.) But he couldn't have. For he said in a smooth, rumbling voice, "Well, well! Here's one patient who's coming along. Mrs. Buzzie, you are a picture. I hope when I get to be your age I'll have half your pep."

People often said that to Mrs. Buzzie. So often that she had got very tired of it. It was a silly thing to say. Didn't people know that having lots of pep wasn't everything?

But Mrs. Buzzie believed in being polite.

"Thank you, sir." Mrs. Buzzie always called busy men sir; it seemed to please them and she had always liked to please. "I feel very well." Then in a burst of confidence—even as she blamed herself for never being able to keep still about things—she added, dropping her eyes modestly to her worn black bag, "I'm excited, that's why."

"Are you, Mrs. Buzzie? Are you, indeed? And what, pray, are you excited about?" asked the doctor in the unpleasant oily way busy men pass off for polite interest.

Another time this oiliness might have drowned Mrs. Buzzie's spirit. But today was different.

"Because I'm having a dinner party tonight, that's why!" And her blue eyes lifted and glittered impishly.

"Ah-h! When the cat's away the mice will play. A few of your old friends, Mrs. Buzzie?"

She gave her head a toss. "No, sir." And then to shock him because he was such a pill and because it pleased her to tell the truth on this of all days, she added, "Two lonely people. One I've already dug up this morning. But the other is still somewhere about."

"Two lonely people," repeated the doctor, his oiliness thickening into almost human curiosity. But he reverted to type at once, "Ah! Could I come, Mrs. Buzzie?"

She cackled brightly, but gave him such a fiendish look that it occurred to him to wonder just what Mrs. Buzzie had been like when she was young. And he found himself flushing. Why, he didn't know—except that it seemed somehow indecent that he had joked about being lonely when he wasn't.

"Two lonely people," he said then, trying to make believe he hadn't made that poor joke about being himself invited. "And you have just one?"

Mrs. Buzzie nodded politely, allowing him to think she hadn't meant what she *bad* meant by that look.

The doctor let his eyes drift from her bland glance and he said, slowly, "You know, it happens that I know of a very lonely person."

"You do?" asked Mrs. Buzzie, and it seemed as though she said: "You do!" ♦ Continued on page 25



*This was to be the most fateful night of her life. The fortuneteller's cards had said so, but perhaps there was a joker in the deck to explain that crazy change in the course of prophecy, at exactly 10:30 p.m.*

"I'd like dinner tonight," she said, lifting her snow-white head importantly and blinking her bright blue eyes which shone out so merrily from the wrinkled parchment of her little dried-up face. "A wonderful dinner. For three."

Cook gave Mrs. Buzzie a sidewise sardonic look. "Three, eh? You that hungry?"

Mrs. Buzzie cackled delightedly. "Not me," she said, fairly dancing around the inlaid linoleum which, she had often thought to herself, must have cost a pretty penny. "I'm having guests. Two guests!"

Cook's mouth twisted. "Who?"

For the first time that day Mrs. Buzzie's face clouded. For a moment she stood lost in thought, her tiny shrunken body in its long-skirted lavender dress losing some of its vitality. But not for long. Mrs. Buzzie had never allowed Things to get her Down, and she didn't intend to start on this, her great big wonderful Day.

"Never mind," answered Mrs. Buzzie quite peevishly. "You get a wonderful dinner for three. And . . . and I'll get the guests."

But would she, Mrs. Buzzie wondered as 15 minutes later she was putting on her light summer coat—a present from Essie—and her pretty black hat with the lavender-feathered bird on it before the mirror in her own room. Would she get the guests? Not just any guests. But The Guests for her dinner tonight.

They had to be very special guests, Mrs. Buzzie thought, as she pulled out a drawer and selected her long lavender gloves. (One thing about Essie, she did have taste, and Mrs. Buzzie adored the clothes her daughter selected and bought for her.) Yes, they had to be very, very special guests, and if what you had in mind for a dinner was special guests, it was sometimes necessary to eat alone.

These guests had to be Lonely. That was essential. No guests could give Mrs. Buzzie the company she wanted unless they knew about oneliness. And Mrs. Buzzie just didn't know any lonely people . . . except herself. All the lonely people she had once known were gone. When one is so unwise as to live to be 89, one is likely to find this to be so. The lonely people one once knew are gone . . . and perhaps that is the reason why one is lonelier than one ever remembers being before.

Of course, she knew lots of people. She knew cook, and she knew Essie her daughter and Edward her son-in-law. But cook was always laughing at her and Essie was always so busy and her eyes wandered so. And Edward . . . well, he had Big Business on his brain.

She had known Tim the chauffeur before he went to war. And a grocery boy. But he'd gone to war, too. So though she did know lots of people, she couldn't put out her hand to select two lonely ones. For if she had known two lonely ones, why they wouldn't be lonely now and she couldn't ask them!

But there must be two somewhere, Mrs. Buzzie thought firmly as she picked up her old black handbag—which Essie abhorred, but which Mrs. Buzzie insisted on carrying because Harry, her second husband, had given it to her on the day they were married, when Mrs. Buzzie was 61. He'd paid a Small Fortune for it, and Mrs. Buzzie thought it would be unkind to the dead to toss it away while it was still good, especially since Harry had never been able to afford to give her anything else. Except his company. Which Mrs. Buzzie had appreciated.

There must be two somewhere, she reiterated, as she slipped down the stairs and along the downstairs corridor and out into the warm early summer morning. If ye seek ye shall find. Mrs. Buzzie knew this to be true. She had sought for her first husband and for her second and she had found them. And she would have found a third if she had sought. But she hadn't. She

*And finally when her sense of timing told her this was the moment, she said, "I suppose you're wondering why I asked you here tonight."*



Illustrated by Jack Keay

hadn't much wanted to . . . and, of course, Essie had been dead set against it. Essie, whose own father's name had been Van Courtland, had thought that Buzzie was quite bad enough.

MRS. BUZZIE grasped her handbag resolutely and set off with a quick step. She knew where she was going. She was going to the park.

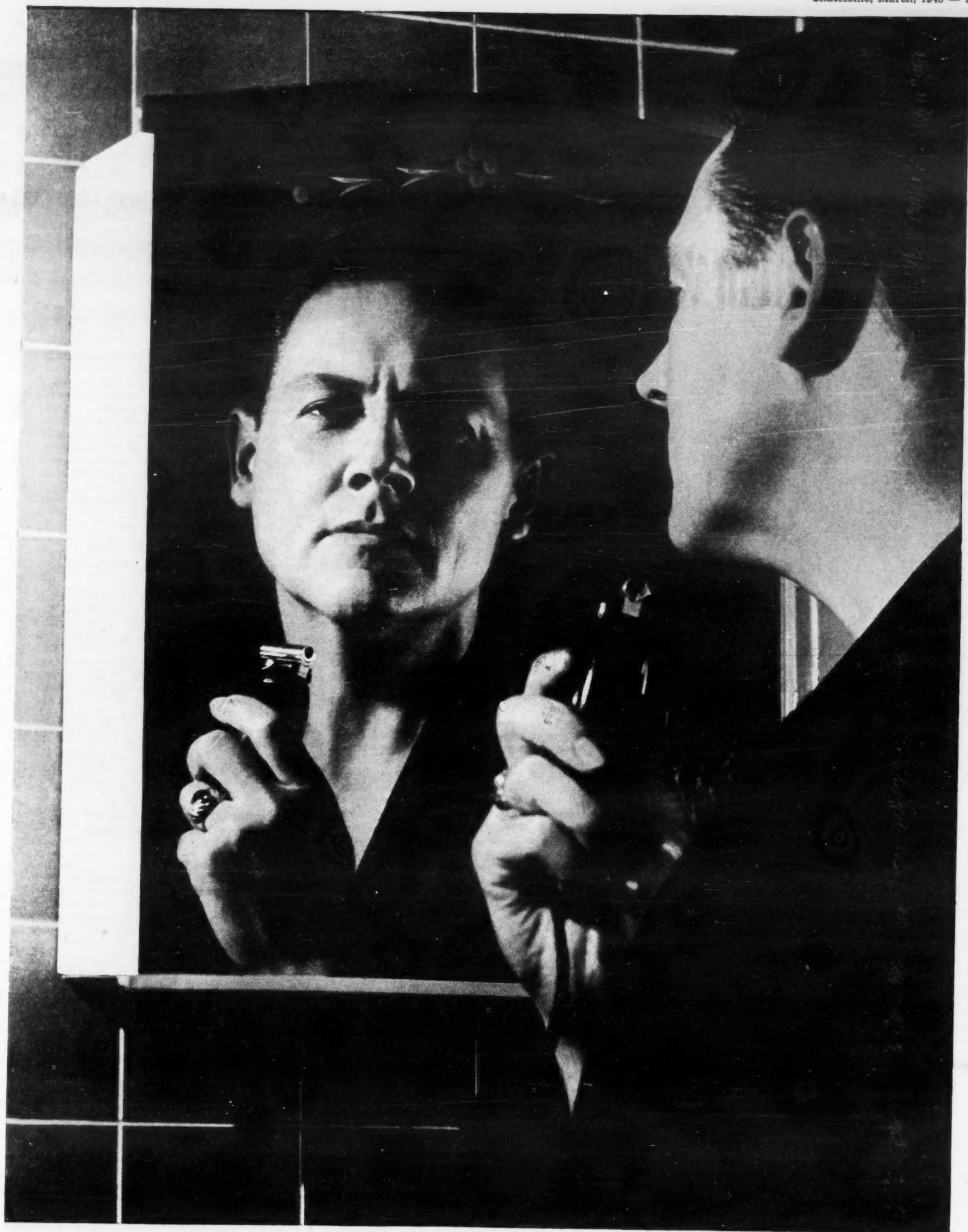
She had been to the park once before with Essie. But Essie hadn't allowed her to go afterward on account of the old man Mrs. Buzzie had got into a conversation with that first and only visit. Mrs. Buzzie had not forgotten the park, however, although she had been too tired to argue with Essie about going there. She had noted on that one visit that the park was a lonely place in spite of the nursemaids wheeling and walking babies along its paths. And Mrs. Buzzie felt that she might find her guests for the evening there.

But when she finally got to the park and took a look around, she had her doubts. Her old man was not there. In fact, that was the trouble. No one was there.

It was too early. Lonely people don't usually start getting that way before two or three in the afternoon, and here it wasn't quite nine in the morning. Mrs. Buzzie gazed unhappily around and then walked to a bench and sat down and looked at the wading pond. Almost nine o'clock, she thought, and her heart skipped a beat . . . which it had been doing of late with a somewhat routine lack of originality. An hour gone. A whole hour of her precious day gone . . . and the park was empty.

Mrs. Buzzie closed her eyes and tried to think of the next best lonely place she knew, but all she could think of was her own little nest and she knew there wasn't anybody there. She started to feel sad and then caught herself and opened her eyes quickly and with determination. And there, coming toward her across the grass, was Somebody.

Mrs. Buzzie's eyes sparkled and she settled back upon her bench and waited. She was waiting to find out if the somebody was lonely. She was a girl, Mrs. Buzzie saw, watching carefully from under her few





*He looked the sort of man who  
would be unfaithful. And yet . . .*

# Thou Canst Not Then Be False

by Nan O'Reilly

Illustration by Pagano

JOHN BRANDYS slid his long legs from under the covers of his twin bed and placed his feet carefully on the floor. With the utmost caution he crossed the room, gathering up his clothes as he went. The door into the adjoining bath gave a creak as he opened it, and for a moment he paused there, looking back to see if it had wakened Margaret. But she lay soundly asleep, the net tied around her hair cutting into her forehead, a film of cold cream lingering in the hollows of nose and chin. He turned away with a familiar feeling of distaste and went into the bathroom, closing the door silently behind him.

He stood before the mirror, staring at his own face as if he had never seen it before. And he had the same feeling of distaste. It was funny, he thought dispassionately, that he had never been unfaithful to Margaret before. He looked like the sort of man who would be unfaithful. There was that hard look of disillusion one sees so often in the faces of successful men around their forties, a look of knowing too much and feeling too little. Curiously, as he stared at his reflection, he seemed to see another face looking over his shoulder—the face of the boy he had been 20 years ago—the face of the boy who had married—desperately in love—the girl Margaret . . .

He got out his shaving things, plugged in the electric razor and began to shave. He had a hard lean jaw and a firm bony chin. There was nothing soft about his face. That was the trouble. The boy looking over his shoulder had a kind of gentleness in his face . . . Brandys put down the razor irritably. Well, heaven knows, he hadn't wanted to fall in love with Barbara. It was the last thing in the world he wanted—getting tangled up with his secretary, like one of those darned movies, or a cheap novel. He hadn't ever wanted to have anything to do with girls. And then that day Barbara had walked into his office . . .

HE HAD been sitting at his desk, fuming because old Tilney had had to die and leave him without her—and what was he going to do without her anyway? She had been his eyes and ears and hands for 15 years—ever since he had begun running up the ladder to success. And now this morning, when he had more to do than he could possibly manage, the new secretary was coming. She wasn't new. She was the pick of the girls in the outer office, Miss Wilson said. Well, he wished she'd hurry up. There were all these letters and appointments . . .

The door opened and she came in. He looked up, and there was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She closed the door quietly behind her and crossed the room toward him. She was very tall and moved swiftly, even across the confined office space. There was something about the lovely free movement of her body that made him think foolishly of the Victory of Samothrace. She had bright golden hair rolled high about her head, and, though the bones of her face were delicately made, she had a look of strength and pride.

Even at that it would have been all right. He could

have grown used to Venus taking his dictation, if she hadn't been so frightened. It was all a front. Underneath that look of youthful arrogance, she was terrified. He found it out when he began dictating.

He began slowly, but then he forgot and began racing along the way he had with Tilney. And all at once he glanced across at her and saw that she wasn't writing anything, but was just sitting there looking down at her pad, and that her hands were shaking.

"See here, you're not frightened, are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, yes, I am—terribly," she said, and then she raised her eyes to him—long violet eyes—and he was done for.

"We'll start over," he said, and there was a note of gentleness in his voice that no one but his daughter Holly ever heard any more. "I'll go more slowly."

"It wasn't that," she faltered. "I've really got a lot of speed. It was just—just—the girls . . ." She stopped dead, and a tide of crimson ran up her white neck.

He laughed suddenly.

"Old ogre—the boss, huh? I knew I was getting crabby, but I didn't know the reputation had developed into a legend. Come on now, let's start over, and I'll be as gentle as a lamb . . ."

Well, that was the beginning. That was six months ago. He supposed, wearily, that the rest of it was just the same old story. He thought of Jim Wilson, and of Roger Hurlburt. The men used to laugh about it at the club. "Old Jim's got a blonde on the string." "Oh, his stenographer, I guess. Must be in his dotage." Or, "Roger Hurlburt's losing his mind. Running around with some girl from his office—and a perfectly good wife and family, too . . ."

It was so easy to talk like that, so easy—looking on from the outside. But what did you do when the sight of a slim back turned your knees to water? When the turn of a golden head sent that wild sweet feeling of springtime you thought you were done with forever, running through your veins again? He sat down abruptly on the edge of the bathtub and held his head in his hands. He couldn't give her up—that was all there was to it . . .

He finished dressing slowly. He had packed his bag the night before. But now he felt that he couldn't face Holly. She always had her breakfast with him, but perhaps if he fooled around a little longer she'd get discouraged and be off for the day before he got down. But when he entered the dining room she was there waiting for him. She leaped up and ran into his arms, and for a moment he held her close.

"You are a slow poke," she jibed. "Think you were going to meet your best girl."

He winced, and rubbed his cheek against hers.

"There's nothing slow about you, old girl. I never saw anyone leap around the way you do. No wonder you're as thin as a rail." He held her off and looked at her. Her slender body was like a blade, wiry and flexible. All her movements were swift, as if life moved

too slowly for her and she must speed everything up. He ran a hand over her leaf-brown curls. "I thought you'd be out freezing the rink," he said.

"No, Jackson hosed it well last night," she said, going back to her breakfast, "and it was so cold that it's perfect this morning."

He glanced out the window. The country lay under a thin layer of snow, beautifully white and crystalline in the morning sun.

"Looks slippery," he said. "Guess it's just as well I've no gas to drive into the city."

"Why do you go?" she asked idly. "Why don't you stay home this morning and skate on the rink? It's a perfect day." She laughed suddenly. "Maybe you could get mom out on her new skates. That would be something."

He looked at her oddly and for a moment seemed to hesitate. To stay here—in the peace and security of home—for an instant it seemed like heaven. He thought of Margaret lying upstairs, sleeping peacefully; he saw Holly, so gay, so unconscious of anything threatening her happy security, and his heart contracted with pain. He glanced around the bright dining room, at the cheerful dainty table, the familiar possessions of home seeming unaccountably precious. He had then a curious memory—of his mother laying her cool hand on his forehead one day when he was feverish. But these thoughts faded.

"That what you're going to do?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Mind if I go up to Windy Mountain for the week end? The gang's going skiing—Pete and Doc and Tamara. It's a kind of last fling. The boys are going to camp next week."

He put down his coffee cup slowly. A sudden look of calculation had come into his eyes.

"No," he said then. "I don't mind—if your mother doesn't. Did you ask her?"

He waited for her answer with painful attention, while, *If Holly were away tonight!* went round and round in his head.

"Uum," Holly answered, her mouth full of toast.

"Well, what did she say?" *If Holly were away tonight!*

Holly grinned at him.

"To ask you, of course, darling. Don't be foolish."

He got up and went to the window.

"Is it good skiing weather?" he asked after a little silence.

She came to stand by the window beside him.

"Perfect!" With one lovely movement she flung her arms over her head, so that + *Continued on page 38*

*Curiously, as he stared at his reflection he seemed to see another face—the face of the boy he had been twenty years ago.*

members of the community who have not returned, seems to me the best possible memory.

"In some communities the greatest need may be a hospital, or a new wing, or out-patient department, or X-ray department, or other particular facilities for the community hospital. In other communities the facilities for community use of schools or other municipal buildings may be the greatest need. In still others, playing fields, parks, swimming pools, camping sites or other facilities which will add to the social life of the community and improve the health of its citizens might be best.

"There is apparently a general move toward the more functional type of memorial with which movement I personally am quite in accord."

### **We should not depend upon war as an excuse for providing better community facilities**

From Elizabeth Wyn Wood, sculptor: "The addition of the second question which qualifies the first by describing monuments as being 'dedicated to the beautiful and artistic,' while giving a more human buildup to the idea of educational, recreational and curative facilities, appears to me to be an attempt to influence opinion. However, my opinion of the two questions considered together is that after thousands of years of culture the human race should not depend upon war as an excuse for providing scholarships, better-equipped schools, parks, playgrounds and hospitals. These are things of such obvious worth that every citizen in a civilized and cultured country has a right to expect them, with no strings attached. If we are so poor that they must be provided with money set aside for war memorials they will doubtless be so marked by a tablet of some kind. In this case the tablet will be a monumental installation different only in scale to what you apparently mean by 'monument.' But if a cultured country has a right to expect educational, recreational and curative facilities, it has also a right to expect major public works of art. Among the greatest of these are fine sculpture. We should have these also in their own right.

"Actually the whole question revolves around whether or not we want this war to be remembered. It so happens that there is a landmark and timemark quality in monumental sculpture because its material and forms are enduring beyond that of any other art. For that reason serious peoples have found it to be a useful form of memorial. But no war memorial is ever 'dedicated to the beautiful and artistic.' Artistry may be in the doing. The function of a memorial is to be a memorial.

"Possibly many Canadians are allergic to monuments because we were saddled with a multitude of mediocre (and worse) monuments following the last war by well-meaning amateur committees who showed little taste and poor shopping ability and who consulted neither the artists' associations nor the Government Advisory Board on Monuments. But the historical fact remains that there can be, and are in the world, war memorials. + Continued on page 48



Nearly every town and city across Canada has one or more war memorial monuments. The one above was erected by the people of North Battleford, Sask.

# Hang on to Your Money

by **RONALD A. McEACHERN**

Editor, The Financial Post.

**EVER HEAR** of an Old Lady Specialist? Perhaps you've met one. In any case, you should know about them.

In the slang of the financial underworld, an Old Lady Specialist is a racketeer stock salesman who specializes in selling phony stocks to women—all ages.

Take the case of the stranger who called on your Aunt Lizzie the other day—the man with the kind face and the lovely manners. Aunt Lizzie told him she was going to leave her money in the bank; she wasn't going to touch her Victory Bonds.

But the nice man didn't seem to mind the turn-down. He stayed for a cup of tea, even volunteered to shovel the snow on the sidewalk. "Such a nice man."

That's the method of the Old Lady Specialist—the first act of his play for Aunt Lizzie's savings. Though she turned him down, she did let him know—a little proudly perhaps—that her late husband left her comfortably fixed; that she had \$17,000 in Victory Bonds, cash in the bank, and in some stocks that always paid a dividend and which were selected for her by her bank manager and her nephew.

The Old Lady Specialist will be back—just for a friendly chat. He is so nice; he seems to have had so much experience, to know such "big" people. He "proves" how right he has been about other stocks and that he has made fortunes for other people.

Aunt Lizzie gets thinking that perhaps he could make her \$17,000 grow—just a little. Even an extra \$100 would make it so easy to buy that new spring outfit.

So Aunt Lizzie buys 1,000 shares of Fondest Hope Gold Mines stock at 20 cents a share: \$200.

"Well, you know, that man's a wonder," Aunt Lizzie tells you a couple of weeks later. "He told me that stock would go up and so it did. I just sold it at 40 cents a share. That's \$200 profit—doing nothing—in only two weeks!"

Aunt Lizzie is away to the races, or rather to the cleaners, if it's one of the stock gangsters that's got her. The nice man from the city is smart; so much smarter than the nephew and the bank manager who have been helping her with her money. Aunt Lizzie is now experienced in the stock market. For her, stocks are just apple pie.

At this stage you'll find Aunt Lizzie getting a lot of mail—beautifully written letters, wonderful letterheads, impressive private circulars giving her and a few other select clients the real inside stuff on stocks.

Aunt Lizzie also gets exciting telegrams, and the nice man sometimes telephones her, even though each call costs him \$7.80.

The months roll on. Aunt Lizzie tells you less and less. Then the day comes when she has to confess, tremulously, that all her \$17,000 is gone; that she is ruined, stripped, desolate.

Almost every Canadian community knows cases like this. The Old Lady Specialists are busy. A big gang of stock racketeers is at work. Most of them operate from Toronto, but

they range over Canada and far into the United States. Racketeers and confidence men known to the police of three countries are at work with the mails, the long-distance telephone, telegraphs and other devices to get your money. Some of these gangsters have jail records. Others have been chased out of business elsewhere.

At a recent meeting of U.S. stock-selling control officials, Toronto was described as the plague spot of North America; the main centre of stock racketeering.

The stock wolves were on the prowl 15 years ago. Their victims lie scattered all over the place. I think of one fine old soul left with about \$28,000. She promised a chunk of it to the Presbyterian church where she lived. Preacher and elders relaxed; decided not to buy the new organ and the new heating system until Mrs. B. went. The stock wolves got her first. It was agony for her proud soul when she had to apply for an Old Age Pension.

The stock wolves are on the loose again. Watch out.

**HOW DID** the Old Lady Specialist get Aunt Lizzie in the case described above? Easily as rolling off a log!

The fact is that in 90% of the racketeer stocks, there is no published "market price" in the ordinary sense of the term. These are not like the stock prices you see listed day after day in the big city newspapers. Most times, the gangster behind the operation simply says today's price is so-and-so—20 cents, for instance. A week hence he says it is 40 cents or five cents, or perhaps 90 cents.

In other words, in many of these stocks, much of the time the sponsor can move them up, down and around just about as he wishes, and almost always to his own profit. Remember, some people make money when the market price of a stock goes down, just as others make it when the price is going up.

The underworld slang for what happened to Aunt Lizzie is, "She was loaded." Her speculating appetite was whetted by a swift handsome profit to start with.

After a couple of nice profit operations, Aunt Lizzie was easily talked into buying more shares. She was induced to sell her good dividend-paying stocks and put the money into racket shares. She was persuaded to let her profits accumulate—just leave them with her stock wolf, so he could put them into still more stock.

Finally, the wolves get nearly all of Aunt Lizzie's \$17,000—and, at the same time, of course, they are "giving the works" to scores of other Aunt Lizzie's and Uncle Jim's all over the country.

Then the gang reports to the gang chief that this crop of suckers has been pretty well sucked dry; that all or most of their money is now tied up in racket stocks. Then the racket chief "pulls the plug." Often, he tells all his clients or victims that some startling developments are expected, momentarily, at Fondest Hope Mines. "Buy all you can before the price goes up." + Continued on page 45



# War Memorials: What Form?

Should the memorials of this war be monuments of stone and metal as in the past? Or do the majority of Canadians want them to take the form of vital community projects? Chatelaine holds a forum of opinion on a timely subject

by Adele Saunders

**A**FTER EVERY war there is a strong and deep-rooted desire in the hearts of the people to erect lasting memorials in honor of those who gave their lives. Such memorials have usually taken the form of public monuments, with figures symbolizing the spirit of sacrifice. While many of these monuments have been great works of art, others, unfortunately, have been neither beautiful nor inspirational, though the feeling which prompted them was sincere.

At this stage in history, with our awakening interest in community life, and a new awareness of its importance to the welfare of the country, the question arises: Should memorials, after this war, take the form of scholarships, hospitals, better-equipped schools, parks and playgrounds? In other words, can we best express our gratitude to those who made possible the continuation of our way of life, by giving young Canadians a better chance to pursue it?

Chatelaine brings you the opinions of public-spirited men and women across Canada—artists, sculptors, presidents of universities, and members of the armed forces who can best interpret the wishes of their comrades. The point of view of those who have lost sons, husbands and brothers in this war has also been sought out.

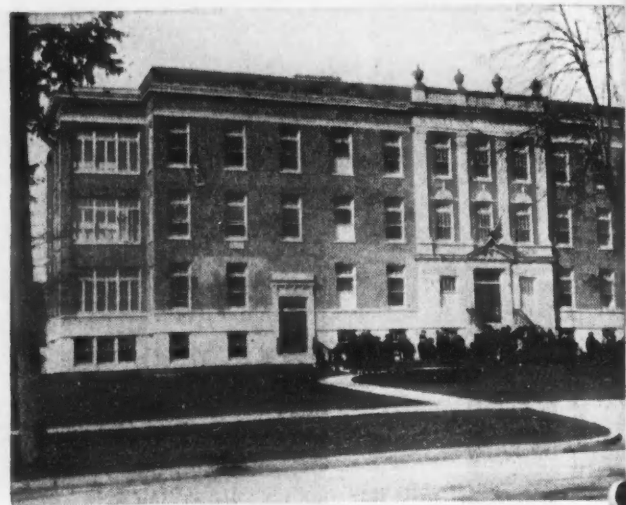
**No stained glass windows . . .  
Immortality lies in children**

From Mona Gould, well-known Canadian poet, whose brother gave his life at Dieppe: "The commemoration must be realistic. Perhaps we would come closer to the BEST, if we thought of it in terms of what those young men who have given their lives would choose (if they could choose) to 'keep their memory green.'

"No stained glass windows, I think, or shafts of white marble. They'd be a little self-conscious about that. Immortality truly lies in the children—in the new generation. I think they'd first want everything done, everything humanly possible, financially and otherwise, to benefit the wives and mothers and children left alone. This, it seems to me, would be the foundation of the memorial.

"Next would come jobs and understanding for their fellow men who were lucky enough to get back. Oh

Canada's national war memorial dominates Confederation Square in Ottawa. It cost the Canadian people well over a million dollars to erect this after the last war.



The city of London, Ont., built this hospital as a memorial to its heroes of the First Great War.

and this would have to go on and on for years and be taken care of with the greatest integrity!

"Since they gave their lives for freedom and a peaceful and a better world they would want better living conditions for all, more hospitals, a better educational system, more playgrounds and swimming pools—a place in the sun where every young Canadian could grow and learn and develop. Aptitude tests early in life, hobby and handicraft opportunities—a National Theatre where Canadian talent could wake and stretch itself.

"This may sound idealistic. It isn't. It's very practical."

**If we could ask the dead  
about monuments of rock . . .**

From Air Marshal W. A. Bishop: "If we are to build monuments in memory of our own dead in World War No. II, let us make them realistic; let us form foundations to teach the youth of Canada that war is a grim business, not a thing of glory. Let us teach them that what is needed in the world of tomorrow is not people to die for their country, but people to live for their country. Monuments in stone are inanimate objects, but living memorials should be built to teach the youth of the nation not only national but world-wide ideals for the good of mankind. If there were any way of asking a man who has died for his country whether he wants a monument of rock raised to the memory of the thing for which he died, I doubt if there is much question as to what his answer would be."

**Memorials could be designed  
to meet our postwar needs**

From Commander Adelaide Sinclair, Director, WRCNS: "There are already so many things for which thoughtful citizens can see a need in postwar Canada. Memorials designed to meet some of these needs, to widen opportunities for the next generation, would surely be the wish of those whose sacrifices they commemorate.

"To adopt this principle would allow wide scope to individuals and communities. If the memorial took a concrete form it should combine beauty and utility. It would not be a choice between one or the other. There is beauty in health, in recreation, in wider knowledge, in many things which would keep alive the memory of those who made it possible for us to pursue them."

**A general move toward  
the more functional type**

From Major-General G. B. Chisholm, Deputy Minister of National Health, Ottawa: "The widespread interest which is becoming evident in the types of war memorials which would be most suitable, is an encouraging indication of the developing social thinking of the Canadian people. A recognition of a community deficiency and a serious attempt to fill it in memory of

# Pigeon Love

by Fanny Ellsworth

Illustrated by Lonie Bee



It was delirious to have a hero in tow — to rise above the juvenile level of Skiz the moron and the rest of the drug-store crowd. Simply divine, until that Other Woman walked into the picture and changed a lot of postwar plans

of my mother's best friends. I don't like to hear you call her Drizzlepuss."

"Okey doke. So I'll call her Rain-in-the-Face. What's the diff? Anyway, it's her nephew we're talking about. So you've got your sights set for him now, have you? I suppose you think because he'll be next door you'll have the inside track. But don't kid yourself, apple, no flier with 20 Jerries to his credit is going to waste time on a 15-year-old kid."

Janie smothered an urgent desire to kick Skiz Watson in the shins, or anyway wither him with an acid remark. But she knew from past experience that Skiz didn't wither easy, and that he had a special set of comebacks for her more lemony cracks. So she smiled sweetly at him, ran a

hand down her long brown curls, and asked, "No football practice this afternoon, Skiz?"

The brush of blond hair that topped off Skiz's round head waved with his shake. "Nope. Practice called off till fall. And say, Janie, that reminds me. Ever hear of the moron who wanted to ride in a football coach?"

Janie sighed. What you had to put up with from boys who thought themselves men! But along with the sigh came the unsuppressible shadow of a smile, and Skiz grinned complacently. "Got you with that one, huh? What do you say we take in the flicks tonight?"

Janie looked off into space. She'd thought of spending the evening doing just what she'd been doing when Skiz walked up the steps—dreaming of a stringbean of a man with a mouth-stretching grin and twinkling eyes, a man in the uniform of an officer of the RCAF, a Squadron Leader at 22 with a beribboned chest. Phil Nugent was no less real to her because she'd never seen him; she'd been hearing about him ever since his days of preflight training, some four years ago. And now he was a supercolossal hero, coming home for a rest period long enough so that he could get in even a visit with his aunt.

Janie was glad she hadn't met him before he went overseas. A girl of 13 wouldn't have rated a tumble; but one two years older, with long silky hair and something of a figure, might make herself a chance.

"Well, make up your mind!"

Janie jumped and said crossly, "Don't yell at me!" For the moment she'd entirely forgotten Skiz and the movies. But now, as she weighed a vague evening with an absent hero against an actual movie with Skiz, the practical side of her won out.

Besides, it was Saturday, and no one else had asked her, and if she didn't show up it would certainly look as if she couldn't get herself a date. It was Skiz Watson or nothing these days, and all because she'd been so foolishly flattered last fall when the captain of the high school's football team had doggedly added himself to her string. After that, somehow, Bill Miller and Stub Smythe and the others had taken their passion elsewhere, and the first thing she knew Skiz was the whole string.

"Okay," she said. "What's the picture?"

The picture, as it turned out, had to do with a young hero who came back from the front to find that his girl had fallen for another man. But there was another—and even prettier—girl at hand to piece together the fragments of his heart. To Janie the hero was inevitably Phil Nugent, and she the girl who renewed his faith in womankind. She couldn't help but have the feeling that fate had somehow appointed her to be a haven for a hero's heart, and she was still dreamily hearing him say to her, "Darling, you've made life whole for me again," when the lights flared up and Skiz remarked brightly, "That was a sharp one, huh?"

Janie groaned. How could a specimen like Skiz get the meaning of such a story? That was the trouble with boys of his age; they were so out of tune with the bigger things of life.

Janie inched sufficiently close to small matters, however, to accept Skiz's invitation to a soda. And even to enjoy it. The gang was at Hepburn's drug-store, lounging about the shiny-topped tables and horsing around.

"You know somethin'!" That was freckle-faced Bill Miller's slightly squeaky voice. "My old man has to take the station wagon out to the lake tomorrow afternoon to pick up some machinery or somethin'. What do you say we all go along for a swim?"

He was answered by a chorus of "Swell!"

Janie dropped her straw back into her soda and scrunched her chair forward. "It'll be my first swim this year. Dad won't ever let me use gas to get out to the lake." And then she noticed that, amid all the enthusiasm, only Skiz was silent. She looked at him wide-eyed. "Don't you want to go?"

Skiz was gloomy. "Can't. Got to meet a train."

"Why, Skiz, who's coming?"

"Aw, some brat my mother's invited. She's the kid of an old friend or something, and she's coming out here to rest or something. Dead set on coming this week end, too."

Janie was sympathetic. "Tough. And how you going to make a kid rest anyway?"

"Sit on her," said Skiz, and scowled what Janie called his skizzling scowl.

JANIE AND FOUR others were on the dot at the Miller house the next afternoon, crowding leggily into the station wagon. Giggles and guffaws spilled from it through the streets until, as a red light stopped them at one intersection, the laughter turned to hoots. For, driving across their path with the green light, was Skiz Watson at the wheel of his family's car, with a sparkling blue-eyed and by no means brattish-looking girl beside him.

"So he was meeting a kid, eh?" someone remarked, and there were sidewise glances at Janie and a sudden silence.

Janie bit her lip and tried not to look mad. The deadbeat! Saying he was meeting some kid when she was a fully grown-up girl all the time! Did he think she cared what age females he drove around town with? She had other things to think about. But it did put her in a louse of a position with the other kids. They didn't know there was a tall young flier on her mind.

It was funny, though, the next couple of days, how she seemed to have time to think of Philip Nugent and of Skiz too. Of course it was probably just because she was always running into Skiz and that girl, whoever she was, downtown. One time it was in Dorn's Department Store. Janie was standing there as quietly as you please, comparing the color and quality of two pairs of rayons, when she heard Skiz's scale-sliding voice saying, "Why, Peggy, I think Mom'll take whatever you get."

Janie's long curls swished with the swift turn of her head, and she took in the broadening shoulders and towhead of Skiz standing beside a tall sapling of a girl whose blond hair swept upward with a smooth gleam.

"But you know your mother's taste, Skiz. Maybe she can't stand flowered handkerchiefs." The voice was silky soft in, Janie had to admit, a pleasant sort of way. Janie's quick glance took in the girl's profile before she turned back to the stockings, and even her appraising feminine eye could find nothing wrong with the piquancy of its nose or the crimsoned curves of its mouth. She'd like to brush her off for a droop, but the only thing Janie could find the matter with the girl was that she was not only older than a brat, but obviously several years older than Skiz.

Angrily, and without paying any attention to which pair of stockings she pointed, Janie said, "I'll take these." Just like a 16-year-old boy, falling on his face for a glamour puss + Continued on page 27

ALL HER life, it seemed to Janie, she'd been panting for the day when she could put in a claim to being an adult and make it stick. "Hey, jerks," she'd say when that magic moment arrived, "no more of that kid stuff around here. I'm on the beam now, see?" Only, if she were talking to someone she was specially fond of, like her mother, maybe she wouldn't put it in quite those words. But there wouldn't be any telling her that she'd have to be home by 11 o'clock, or that she was too young to wear an evening dress with its back all cut away, or that she'd better stand straight or she'd be sorry when she grew up. Because she'd be grown up.

Lately she'd had the feeling that she'd almost touched the goal. Fifteen, after all, was a pretty advanced age. Maybe all she needed to cross the line was a really mature man in her life. It was a perfectly well-known fact that girls grow up faster than boys, which could be why her mind didn't stay on Skiz these days the way it had six months ago.

Janie was sitting on the porch glider with a book in one hand and a newspaper clipping in the other. The book was merely a prop, but the clipping was an inspiration. And she was taking another long look at the inspiration when she heard the words:

"Hi, birdbrain, did you hear about the moron who went to the hardware store for a nut to screw on a bolt of lightning?"

Janie's long tanned legs swung to the floor and the book snapped shut with a small bang, the newspaper clipping between its pages.

"What's that you're hiding?" The towheaded boy on the steps shoved hands deep into pockets, squared shoulders that were on their way to being broad, and glared.

"What's it to you, mug? And for gosh sakes harvest those putrid moron jokes. I'm fed with them."

Skiz Watson shuffled over to a wicker chair. "Okay, High and Mighty, be a droop. See if I care!"

Janie looked at him out of the corner of a brown eye and shrugged a shrug that was intended to say she didn't consider the conversation worth carrying on. And, anyway, she had reasons for being plenty burned with Skiz these days: He was only 16, and he acted as if he owned her.

She pushed the square toe of a play shoe against the floor and set the glider swinging.

Skiz pulled out a stick of gum and started to chew. "I'll bet," he said, between jaw convulsions, "that's old Drizzlepuss's nephew's picture you've got there. The one that was in the Herald yesterday."

Janie gave the book on her lap a guilty glance, and her cheeks changed from pink to red. Sure enough, there was an edge of newspaper thrusting itself out from between the pages, and the sight of it perversely made her furious at Skiz.

Acting as if he had a lease again, thought Janie angrily, but what she said was, "Mrs. Rutledge is one



# One little week for a pile of living

"You must be Philip Nugent, Mrs. Rutledge's nephew," Janie said brightly. "You must be Janie Emerson, the girl next door," he replied.





Within the span of the last hundred years there have been five First Ladies of the British Empire — all of them subjected to the hard white light that beats upon the throne, yet each, by force of character and natural talent, destined to win the affection of millions



## Princess Elizabeth

NEXT MONTH the Heir-Presumptive to the British throne will be 19; already she is in the great tradition of royal ladies who grow older gracefully. She is now about five feet seven inches tall; her light brown hair is naturally wavy; her eyes are grey-blue; she has a determined chin, and a high color which somebody has described as "almost unroyal." Ever since babyhood she has shown a striking resemblance to her grandmother, Queen Mary. (There is an interesting old tradition in her mother's, the Bowes-Lyon, family, that all first-born children look like their fathers' people.) She can claim descent from many of the world's great: King Alfred, William the Conqueror, Robert Bruce, Mary Stuart. Like other girls of her age, she has trouble with mathematics, though a good student otherwise. She frequently takes her lectures standing, in order to drill herself for long public appearances.

She likes the normal fun of her age—dancing (she can jitterbug), amateur theatricals, music—is devoted to her dogs and the 15 blue "budgies" housed in the aviary at the Royal Lodge, Windsor. Her present life is a curious paradox in that it is at once more public and more secluded than any other teen-ager's. She has never had a ride in a bus or taxi, never had a date, has never attended parties in other people's houses. London matchmakers have mentioned two young noblemen in the Grenadier Guards (she is Honorary Colonel) as possible choices for the Princess, but no decision is expected until after the war.

## Elizabeth

WHEN SHE was a young girl a gypsy told her she would one day wear a crown. It seemed a remote possibility then, for not in two centuries had a prince in direct succession to the throne married a subject other than a princess. But the charming, shy Lady Elizabeth from Glamis Castle in Scotland not only wears the consort's crown, but, through the fine, steady blossoming of her personality, her naturally quick sympathy and a talent for understanding, she has adorned her high position. Ceremonial court dress of the type pictured above has been laid away for the duration, but the Queen's life is busier and more arduous than any royal lady's in the whole record of history.





# Queens Grow Older Gracefully



## Victoria

UNTIL SHE became Queen at 18, she had never slept a night away from her mother's room, nor had she ever been allowed to converse with any adult (friend, tutor or servant) unless her mother or governess was present. Yet when she died, and the longest reign in British annals was concluded, the persistent strength of her personality had become both history and legend; its impact was felt in the remotest corners of a world just beginning to shrink. She was a great sovereign, and always a woman; no one paid her that dubious modern compliment, "She has a man's mind." In her twenties (pictured at top) she loved gaiety and dancing. She was entirely feminine in her dislikes as well as her loyalties.

## Alexandra

TENNYSON, the poet laureate, in his ode of greeting rhymed "Angles, and Saxons and Danes are we—all of us Danes in our welcome of thee . . . Alexandra!" It turned out to be prophetic, for the young Danish Princess who came to England to marry the Prince of Wales soon captivated the British people with her beauty and her unfailing social tact—the latter an important new quality added to royal accomplishments, and ever afterward to be highly regarded. Queen Victoria's secluded life in the latter half of her reign placed the leadership of Court society on her daughter-in-law. For almost half a century her taste dictated styles in hairdressing and clothes.

## Mary

THE TIRELESS devotion of King George V and Queen Mary to their duties brought royalty closer to the people than ever before in British history. Wherever they travelled—India, Australia, Canada, Europe, the battle fronts in the first Great War—they left lasting impressions of kindly democratic courtesy and wide-ranging interests. Because of her natural intellectual curiosity, Queen Mary is an exceptionally well-informed woman; and rare antiques, literature, painting and gardening are her special delights. She has never been a fashion leader, yet her appearance, in draped turban, long skirts, muted pastels, has always had the true distinction of style. She is in her 78th year.

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enjoyment and nourishment



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***Campbell's* TOMATO SOUP**

*Made by Campbell's in Canada*







# Parents Get Nervous

by **GLADYS TABER**

ILLUSTRATED BY MACHTEY

**H**ELEN turned over and looked at Bill. He was asleep. It was maddening how he could sleep no matter what happened. He even slept the night he found out how much his income tax was. Helen sat up and looked at the electric clock. It said 7.30, but you couldn't prove it, because it had stormed during the night and the current had been off.

"Bill, Bill darling, are you awake?" she asked.

Bill rolled over, opened one blue eye. "Certainly I am awake. What's the matter?"

"I don't see how you can lie there like a lump and sleep."

"Nobody could sleep with you bouncing around. Is that clock right?"

"Well, it's a reasonable facsimile of right. Do get up, darling, there's so much to do."

He got up, protesting. "Dick doesn't get in until afternoon, why should we be feverish before breakfast? After all, he's seen us before, and he's only been at

camp eight weeks." He took himself to the bathroom, and sounds as of a wallowing whale began.

Helen brushed her dark hair vigorously. She got into her flower print and rope-soled flat shoes. When Bill came back she put down her lipstick and went over to lean against his damp bathrobe. "Bill, I'm so nervous. I just couldn't sleep."

He kissed her and said comfortably, "Now, Helen, just don't get nervous. Just simply don't get nervous."

"Why did I ever marry a man like you?" Helen asked. "The best years of my life and you still don't understand me."

Bill grinned. "It's a lifetime job understanding a woman. Give me a few more years."

"Bill," said Helen, "I wish we knew it was going to be all right. I wish we did."

"Of course it will be all right," he said, too brightly. "Just don't get nervous."

"If you say that again—" Helen pulled away.

*Bill stared at her. He waved the pencil helplessly. He coughed. Helen eyed him sternly. "You'd better begin," she said. "You've used up ten minutes already, just horsing around."*

They looked at each other a moment. Then Bill said, "Your Aunt Ella was an odd duck. I always laid it to her reading so many murder stories."

"She was not an odd duck. She was a real Romantic."

Bill gave a sniff. "Anyhow, they'll certainly take Dickie at Avondale. You've got yourself all worked up over nothing."

"It wouldn't be nothing if we had to move back to town and take a three-room flat," said Helen slowly.

They went downstairs and had breakfast in the kitchen, just the two of them, neat and tidy. Crisp toast, marmalade, eggs just right. Bill read the financial column, Helen read in the woman's recipe page how to fry squash blossoms. She also looked doubtfully at the new tube silhouette.

"The tube silhouette," she said darkly, "is my Waterloo."

"Never mind, I never wanted to marry a tube," said Bill. "Utilities are dropping again. Helen, if I'd been able to buy that steel stock when I planned we'd be all right."

*Continued on page 18*



# A Little Sugar...a Lot of Delicious Flavor!



**Spicy Applesauce Cake—made with MAGIC**

Only  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar in Magic's sumptuous Applesauce Cake—but what a wealth of luscious, spicy, melty-rich flavor! Magic Baking Powder makes all cakes taste better, *be* better because its full leavening power assures finer texture and more delicious flavor. Get Magic today!

**APPLESAUCE CAKE**

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. melted shortening	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ground ginger
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. light corn syrup	1 tsp. cinnamon
2 egg yolks, beaten	1 tsp. nutmeg
1 egg, beaten	6 tbs. cold coffee
2 c. flour	1 c. raisins
2 tps. Magic Baking Powder	1 c. applesauce

Mix shortening, sugar and syrup. Beat in yolks and egg. Sift dry ingredients; add alternately to first mixture with coffee, beating after each addition. Add raisins. Bake in 2 greased 8-inch pans at 350°F. 20-30 minutes. Before serving, fill and top layers with apple sauce; sprinkle with nutmeg. Serve with whipped cream, if desired.

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**MCCARTHY**  
BUILDS A  
**SNOW MAID**  
DURING DOMINION-WIDE SWING  
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THAT OUGHT TO BE EASY WITH FLAVOR LIKE THIS!



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An elegant dessert that's nutritious ... and ready in a jiffy! Just a square of fresh-flavored Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, crackers and preserves or fresh fruit. This famous cream cheese offers vitamin A and other important nutrients from milk and cream — as well as a refreshing, rich taste that's perfect with the after-dinner coffee.

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## Parents Get Nervous

Continued from page 16

"Dickie had his appendix out instead, and his feet reorganized."

"I still think she might have left the money to us to use for his schooling anywhere," said Bill. "Why did it have to be just Avondale?"

"You know why. I think it was very sweet and romantic. She was awfully in love with Mr. Bascom, who was headmaster there 50 years ago. She never got over his dying like that of pneumonia. Now, darling, I can really understand it. She would have lived there, and maybe had boys of her own, and they would have been Avondale boys. So if Dick is an Avondale boy it will sort of carry on the tradition—"

"Helen," said Bill, "you can't have a tradition out of something that never happened. She never did get married."

"She never got over him. She always loved him."

"Well, maybe that was because she never married him," said Bill. He got up. "Look," he said, "you'll have a headache if you keep brooding over it. Either Dickie gets in, or Avondale gets a bronze drinking fountain with Mr. Bascom's head on it. Personally I am not the slightest bit worried. Not at all. Where's my brief case?"

He went hunting. During the night, he said, his brief case always sneaked off and hid. Helen stacked the dishes. The kitchen was bright as a jonquil in the sun.

The little house was very old and tucked away in the hills. When things got too tight they had sold the big house in town and moved out to the little place. It was a miracle that they had it. Bill had taken it on a deal the summer Dick had had whooping cough, and Dick had pulled out of the disease partly as a result of country living.

Actually it wasn't so far from town, before the war. Now it was definitely remote. To get to the nearest high school Dick would have to rout up about 5.30, tramp a mile to the rickety bus, change to another bus. He would get home around seven at night. With the long cold winters, and Dick's tendency to coughs, Bill and Helen had agreed it was quite a proposition.

"He'll be a pioneer," Bill had said,

and Helen had objected, "He's too young to be a pioneer."

Avondale, of course, was perfect. A fine old private school with a carefully planned health program, excellent teachers, and an exceptional student body. Helen and Bill could stay right where they were, and as Bill said "sweat it out until the war ends and I get some business again." Bill was a contractor, and nobody was building country houses any more.

Helen saw the rural mailman stop at the gate. She ran out.

"You got a letter from that school," he said, "Avondale. Probably they're taking him. And one from your sister in Vancouver."

"Thank you," said Helen, reaching for them.

"And I guess this box is your fall bulbs. Dickie get back today?"

"Yes. What do you hear from Tom?"

"He's in England. Been on some bombing missions already." His face looked suddenly sad. "Hope this is over before your boy gets to be 18."

Helen said faintly, "Oh, yes? He's just a baby! Just a baby!"

"Can't last forever," he comforted her. Helen stared blindly after him as he drove away. The trees were beginning to turn, summer was already over. Helen turned the Avondale letter over in her hands and her fingers were stiff.

She could see the house closed, blinds shut, furniture draped in old sheets. She could see the noisy little flat, and Bill cooped up in it like a tiger. She could see them taking the local out to the nearest stop and getting rides to put the garden in, and going back exhausted. She could see Dickie racking around the city streets, seeing too many movies, indoors too much, going from one bad cold to another.

Well, she thought, it's a small thing, really. But small things make up your life. They've just got to take him.

Bill said, "Is that from Avondale? Why don't you open it?"

"I'm scared to."

Bill took the letter. "It's a health questionnaire," he said, "and three examinations for him to take—English, mathematics and Latin."

"Oh," said Helen, "oh, Bill! He's missed so much school! Measles and mumps last year. What do they say?"

"The exams are in sealed inner envelopes," he said. "Stick them in my

✦ Continued on page 20



## SPRINGTIME EMBROIDERY by Marie Le Cerf

Fresh and gay as a spring morning is this lovely garland luncheon set with its 44-inch cloth and four serviettes. It's stamped on Irish linen in bisque shade, and priced at \$3.50. Cottons for working, 60 cents. Order No. 86C.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, enclosing postal note or money order. Out-of-town cheques add 15c for exchange.



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Linoleum on all floors  
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## Parents Get Nervous

Continued from page 18

desk and don't make grocery lists on the back of them."

"Now, darling, you know I don't—"

"Well, the last time I got up to read a report on Postwar Housing I read on my paper, two qts. milk, pound butter, bag onions."

Helen said, "Oh, darling, suppose he can't pass them?"

"Now just take it easy," he said, "and don't get excited."

"You're just as worried as I am."

"Me? I'm not giving it a thought," he said, and wiped his forehead.

"But listening in to radio quiz shows may not prepare him so well for a Latin exam," she said dolefully.

"Why don't you just relax this morning and read your new mystery serial?"

"Relax," asked Helen, "with Dickie due this afternoon?" I have to make doughnuts and banana cream pie."

ALL MORNING while she baked and frosted and stirred, Helen thought about those papers in Bill's desk. At noon she had a sandwich, two burned cookies and a cup of coffee. She went through the house, clean and sparkling enough for a wedding. Fires laid, ashes swept neatly under the fire dogs. Zinnias and dahlias splashed flame in the silver bowls.

Well, she thought, rubbing her back, it couldn't look nicer. Not that he'll notice. But a boy likes home to be right. She stopped by the desk. She sat down, and she read the papers from Avondale. She couldn't help it. She just had to. When she got up a half hour later, she was pale and shaky. It was time to go to the station, and she moved dizzily to the door and went out wondering how she could drive 14 miles with her eyes definitely out of focus as they seemed to be, and that hot flatiron in her neck.

She managed to reach the station just as the train rolled in. One whole car was full of little boys and long boys, boys squeaking like rabbits and boys sounding off like foghorns. At every stop, it seemed, little boys were flung out to waiting parents and the crowd all leaned out to watch her own small piece of man fall down the steps.

He was brown as a copper penny, but his hair was bleached by the sun. His slacks were so tight he could hardly move in them. His arms were, as usual, covered with bruises and one remaining patch of poison ivy was coated with chalky stuff. His shoes were disgraceful, his left sock had a jagged hole in the heel. He had grown out of everything. And, oh, dear, topping everything was a tie, knotted crookedly. And what a tie! Green with orange stripes.

Helen took her eyes from the tie with a slight shudder.

"Hi, Mom," he said hoarsely, "what's cookin'?"

"Oh, Dickie, you're here!" she said, incoherent in maternal love.

"Personal appearance," he grinned.

She could touch his arm, not seeming to embrace him. The train was moving slowly, and from every window leaned a head. Boyish voices floated back. "See you in jail! Gung Ho!"

"Fire when you see the whites of their eyes," yelled Dickie.

His luggage was a mountain on the empty platform. Two duffel bags, a large blanket roll, a dirty pillow, a canoe paddle, a box that rattled, a tennis racket, three sweaters tied together by the arms, a haversack, his trombone.

They got it home somehow, Dickie talking at top speed all the time.

"Hear about the guy who ran down the other guy?"

"No," gasped Helen, dropping the tennis racket and one bag.

"Well, see, he ran down this guy and the guy said why didn't you drive around me and he said, I couldn't. I only got an AA book."

"Put everything in the kitchen until we sort it," said Helen.

"I shook everything out," he said, "but you might find a little sand in things yet. Could be. Hey, Mom, how about giving me a slice of milk?"

"Help yourself," she said. She shook sand from her skirt and wiped it from her hands.

"Can I pour me a couple of cakes too? I gained 12 pounds. We called our table the calorie consumers. The kids that didn't eat hardly anything, we called their table the antivitamin league. Pretty good? Can I break out a bottle of pop, too? You don't want to be a hoarder."

Helen went upstairs and took two aspirins. Maybe Bill was right and Aunt Ella was crazy when she made that will. Or perhaps she had been just a misguided old romantic, offering a nice bait for Dickie to go to Mr. Bascom's school. But Aunt Ella had never seen those entrance exams.

"Hey, Mom, I got a new record, and is it solid! C'mon down!"

"In a minute," she answered in a stifled voice.

She was on the stairs when Bill came in carrying a large box of candy and three new detective magazines. The usual passionate father-son greeting ensued.

"Hi - yah Pop, how's civilization doin'?"

"Hello, son. All right."

Helen came on down. In the living room were pieces of camping kit, a model plane engine, two once-clean towels now graduated to grease rags, an oil can, a cleaning brush. A pair of sneakers half eaten by sand were on the sofa. In the kitchen she stepped over drifts of sand.

"I guess I brought home quite a lot," he said.

"Looks like the dune country," said Bill. "What's that log doing in the sink?"

"I'm carving a boat hull."

Shavings were strewn all over and the best carving knife was stuck in the log.

"Gee, the house looks swell, Mom," said Dickie.

Helen gave a faint moan. "Well, it did," she said.

"Say"—Dickie took an apple from the basket—"you got the dope on when I go to Avondale? I got a handbook from a guy at camp. Got to wear a New Boy tie for six months! Can you tie that? Tie that—tie? Get it? Gonna get the head to change that rule as soon as I get there."

"Well," said Bill, flushing, "you know it isn't definite"—he looked at Helen—

When books are burned in one country, all freedom of objective scholarship is threatened everywhere . . . When a man takes a stand against despotism in any country he is at the service of all humanity.

—Quoted in "Argentine Diary," by Ray Josephs (Random House).

# "MOM SAID 'OOH!..' DAD SAID 'WOW!..' LITTLE BROTHER WHISTLED!'"

**A smart girl impresses her family  
in the first dress she made  
with Singer Home Sewing Lessons**

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"That's the windup of my story, though. Here's the background:

"I'm eighteen. Have a part-time job. Am *almost* engaged to a boy from my town, who's overseas.

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Try it now. Hear him whisper, "Irresistible you!" 50¢ and 25¢.



### Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

... it's all you need!

"you could always go to High in River-ton."

"And you give up home and rent one of those cigarette boxes? Gosh sakes, Pop, a guy likes a home to come home to. Besides I kind of ought to be an Avondale man—they got special aeronautics there." He said, "Say, I better check on my bike right now." He dashed out.

Helen said quickly, "Bill, come here. I took a look at those exams."

"Now I hope you aren't getting all worked up," he said. "They'll be perfectly simple."

"Simple," moaned Helen. "There's that poor innocent getting all ready to go to Avondale, and pitfalls on every hand. He'll never be an Avondale man. Never. It'll ruin his life, being a failure."

Bill said, "I'll go over them after supper. You get nervous over nothing."

"Well, all I have to say is that even Superman might fail those," said Helen firmly. "They're going to have a bronze drinking fountain at Avondale. Not a live Dixon, but a dead Bascom!"

THEY ATE. Dickie ate, rather, and his fond parents picked at their food. They seemed nervous. After supper he got his father to go down cellar and help sort his junk. Helen heard them as she washed the dishes.

"Pop, there's one thing I want to ask you."

"Yes, what is it?"

"You think I ought to begin to shave?"

There was a silence, a coughing. "Well, well—I hardly know—"

"Course it's a life sentence when you once begin. The camp barber said I could maybe sort of dry scrape for awhile."

"Let me think it over till morning."

"Why I ask is, proly at Avondale the guys do."

"Look, son, you know it isn't absolutely certain about going to Avondale. I told you that."

"Oh, I'll try it a year. If I don't like it I can—"

"But that isn't what I mean!"

"What's burning you up, Pop? You got a cold coming on?"

"You see, they sent some examinations for you to pass before you get admitted. You can study a few days and then try—"

"Oh, I'll do them tomorrow," he said, "and Pop, I gotta have a new suit. I can't hardly get in my old blue one at all. It pinches so I can't sit down."

"That was a brand-new suit bought before you went to camp."

"Yeah, but I can't help growing."

"Now about those exams—"

"I got to practice my target shooting first. Before the neighbors call up about the noise your little boy Dickie makes." He grinned.

When Bill came back upstairs Helen drew him into the living room and closed the door. With a dramatic gesture she waved him to a chair and took out the folder.

He lit a cigarette. "I wish you'd quit worrying. Dick is a perfectly average boy. He can answer a few simple questions. Just a few simple—"

"Very well," said Helen. "You do the first one. You can have 40 minutes for it."

Bill took a pad and a pencil and looked superior.

"First giving it a suitable title of your own," she read, "write on a friend or neighbor or some member of your world and as you know him to be."

"What?" said Bill. "What?"

"Simple," said Helen. "Forty minutes."

He stared at her. He waved the pencil helplessly. He coughed.

Helen eyed him sternly. "You'd better begin," she said. "You have used up 10 minutes already just horsing around."

Bill said, "Well, golly, Helen, who'll I pick? Who can Dickie pick?" He wiped his forehead. "I mean to write about as the world sees him and as he knows—of course there are lots of people."

"Name three!" said Helen.

"How about Miss Blankenship? She's famous and she comes from Pork Hollow Road, and we might begin to talk her over just to put his mind on her."

"That woman? I wouldn't put her in his mind for a million dollars! She's crazy!" Helen got up. "What'll they think if he writes about a friend who is crazy?"

"She writes for the magazines," he said feebly.

"And raises rabbits in the kitchen," said Helen.

"But who else does he know who is famous?"

"It's all your fault," said Helen, "he could have seen Bob Hope if we'd gone to that Victory Loan show!"

"Can't we leave Bob Hope out of this? Let's try the next one. Something will come to me later."

"I spent two hours trying to have something come to me," said Helen.

"But here's another." She read aloud, "Two friends travelling the same road together met a bear."

"Met a bear?"

"The one"—Helen brushed the interruption aside—"in great fear, without a thought for his companion, climbed a tree to hide."

"Well, the heel," said Bill. "That's what I call a heel."

"The other," read Helen, "seeing that he had no chance singlehanded against the bear, could not escape except by throwing himself quickly to the ground and pretending to be dead."

"Why didn't he climb the tree, too?"

"Don't be silly," said Helen, annoyed, "maybe it was a small tree—a birch or something."

"Did the bear believe his gag? How did they come out?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows."

"Well, if the bear didn't eat them, I bet another beautiful friendship was ruined."

"Don't confuse me," said Helen. "You aren't asked to solve the story part. All you do is jot down quickly the use and parts of speech in it. Travelling. Together. Hide. Seeing. Singlehanded."

"Speech?"

"Participles, gerunds, infinitives. Just tell me rapidly—Himself, quickly, pretending, to be dead."

"I can't just leap into gerunds that way," he said, "give me that paper." He bent over it, muttering. He wrote down and crossed off, wiped his forehead again, and breathed heavily. Finally he sighed, "I don't know about this."

"And you an M.A.," said Helen. "So how can a helpless baby cope? You see, I told you! Now just tell me the meaning of this little poem about seeds."

"I don't like poetry."

"In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams," she read.

"Heavens!" moaned Bill.

"These lilies shall make summer on my dust."

"Not on mine," said Bill. "Look, let's pass over the English and get into something easy like math."

Helen gave him an odd look and obediently got out the math paper.

"This will be easy"—he settled back

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## It's Nice to Have Company

Continued from page 7

He nearly flushed again, but suppressed it.

"Excuse me for interfering in your affairs, Mrs. Buzzie," he stated with almost human asperity. "But if you really are looking for a lonely person and don't come across one on your own, go to the army convalescent ward at the Memorial Hospital and ask for—Lanny."

"Lanny?" enquired Mrs. Buzzie, not noticing the doctor's distress. For Lanny didn't sound to her like a lonely name.

"Lanny," said the doctor shortly and looked at her with dismissing eyes.

"Lanny," repeated Mrs. Buzzie, and then because for no reason she suddenly felt sorry for the doctor, she gave him a kind look and didn't even allow herself to sigh inwardly as his oiliness returned in full flood and was lubricating every joint in his voice before she turned to leave a few minutes later.

And, later still, after Mrs. Buzzie had found Lanny, she was grateful that she had been kind to the poor busy man. For he had, indeed, done her a good turn. Lanny was just about the loneliest person Mrs. Buzzie had ever known.

BY EIGHT o'clock that night, Mrs. Buzzie had the big cloth of her day very nearly snipped into shape. The afternoon, after she had found Lanny at three, had just drifted dreamily on, the way an afternoon will when the evening to succeed it has been beautifully arranged.

Mrs. Buzzie had told cook that she and her guests would like to be served at half-past eight. She had pressed her best black gown trimmed with the shining sequins and been grateful again to Essie's good taste in clothes. Mrs. Buzzie herself had always had good taste in clothes though she had seldom had the means to prove it. She had washed her tiny wrinkled face and put on a daring little splash of rouge. She had answered Essie's telephone call and even felt quite tolerant toward that busy daughter whom she had never felt she knew very well.

And now the door chimes were tinkling and she was moving with dignity across the huge hall to open the door to her first guest—whom she hoped would be Lanny. For nice as Mrs. Buzzie found young women, she found young men nicer.

And it was Lanny, standing there awkwardly on the white steps with the street lamp behind his bared red head and the hall light falling brightly upon his lined young face.

For a moment Mrs. Buzzie's heart smote her. He was so young, not over 22. How could he possibly be company for her on this her Last Night? But then he moved his head shyly and she looked into his eyes—and there, with the perception of the very old and the very lonely, she saw his soul looking out at her: a young, grim, terribly lonely soul.

And Mrs. Buzzie smiled and said, with her eyes snapping and flashing a hospitable welcome, "Come in, Lanny. Do, do come in."

Lanny limped in with quite some sprightliness—for his wounded leg was nearly healed: it was only his soul, the doctor at the hospital had told Mrs. Buzzie, which was sick.

"He was young, sensitive and poetic, Mrs. Buzzie," the doctor had explained, "and when he lay out there in the mud and thought he was dying, he tasted the Universal Loneliness and he wasn't old enough to learn about that. But a good

cheerful dinner party will do him good."

Mrs. Buzzie hadn't told him the purpose of her dinner party and she let him go on thinking it was to be a good cheerful one. For she was old and wise, and she knew the doctor wouldn't have let Lanny come if he had known The Truth.

Nor would Mrs. Buzzie have invited Lanny if she hadn't been sure after one look into his eyes that a good, cheerful dinner party was the last thing in this world that he needed.

Good, cheerful dinner parties were not for the Lannies of this earth, nor for the Jims. Jim was, strangely, the name of the girl whom Mrs. Buzzie had met that morning in the park. She tinkled the chimes not five minutes after Lanny, and Mrs. Buzzie let her in without one smite at her heart.

For Mrs. Buzzie had known for certain that morning that Jim could take it. People in shoes like Jim's had to be able to take it. If they weren't, they wouldn't now be lonely. They'd be dead.

MRS. BUZZIE knew how to preside at a dinner table. She never had done much of it. For her dinner tables had never been the kind one presides at. But she knew how, none the less. It pleased Mrs. Buzzie to think she might have been a great actress if she hadn't so yearned for Company—male company preferred. And it flattered her to sit at Essie's shining mahogany table, under the glittering chandelier, and preside in her stylish black dress.

Cook had done herself proud with little stuffed sausages and little green peas. And cook, evidently absorbing the spirit of the evening, served with a solemn tread. Nobody noticed her

except that Mrs. Buzzie remembered, occasionally, to nod her head graciously and give cook a commending look.

But mostly Mrs. Buzzie drew out her guests. First she drew out Jim, and because everybody sensed how lonely everybody else was, Jim allowed herself to be drawn out and even shed a few tears over the salad.

Jim told All. How she and Jerry had met, fallen in love, and married. How the baby had been started and Jerry had sailed away, and now he was lying under a little white wooden cross in France. How lonely life had been, especially with no people of your own and how other people didn't understand about having a baby without Jerry.

And after Jim had finished and everybody had cried a few tears over their mousse, Lanny told about what life had done to him. He told about his father who was a well-heeled doctor and about his mother dying when he was just a baby and about how busy his stepmother had always been. Nearly as busy as his father. He told about being shot on the battlefield and how he lay there and thought it was the end and how it came over him how lonely people were, really, especially when they were going to die. And how he hadn't been able to get over knowing about that loneliness people carry about with them and how he refused to get well and go home although his father was very upset; how he, Lanny, pretended that he couldn't bear to go home and how, really, he couldn't.

Mrs. Buzzie listened and shed a few tears and felt very sorry for these two young people. But in the back of her mind was an excitement which comes of knowing Your Turn is next.

She knew her turn was next and Jim

and Lanny knew it, too, for after dinner was over, they followed her into the beautiful living room and settled themselves, smiling shyly at each other, with the calm of storytellers who, having told their own yarn, are willing to see if the other fellow can go them one better.

And Mrs. Buzzie could.

And after cook had brought in coffee and glasses of Edward's raspberry liqueur—the kind Edward served only to very important people—Mrs. Buzzie settled herself gracefully upon the wine-colored love seat and looked at her guests with expectant eyes.

And they looked back, grinning a little because they didn't feel nearly so lonely any more.

And finally when Mrs. Buzzie's sense of timing told her *Now*, she said, "I suppose you're wondering why I asked you here tonight."

Jim said politely, "Yes, we are, Mrs. Buzzie. Why did you?"

But Lanny said, "Because you're lonely, too."

Mrs. Buzzie answered, low, "That's true. I asked you because I want company when I die."

Lanny leaned forward, his eyes widening, and Jim gave a little gasp.

"Die?" asked Lanny.

"Tonight," answered Mrs. Buzzie. "Tonight," she looked wistfully at the clock because she felt one should be wistful at The End if one had had as much fun in life as she had had. "Tonight—at one minute to eleven."

Jim and Lanny looked at the clock too, and Jim whispered, "Ten minutes past ten!" while Lanny said, "How do you know?"

Not "Nonsense!" as Essie would have cried; or "Indeed?" as Lanny's father would have sighed. But simply, "How do you know?"

"Because years ago," Mrs. Buzzie answered steadily, "a fortuneteller read the cards and told me I should breathe my last at one minute to eleven, 59 days before my 90th birthday. Tonight is it."

Jim's eyes widened. "But maybe she was wrong—"

Mrs. Buzzie shook her head. "I believe in fortunetellers," she replied stonily. "This same one told me I'd have one child and two husbands."

"And she was right," stated Jim.

Mrs. Buzzie nodded.

Jim sighed. "They usually are. One told me I'd have three children."

"Then you will," said Mrs. Buzzie firmly.

Lanny let his eyes drift to Jim's face. Then he said, puzzled, "But how . . ." then, his eyes widening, " . . . but, of course!"

Jim flushed and tears glistened behind her lashes.

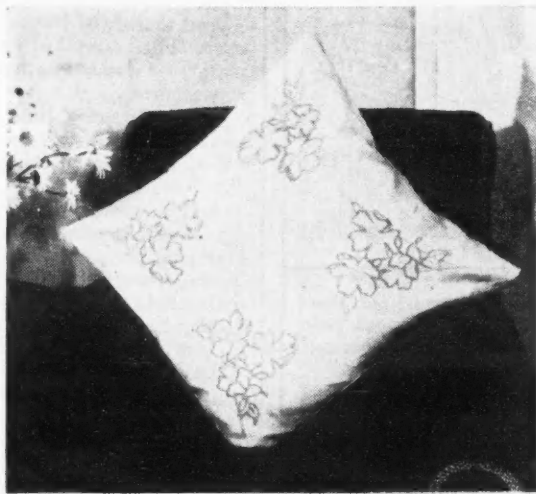
Mrs. Buzzie took the situation in hand. After all, this was her turn. These two young ones could finish their yarns later. She couldn't.

"That's why," she said very loudly so they'd look at her, "when Essie and Edward went I was delighted. For they wouldn't be any company at all for this evening. They're too busy and, anyway, they don't believe in fortunetellers. And my last remarks would be wasted on them. They wouldn't be listening and so they'd never remember what it was I said."

Lanny and Jim nodded, and the loneliness in their eyes was replaced by amused pity. But Mrs. Buzzie didn't mind.

Lanny said, "It would be nice to make a good last remark if you were sure somebody was listening."

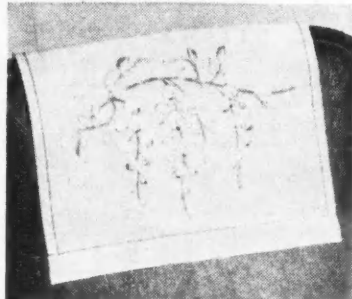
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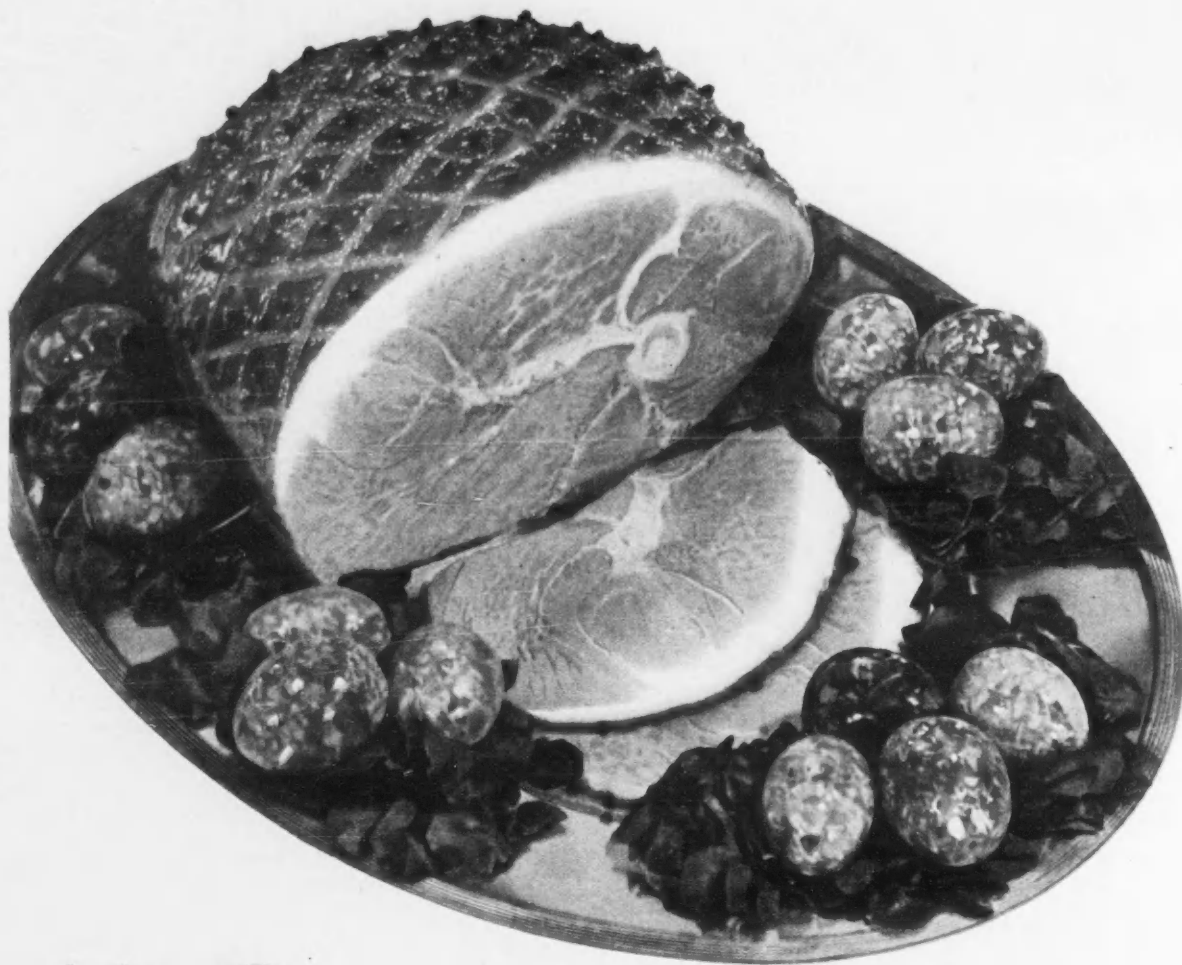
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**A Salad-Garnish so novel**

**It will set 'em all talking**

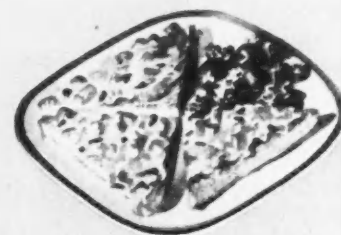
**Recipes.** For a grand Easter dinner, serve any part of a Swift's Premium Ham adorned with Gelatin Eggs. Here's how Martha Logan, Swift's chief Home Economist, fixes the eggs. Break shells at one end, making an opening about size of a penny. Pour eggs into a bowl; save to use in recipes below (or start saving shells ahead of time). Wash shells in cold water; put back in carton.

Soak 1 envelope (1 tbsp.) plain gelatin in  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. cold water for 5 min. Dissolve in 1 c. boiling water. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. onion salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. each, finely chopped pimiento, green pepper, sweet pickles, and 1 c. finely chopped cabbage. Divide mixture into 3 bowls. Color with red, green, and yellow food coloring.

Fill empty shells, pouring mixture from a pitcher. Put filled shells back into carton and chill over night in refrigerator. Peel off shells, serve on parsley or watercress.



**Ham and Egg Dinner.** Beat 5 eggs (about 1 c.) slightly. Add  $1\frac{1}{4}$  c. cooled, scalded milk,  $\frac{3}{4}$  tsp. salt,  $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. pepper, 1 tbsp. grated onion. Bake in greased casserole in mod. oven ( $350^{\circ}$ ) for about 30 min. 5 min. before removing from oven, top with slices of baked ham. (Serves 3)



**Ham and Egg Lunch.** To 5 slightly beaten eggs, (about 1 c.) add  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt;  $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. pepper, 1 c. cubed baked Swift's Premium Ham, 2 tbsp. chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. chopped celery,  $\frac{1}{3}$  c. chopped green pepper. Cook over low heat, in warm greased skillet, stirring constantly. Serve on toast. (Serves 3)

**SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED**

# Pigeon Love

Continued from page 13.

old enough to be—well, anyway his aunt.

Janie thrust her money at the sales clerk, grabbed up her package and skedaddled out of there before the two across the aisle should catch sight of her . . .

There wasn't a phone call from Skiz all that week! Of course, she didn't give a hoot, except that Saturday night might find her sitting home here, and Skiz showing up at the drugstore with his new dish in tow. If only Phil Nugent would arrive! It would certainly make the kids, Mr. Skiz Watson included, sit up to see her flash him around!

AND THEN Squadron Leader Phil Nugent, wings, decorations and all, drove up to his aunt's door the very next day. Janie, watching through the organdie curtains of her room, saw him come, and it wasn't long before she was into her new slacks and pullover, and out into the yard. For weeks now Janie's mother had been trying to coax her to do a little gardening, an occupation for which Janie never had much use. But now she fairly pounced on the weeds, especially those sticking their impudent heads above the soil of the flower border between the Emerson and Rutledge yards. It was worth it, too, because she had accumulated no more than a tiny little pile of limp ones when she heard the Rutledges' porch door open, and the sound of a striking match. This was it.

He sauntered around to the side of the house, and Janie kept her eyes meticulously on the weeds until the last minute. Then she looked up with such obviously simulated surprise that the man grinned. It was nice to have so pert a face not notice one so pointedly.

"You must be Philip Nugent, Mrs. Rutledge's young nephew," Janie said brightly.

"You must be Janie Emerson, the girl next door."

Janie let the garden fork, with which she'd been prying up a recalcitrant weed, drop to the ground. "How did you know?"

Philip Nugent let more smoke lazily drift from between his lips. "How did you know?"

Janie was up on her feet now. "That's easy. Your picture's been in all the papers."

"Mine was easy too. You've been in all Aunt Ethel's letters."

Janie's surprise was real this time. "Honest?" she asked. "What did she say about me?"

"That you're a spoiled brat. That all the boys in town are on your doorstep. That you're a cute bunny—only that's not quite the way Aunt Ethel put it—and that you'll be okay when you grow up."

Janie laughed, stuck out a pink and pointed tongue and glanced down at

the weed still in her hand. "I'm growing up fast. All weeds do."

He smiled, and the smile softened a face that showed no signs of tension, of midnight bombings, of dealings with death. "That's something to log," he said. "How about a trial flight? Say the movies Saturday night?"

If all the world's clouds had departed and all the blue skies that ever were had suddenly enveloped Janie, she couldn't have tingled any more. "That," she said, "would be super."

"It's a date then. Target for Saturday night—Janie and the movies."

JANIE'S WORLD was gossamer spun from that moment on. The next day, which was Thursday, she and her folks were invited to dinner at the Rutledges', and Friday Phil asked her to drive to the lake for a swim. Somehow this made Janie feel completely avenged, for after all it had been on the way to the lake that Skiz's defection had been made public. Of course this was a purely private vengeance, for it wasn't likely any of the gang would be there. Every-

body's parents were being simply awfully strict about gas to go swimming. But the public vindication would come Saturday night, and would it be potent!

The swim was fun. Phil told her she looked like a triple threat in that bathing suit. He told her she swam like a flying fish. "I'll bet you've got the whole high school on its ear," he said, cocking his lean head to one side and looking her over with the careful attention to detail which Janie was used to giving a dress she wanted to buy.

There was a fine intimacy out there on the sun-swept float, an intimacy protected by lake and sky and distance. Relaxed and a little drowsy, Phil stretched out on his back and talked lazily. He didn't seem so much older to Janie then, and there was no hero sign about him. Like some other youngster talking about what he wanted to be when he grew up, Phil planned for his life when the war should end.

He told her about how he'd been in engineering school when he'd enlisted, and how he wanted to go back eventually and get his degree.

"There'll be plenty of things to build when this party's done, and I aim to be in on 'em. All over the world things will be going on, and a guy like me, without a family, can get around."

"Don't you ever expect to have a family?" Janie pulled off her bathing cap and let her soft curls fan out to the sun. She asked her question curiously, wondering if Phil, after all, was just like Skiz and the rest of the boys at school who were always saying they were never going to get married and then, in the next breath almost, telling what they wanted their sons to be like.

Lines showed up around Phil's mouth as he started to answer. "There was a time I did," he said, "but I've heard tell you can't have a family all by yourself. You've got to catch yourself a wife first." + Continued on next page

# LI'L LABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**AIN'T MARRIAGE WONDIFUL !!!**

LOOKIT HOW CUTE OUR TWINS, LI'L "5 MINUTE" YOKUM, AN' LI'L "REGULAR" YOKUM IS PLAYIN'!!

IS THEM OUR (GULP!) CHILLUN, DAISY MAE?—RECKON WE NAMED 'EM AFTER MAH FAV'RITE BREAKFAST— CREAM OF WHEAT— ON ACCOUNT THEY LOOK SO SMOOTH AN' DEE-LISHUS, HUM?



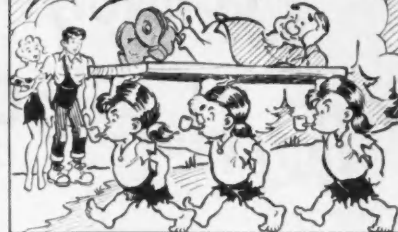
COPY, 1945, UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

AN'—LOOK—HYAR COMES YO' MAMMY WIF A DIFF RUNT SIZED BATCH— OUR OWN LI'L "PROTEIN" AN' "FOOD-ENERGY" YOKUM !!!

IS THEM OURN TOO?—:508: SO WE NAMED THEM AFTER THEM EXTRY VALOUBLE FOOD ELEMENTS IN NOURISHIN' CREAM OF WHEAT !!!

AN'—NOW, HYAR'S PAPPY WIF TH' TRIPLETS!! LI'L "CALCIUM" LI'L "PHOSPHORUS" AN' LI'L "IRON" YOKUM !!

TRIPLETS, TOO! ALL NAMED AFTER THEM 3 ESSENTIAL MINERALS IN THET CREAM OF WHEAT, WHICH ARE ALL SO EXTRY GOOD FO' CHILLUN!



Dogpatch U.S.A.

To All mammys an' Pappys an' li'l chillun:

Effen Yo' all wants t' be strong like me an' mah chile Li'l Abner, or cuTe an' sweet like Pappy, eat lots o' Cream of Wheat on ackount of its smo-O-oth an' extry nourishin' an' tastes so good an' everybody likes it.

writ by Pansy Yokum  
machine age &#

FETCH ME MAH CREAM OF WHEAT, QUICK, MAMMY!!—AH JEST HAD A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE— NAMELY—THET AH WERE MARRIED!!

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**VEGETABLES**—Two servings—some raw, some cooked—fresh or canned. One green-leaf vegetable. A serving of potatoes



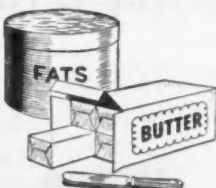
**FRUITS**—A citrus fruit—orange or grapefruit. Other fruits, raw and cooked, including tomato



**MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS, AND CHEESE**—At least 4 eggs a week and one healthy serving a day of one of the others



**BREAD AND CEREALS**—One or both at every meal, either whole-grain cereals or Canada approved bread



**BUTTER AND OTHER FATS**—Two or three tablespoonfuls as a spread or in cooking

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**+** YOUR CANADIAN RED CROSS FACES THE GREATEST TASK  
IN ITS LONG HISTORY—GIVE NOW—GIVE MORE!

Mrs. Buzzie said, "Indeed it would. I have never thought much of history's Last Remarks, have you?"

Lanny considered. "Well, Goethe's 'More light' wasn't bad," he offered.

Mrs. Buzzie had never heard of Goethe, but she wasn't going to let on.

"Not bad," she agreed, although she thought it a bit highfalutin herself.

"Have you thought up a last remark?" enquired Lanny politely, while Jim looked at the clock and her lips murmured, "Ten twenty-three."

Mrs. Buzzie beamed at him. "Indeed I have. I've thought of a lot of them. What do you think of It Was Great While It Lasted?"

Lanny laughed. "Swell," he said. "Though that wasn't what came to me on that battlefield."

Mrs. Buzzie ignored that last. Lanny had plenty of time to think up his Last Remark.

"I think that's—that's kind of racy, don't you?" asked Jim, who had finally pulled her eyes away from the clock.

Mrs. Buzzie considered, her little white head on one side. "Perhaps," she conceded. "Yes, perhaps you're right. Well, what about I've Loved Life?"

Lanny grinned. "Darn it," he said, "I'll bet you have. Why don't you keep that one? It's dignified but not pompous."

"It's poetic," said Jim, "but not sloppy."

"I like it too," agreed Mrs. Buzzie. "And I think that's the one I'll keep. Though to tell you the truth"—and here her bright eyes clouded—"I'm not quite . . . not quite satisfied with it. Perhaps I ought to think . . ." she glanced with no sign of haste at the clock. "I've just half an hour. You two talk and let me concentrate . . ." and she put her withered hands over her closed eyes.

She thought and she thought, but she got nowhere. She just wasn't in the mood. She couldn't get her mind on herself. It kept wandering to those two young people. How polite and kind they were. How dirty life had played them . . .

And then Mrs. Buzzie's eyes popped open. For Lanny had let out an exclamation—a loud, startled, anxious exclamation:

"Jim! Jim—Mrs. Buzzie!" the exclamation was growing into a torrent. "Mrs. Buzzie, something's wrong with Jim."

And so there was. Jim was sitting up in her chair and a startled look was cramping her pretty face. There were beads of sweat on her upper lip and her little feet in their worn saddle shoes were curling frantically around each other.

"Jim!" accused Mrs. Buzzie crossly. "You're going to have that baby!"

Jim's eyes focused and she grinned helplessly—though not at all like a lonely person.

"I think you're right," she admitted, and then little ripples of laughter ran over her face and she emitted a peal of mirth. "Mrs. Buzzie, I've spoiled your evening. Isn't it awful—but—but—" and here her little feet began to act up again—"but it can't be helped!"

So Mrs. Buzzie had to laugh too and, finally, so did Lanny. Though his laughter wasn't quite so unrestrained as Jim's and Mrs. Buzzie's—he being only a male.

But he soon took on some of their excitement. He ran to the garage with Edward's keys dangling from his trembling fingers. Cook came in and added her dry tartness to Jim's exit by remarking, "Well, it can't come hungry into the world after what you ate."

And Mrs. Buzzie was so happy and

thrilled that she couldn't feel any resentment toward Jim for spoiling her Last Scene. They piled into Edward's car, the four of them; for cook said she didn't intend to miss out on this, especially since all she had to do that evening was read a mystery book. Cook sat in front with Lanny, and Jim sat in back with Mrs. Buzzie, and they all chatted and made so many jokes—that they arrived at the hospital in such a happy flurry that nobody felt very much anxiety when Jim was taken away. And going, she looked back at them and grinned in a way to show she wasn't lonely at all though she might be.

And so were they all scared, especially Lanny who, poor thing, thought Mrs. Buzzie, didn't know much about life, only about death. But God was kind and they didn't have to worry long. For within an hour and a half, a nurse came to tell them brightly, as nice happy nurses do, "It's a lovely little girl and everything's just fine."

So they all trooped out and Lanny treated them to pop and by the time they got back to Edward and Essie's mansion it was almost two o'clock in the morning—and Mrs. Buzzie's wonderful day had sort of got out of hand. But she didn't think about that until—cook in bed and Lanny in the guest room for it was too late for him to return to the hospital that night—she was in her own little nest.

BUT THEN, after she was undressed and snuggled into her sheets, she remembered that one minute to eleven had come and gone and she'd been too occupied with Jim to pay any attention. But something told her that the fortuneteller had been right just the same. It was only that God had given her a little extra time because of Jim.

Mrs. Buzzie thought that God was right to do that, but she felt sorry that her one minute to eleven might come that night at one minute to three or four. And she'd be all alone. She even allowed herself to wallow for a moment in self-pity.

And then just as the wallowing was turning into utter defeat, someone knocked on her door and Lanny came in, his red head all tousled and his thin body wrapped in Edward's old dressing gown.

"I've been thinking," Lanny said, sitting down in the rocker by her bed and moving his head until it was very close to hers, "that you got cheated. I thought you might like me to sit beside you until you fall asleep. So you won't get mad at that fortuneteller!"

Mrs. Buzzie smiled tenderly, but she said nothing—just let her small dry hand creep out and take his. She lay there and Lanny sat there, her hand tightly in his. And presently Mrs. Buzzie began to get sleepy.

Then for fear he'd think her ungrateful, she whispered, "It's nice . . . to have company."

And the words swelled and grew and whirled around in her tired sleepy head until it was like a little bright circle of golden light flashing over and over: "It's nice to have company. It's nice-to - have - company; nice - to - have - company."

Lanny's hand held hers firmly, comfortingly, and just before she got too sleepy to think, Mrs. Buzzie decided: "If that's my Last Remark, it isn't bad, not bad at all." It's nice-to-have-company-company-company.

And then she fell off into darkness, and the last thing she was aware of was whispering to herself bravely, "Well, I'll know in the morning."

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 TO HEAL A WAR-  
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Janie giggled; then, remembering her role of haven for a hero's heart, she said sympathetically, "Did you pick the wrong girl once or something?"

Phil rolled over and leaned on one elbow and looked at her sharply. "Say, you're a quick kid. How did you know?" Janie just smiled a secretive little smile. She was sure now she was really what Phil Nugent needed.

"I was engaged when I was in training—or I thought I was," Phil went on, looking out over the softly rippling water. "But before I went across I found out there's nothing in that old gag about absence making the heart grow fonder, anyway not on a woman's part. It's always the fellow who's nearest the jar who gets the cookies."

"What was she like?" Janie asked in her most tremulous voice.

"Blond and willowy and beautiful," Phil said dreamily, then sprang to his feet. "But what the heck! The world's full of women—for other men. Me, I'll stick to the war. And look how lucky I am anyhow! I come out here for a rest and I need a playmate and I find you living right next door . . . How's for a swim?" And with a short run and a leap Phil Nugent was in the water.

Looking back on it all as she dressed for Saturday night, Janie thought it altogether the most satisfactory week of her life—although perhaps satisfactory wasn't exactly the right word. But certainly it was the fullest week, the most completely lived. Why, she'd grown cons in the last few days, changed from an adolescent girl to an understanding woman. She was sure too, that Phil would always remember these days they'd had together. And maybe, when the war was over and Phil came back, their present feeling for one another would deepen. Phil would need an understanding partner for that world-roving he was planning. No man should have to build alone.

Janie brushed her hair until the curls gleamed on her young shoulders. She tried a little eye shadow on the upper lids and decided it added just the right touch. And then she wriggled into the white silk jersey her mother'd just bought her, and watched it slither about her knees with soft motion.

Promptly at 8.30 Phil, in uniform this time, showed up at her door.

"Whew!" he let out a whistle as he looked at her. "How the wolves in my outfit would howl if they could see you! Turn around, pigeon, and let me look you over."

"You melt me!" Janie laughed back at him and led a skirt-swishing way into the living room. "You sit here," she pointed to the sofa across the room from where her father lounged with a book, "and I'll be ready in a jiff."

"Okay, sergeant!" Philip Nugent saluted her.

It was nice that Phil hadn't been out of his teens long enough to forget the ropes. Even before the picture was over he turned to Janie and said, "The next stop's a sundae, according to the way I was briefed. All right with you, pigeon?"

In the gloom of the movie house Janie nodded, and Phil added, "You locate the target."

THAT WAS easy. She steered him to Hepburn's drugstore, taking plenty of time on the way so that the kids would be sure to be on hand for her entrance.

And they were. She could see the girls self-consciously perk up as she and Phil walked in, and the boys give respectful envious attention to the uniform and the man in it. She introduced Phil

all around, and then chose one of the tables for two. A little mean, maybe, but after all she'd found him.

The giggles and the buzz started up again as soon as they sat down, and Janie was seriously contemplating whether she'd have a banana nut sundae or a pineapple soda when a sudden stillness took hold of the store. She looked up and there, coming in the doorway, was Skiz. Skiz and the upswept blonde with the tip-tilted nose and the lusciously crimsoned lips. She was laughing at something Skiz was saying, and the laugh lit a candle behind her eyes.

Janie stared so intently that Phil turned around in his chair to see what it was all about; turned around and stayed that way, staring too. Janie noticed his face go a little white, saw him start to rise from the table, change his mind and sit still.

Skiz and the girl meanwhile sauntered slowly down past the soda fountain and the candy cases toward the tables in the rear. Most of these were taken now, and their eyes searched about for a free one. Skiz, seeing Janie, called out, almost too nonchalantly, Janie thought, "Hi there, Janie." The girl with him smiled down at her pleasantly, and then the smile froze as if it had been carved there. She had seen Philip Nugent, just as he was seeing her. Seeing her with eyes that were both hungry and eager.

Suddenly Janie knew. This was the girl, the blond and willowy and beautiful girl, whom Phil had told her about, the one who hadn't wanted to wait for him. Janie gave the girl a sharp glance and something—maybe this growing up she'd been doing the past week—told her that Phil Nugent had been wrong. This girl had wanted to wait; she was still waiting. Janie could see it in the sudden flush of her cheeks, in the quick lift of her hand toward Phil. It was a gesture half appealing, half protecting.

It was pretty clear to Janie that the picture in which she'd cast herself for the heroine was turning into a zombie. Her hero's heart already had a haven. And it would have to happen—his meeting the girl again—right here before the gang, in the very spot Janie had picked to be the scene of her own triumph.

Well, there were two ways to take a catastrophe like this. You could pull a tragedy face and let the world know you were frosted, or you could take it in high. Janie threw in her gears.

Phil was suddenly standing up. "Hello, Peg," he said a little unsteadily, and when he'd introduced Janie, "Let's move to a bigger table."

At the new table Janie turned her brown eyes on Skiz. Skiz, who hadn't had any intimate conversation on a float, might be a little puzzled by what was going on here, but she'd explain it all to him later. She hadn't counted, though, on Skiz being downright mad. He thrust his hands into his pockets the way he always did when he was peeved, and sat there and scowled.

"Did you take in the picture?"

"Yeah," Skiz let out the monosyllable in niggardly fashion and closed his mouth firmly, and the scowl stayed fixed too.

"What did you think of it?" Janie persisted.

"It'll get by."

The pooch! Let him sulk if he wanted to. Besides, she was anxious to get an inkling of the low-voiced talk going on.

"But Phil," Peggy was saying, "I did answer that letter. I answered every one you ever wrote. And then you just stopped . . ." + Continued on page 30

# Chatelaine Fashions

A department of Style, Home Sewing and Needlecraft

## It's You They're After

By Lotta Dempsey  
Fashion Editor

**YOU'RE** A marked woman. You . . . from any age up . . . anywhere in Canada . . . are today the focus of international plotting and planning . . . the quarry sought by hundreds of famous men and women in Paris, Hollywood, New York . . . and Canada.

They are the great fashion designers of the world, and they want you to accept their designs and their country's fashions as the best anywhere. They want you to ask, when you're choosing your clothes, "What does Paris dictate?" or "Is London wearing it?" or "Do the movie stars choose this?" or "Is it a New York copy?" or "Is it Canadian?"

Everybody's very polite and charming about it, of course. New York says, "Paris always will be terribly original and distinctive, but do you really think they understand the way our women live over here, and the kind of fast-moving clothes we need?"

Hollywood says, "We've got the best show window in the world, through the movies. Wear our wonderful colored sports things, and you can't go wrong."

London points out quietly that neither blitzes nor buzz bombs have affected the famous British standard of quality.

And there's more than a lusty squall—there's a good vigorous stirring noise, in fact—from the environs of the world's youngest, but fast-growing style centre . . . Montreal.

Why is each country so eager to win your patronage as the postwar world swings into view, and what does it mean to you, and the kind of clothes you'll wear?



Montreal Dress Manufacturers' Guild

CANADIAN DESIGNERS WANT YOU to watch out for the wonderful new clothes they are creating, specifically for the needs of Canadian women. Above, a soft rayon jersey print in sunburst draped effect with the new capelet sleeves. Left, a young young style with shoulder flange, decorative looping



**EVERY TIME** you choose a dress . . . or a suit . . . or a coat . . . you flash a green light to some fashion designer, somewhere. When you pick a pleat instead of a ruffle, short sleeves in preference to long, a high neck or low, you're part of a pattern of public buying. That pattern gives "fashion acceptance" to certain style ideas offered to you each season, by the clothes creators of New York, Hollywood, Paris and London, as well as Canada.

Maybe you think that unless you get expensive originals with well-known names sewn into them, your choice of clothes is neither here nor there in the fashion picture. If you do, you're wrong. For instance, twice each year America's powerful New York Dress Institute calls in the fashion press of the country for a week's

showing by big-name designers. But the styles the editors watch modelled in the flower-filled, broadloomed ateliers of Manhattan, are not fresh off the creator's board, as you might think. First they have been shown to the nation's important retail store buyers for women's clothes—men and women who keep their fingers on your pulse, and know by the empty hangers in their stores just what you will accept and what you won't.

It is from these that the writers take their notes—and you see stories and pictures of new and important fashions to appear in the coming season!

And of course, cheaper-priced garments will follow the originals.

John Frederics, to + Continued on next page



## Are you in the know?

Can this CWAC Lieutenant marry—  
☐ A Private  
☐ A Captain  
☐ A Sergeant

A CWAC officer can wed her One and Only, whether he's a brass hat, a non-com, or private. Perhaps you'll be asked to be one of the bridesmaids at a furlough wedding. You can be on the scene—serene—whatever the time of the month. Kotex will keep you confident, because unlike thick, stubby napkins, Kotex has patented *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. And you'll find the dependable *comfort* of Kotex so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch—for Kotex stays soft while wearing!



If your writing runs uphill, are you—  
☐ Moody  
☐ Indifferent to people  
☐ An optimist

It's fun to read character through handwriting! If you study up on the subject, beforehand, it tells all! Do you write uphill? You're an optimist says Dorothy Sara, noted handwriting analyst. Why not keep that cheery outlook—even on trying days? You'll never be a "worry-bird" when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins, because that 4-ply safety center keeps moisture away from the sides. That's why you can count on getting protection *plus*—with Kotex.

Will lip rouge linger longer if you—  
☐ Moisten the lips first  
☐ Apply it over powder  
☐ Repaint a previous job

To make your lipstick *stick*—first, powder lip slightly. Apply lip rouge over powder, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your confidence can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure your sanitary napkin is suited to your special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. So choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex by the color of its box.

More women choose KOTEX<sup>®</sup> than all other napkins put together

(\*T. M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.)



"You did?" Janie could easily catch the happiness in Phil Nugent's voice. "Well, never mind, honey, it was all a rotten mixup, and I guess I was a jealous fool. Now that I've had the luck to find you again . . ."

Peggy smiled at him, a part tender, part teasing little smile. "I shouldn't admit it, conceited, but you didn't find me. I found you. I learned you were going to visit your aunt, and I knew Mom had an old friend here. So I thought if I visited in the same town at the same time, we might just possibly some time, somehow, meet."

Squadron Leader Nugent threw back his long lean head and laughed. "And you knew I'd fall straight into your lap, didn't you?" He turned then to the kids at the table with him. "Janie," he said, "this is the girl I was telling you about."

Janie nodded her head wisely, and her long curls danced. In a way she'd had an important role in the picture.

And then Peggy turned to Skiz, and in the manner of an admiring girl talking to a masterful and lordly male, "Isn't Janie the girl you were always mentioning? The one who swims and plays tennis and everything so well?"

Skiz's fair skin flushed up and he looked down at his ice cream and nodded.

Phil yanked one of Janie's long curls and grinned at her. Or rather it was a continuation of the same grin that had been on his face for the past 10 minutes. He looked at Skiz as he said, "She's a smart one, this pigeon."

Skiz was sitting up straighter in his chair now, and his chest had puffed out some. "Yeah," he said, "Janie's hep to the jive." He flipped a dead match across the table at her and added, "Say, bunny, heard about the moron who thought a metal vise was a yen for other people's gold?"

Janie's sunburned nose went up in the air. "Your watch works are running down."

Skiz was back on his home ground, and the smile on his round face was so broad it made his mouth into a half moon. "Huh, apple, you better treat me with more respect or I'll give you a bat and call you Babe Ruth."

Peggy took in the two of them wonderingly as her hand crept out to meet Phil's. "They seem to understand each other," she said. \*

### Pattern Descriptions

1249—Misses' and women's two-piece tunic suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 4% of 39-inch material. 3% of 54-inch material with or without nap. Lining: 2% of 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1254—Misses' and women's bolero skirt and blouse in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 bolero: 1 1/2 of 35 inch; 1% of 39 inch; 1 of 54 inch. Skirt and bolero trimming: 2% of 35 inch; 2% of 39 inch; 1% of 54 inch. Blouse: 2 of 35 inch or 39 inch; 1% of 41 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1258—Misses' and women's two-piece suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 4% of 39 inch; 3% of 54 inch. Lining: 1% of 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1252—Misses' and women's two-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 4 of 35-inch material with nap; 3% of 39 inch; 3% of 41 inch; 2% of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1248—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 3% of 35 inch; 3 of 39 inch; 2 1/4 of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1244—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 3% of 35 inch; 3% of 39 inch; 3% of 41 inch; 2% of 54 inch. Price, 15 cents.

1245—Women's two-piece dress in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Size 38: 4% of 35 inch; 3% of 41 inch; 2% of 54 inch. Collar and cuffs: 3% of 35 inch or 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1243—Girls' bolero, skirt and blouse in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10: bolero and skirt: 2% of 35-inch material with or without nap; 2% of 39 inch; 1% of 54 inch. Blouse: 1% of 35 inch; 1 of 39 inch. Contrast for appliqué: 1/2 yard of 35 inch, 39 inch or 54 inch. Printed tissue guide for appliqué included. Bolero lining: 1 of 35 inch or 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1257—Children's and girls' coat, calot and bag in sizes 1, 2, 4, 6, 8. Size 6: 2 1/2 of 35 inch or 1% of 54-inch material with or without nap. Lining: 2 of 35 inch; 1% of 39 inch. Appliqué: 1/2 yard of 35-inch material for each color. Printed tissue guide for appliqué included. Price, 25 cents.

## I'm a Salesgirl—

AND I'M BUSY ALL DAY LONG!

That's why I depend on

## QUEST

I can't afford to offend . . . and yet I haven't time to fuss. I'm on my feet all day, too.

That's Why I Use Quest . . . the Powder Deodorant

A powder deodorant is the LOGICAL answer for sanitary pads. It's soft, soothing . . . absorbs moisture and helps prevent chafing. And being QUEST, I know it destroys odours completely, safely.

For Other Purposes

I choose QUEST, too. . . . It acts just as fast . . . just as efficiently in destroying underarm odour . . . and it can't stain my frocks.

Large Container 35c

## QUEST

POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

\*T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.



## CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with . . .



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE! Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

## Makes Comfort Complete

Kotex Wonderform belt makes Kotex comfort complete. It's so dainty, light, self-balancing, adjustable, pinless—holds Kotex secure with special patented clasps that are flat, inconspicuous—only 25c



KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT

LET'S BEGIN at home. Less than 30 years ago this country's fashion industry was almost nonexistent. We made, at the most, a handful of blouses and skirts. Today there are around 800 manufacturers of women's clothes who are outfitting all the women of Canada with materials which are provided, very largely, by Canadian textile companies.

The rate of the clothes industry's expansion since the war has been phenomenal. In one year—between 1941-42—increases in sales, salaries, capital, textiles used, etc., amounted to \$22 millions.

That's because, with imports curtailed, you've bought at home. You've given the Canadian designers and manufacturers their first big chance to

industry, not only is Canada prepared to give you good value—but the manufacturers feel you have a great deal to lose, nationally, if you do not support Canadian fashions. The Canadian dress industry promises one of the most important possibilities for postwar employment and trade . . . if you support it.

NEW YORK feels it's close enough to you to know what you want, can give it to you at reasonable prices because of the tremendous volume of business it has; and that it would be very nice to have you as a handy, over-the-border customer. The United States fashion industry is now fourth in national importance, following food, oil and

CALIFORNIA WANTS YOU to go all out for her easy-fitting, high-colored sports and sun clothes. West Coast designers are cashing in on the publicity value of such movie stars as Dusty Anderson, erstwhile model, who shows, lower left, a midriff play dress of printed rayon jersey, and, right, spun rayon playsuit in red, white and blue with the new long shorts.



show you they can make clothes that are as smart in design and as good in fabric and construction (better, they believe, in less expensive clothes) as you could get outside.

Today, with the end of the war in view and a freer flow of trade on the horizon, those manufacturers are determined to keep your business. Montreal, where 70% of the dress industry centres, has set itself up as an important style metropolis, with a \$125 millions annual business.

The already strong and well-organized Montreal Dress Manufacturers' Guild plans a school for design, fashion shows, publicity of all sorts, and has sponsored an important national design contest open to all Canadians, with rewarding prizes.

Everything they do is aimed at pleasing you. For with the largest volume of business in the history of the

steel. It does a \$2½ billions business a year, and before the war we were its third biggest outside customer (South Africa and Britain first).

We're close for shipping purposes, prompt payment, wear much the same clothes as American women and (according to some buyers who go over) not too demanding about getting the best for our money, so long as the label says "New York."

Perhaps when we wake up to the fact that we have much to offer, in the way of native design, color, and our winter sports clothes that our American friends admire so lavishly, an exchange of trade and ideas will be mutually profitable.

CALIFORNIA is another recently awakened sleeper in the women's clothing business. The fact that motion

✦ Continued on page 36

Promise yourself a new complexion thrill when you first wear English Complexion Powder by Yardley. Expect a deep, clear warmth that's just naturally lovely . . . and you'll not be disappointed. Loveliness just glows through its protecting film . . . And look, too, for another lift to loveliness in Yardley's "Bond Street" Perfume, rare, regal and head-turning.

English Complexion Powder \$1.00

"Bond Street" Perfume \$2.20 to \$7.50

FROM THE "BOND STREET" SERIES

BY **Yardley** OF LONDON





Gothic  
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Corset 898

*You're* instantly poised and smart when you step into a LIGNE LELONG girdle. Move in it, and you're conscious at once of a new and glorious freedom. The scientific cut of the garment, including the "Parabola" back panel, which prevents riding up, keeps you figure and fashion perfect in action and repose. They're lovely and lasting.

*Ligne*

**Lelong**  
Agrée (Approved) Lucien Lelong  
PARIS

Manufactured by

THE DOMINION CORSET COMPANY LIMITED, QUEBEC, P.Q.

NEW YORK WANTS YOU to be excited about her new cape and bolero fashions—part of the style lore she is prepared to sell to a tremendous world market. Left, full-length cape in pale green wool lined in floral print to match the suit blouse. Right, black and white checkered bolero; black skirt, checkered pockets.



New York Dress Institute

whom the ladies pay \$50 to \$75 for a hat, boasted gleefully to me recently that one little model of his, introduced a few seasons back, was now to be found in every dime store in the country. And Sally Victor—another successful and astute American designer—pointed with pride to a new and highly expensive "moresailor" model just designed in her New York workrooms. "There goes next season's best-selling \$2.98 number," she said.

True, you may never have possessed an Alix or Schiaparelli gown from Paris, or a California Adrian, or one of Alfandri's Montreal originals. But it's 10 to 1 that you've worn Alix pleatings, Schiaparelli pink, Adrian's widened shoulders or Alfandri's draped effects.

So while the designers of each country sell their models for big prices to the rich, millions of copies that flood the market make them famous and their countries important as style centres.

PARIS WANTS YOU. France feels that, with the most original designers in the world, she will recapture her most important export trade: fashions. Here are two new post-liberation styles. Left: Jeune fille frock of pale blue wool with full sleeves and skirt, new tiny waist. Right: Patou's long-torso evening blouse.



LM-45-1



1249



1254



1258

## Those See-Saw Jackets

**No. 1249**—DOWN TO fingertip length goes the three-quarter tunic jacket of this new spring suit. The slim princess coat is finished with a four-button front closing, and a notched collar. The skirt's a front and back centre-seamed number.

**No. 1254**—UP TO bolero briefness is the fetching top to this ultra-new three piecer, with the new, new wrap-around skirt. It's slimming, and joined to a waistband. There's a fetching back-button blouse with a bias bound neck edge, trimmed with a bow. Waistline tucks and neck edge gathers create that soft front fullness all the designers are doing. You can have long or short sleeves. It's grand with the bolero in a contrasting color, edged with the skirt stuff. Line it or not, as you like.

**No. 1258**—ROUND AND straight is the shorty jacket with its fitted waistline and shoulder darts, and cardigan neckline. Aren't the half-moon pocket flaps fun? Bias binding finishes the jacket and it's lined. Front and back pleats (three each) are featured in the waistbanded skirt.

**No. 1252**—CURVED AND frilly is the peplum type short topper over a slim back-and-front-seamed skirt. Buttons to the waistline and darts give front interest. The high neckline hugs the neck and the sleeves have that luscious new fullness and are long.

Pattern Backs on page 30.



1252





## Make These for Spring

**No. 1248**—Even easy tailoring conforms to the new small waist, in effect, anyway. Front buttoning and a front shoulder yoke and revers help here. Waistline tucks and decorative stitching are good.

**No. 1244**—The side-front button closing works the trick of waist-slimming here. Soft gathers above and below the beltline help too. The neckline is high.

**No. 1245**—Peplum does it. The slim insert belt and front tucks are so slenderizing. The collar is cut in one with the bodice, and the contrasting facing on the collar and cuffs is interesting.

**No. 1243**—Lovely little-girl pattern with a Peter Pan blouse and bolero. The lined bolero has squared front edges. Printed tissue guide and appliqué included for the embroidery.

**No. 1257**—Big-time coat for a small-timer; with convertible collar and flap pockets. Double-breasted and lined. Calot and drawstring bag patterns, and tissue guide for appliqués included.

Pattern backs on page 30

# Fashion Shorts

★ from New York ★

By Kay Murphy

"That American Look"—which is the theme song for spring fashions down here on the Avenue—emphasizes a woman's charm, rather than her chic. "How pretty you look" is going to be much more complimentary than "How smartly dressed you are!" Softer lines on coats, suits, dresses are all favored, except in extreme cases when the "cut" is the thing. And the more womanly you can look, the better the fashion editors are going to like it!

**Soft-pedal the Fripperies!** While the "American Look" aims to make and keep us pretty, we still frown on fripperies and folderols—such as a lot of cute little curls atop the head and ruffles running hither and yon all over our frames! The pretty look comes rather from accessories to the basic simple dress, suit or coat. The garment is designed with a flattering, rather than a stern, look—then you add to it with interchangeable accessories—ruffled neckwear—novelty gloves—flowered hats—ramp shoes. These basic fashions continue to be "two-faced." With tailored accessories you can present a businesslike appearance; with frilly additions you can become the Dainty Damsel of a soldier's dream!

**Nipped-in Waistlines** a spring feature. Broadwayites are laughing over a gag: "Pity the poor girls these days. No men to take them out; no girdles to take them in." Of course, it's purely male propaganda, for we are getting enough girth control to keep us in line! But the new influences to minimize our waistlines can give us that slim, thin look—even if 'tain't! Dirndl skirts—bolero jackets—V'd skirt and dress waistlines—wide, tight-fitting belts—these are some of the tricks to achieve the minute waistline, without undue dieting, or lacing, on the wearer's part!

**Crisp as a Cookie** is another theme you will like this spring. For this purpose we see rayon faille or taffeta come forth in suits and dresses. The faille outfits are particularly well suited to modern-day living—for here again they may be dressed up to a Date occasion, and dressed down to a businesslike session with the typewriter. While black continues undisputed queen in this type costume, I am seeing very stunning versions in a grey and a cinnamon brown.

**Lime and Lemon**—two lovely shades you'll hear a lot about this spring and summer. As accessory notes to the many greys, browns and navy outfits, these warm lime or lemon touches will put your costuming on a higher, more colorful, more alluring standard.

**Pink**—another pastel color that will be with you throughout the year. Don't be satisfied with one shade of it. From the faint dusty pink right down to the muted rose, there is a pink tone to lure you on . . .

**After the War!** When we think of our returning men, let us not forget that THIS victory will see a lot of returning women, too! You know we are the



Photograph courtesy New York Dress Institute

Printed trousers with a plain top are news in the spring collections. Headband matches jeans. It's the latest suggestion for colorful sport wear.

surveyin'est people down here, so naturally a lot of surveys among our servicewomen have been conducted. The most recent one I have heard of points out these trends:

After the war the servicewoman thinks her suits should have *two* skirts—like the pre-war men's suits with two pairs of trousers.

After the war she is going to pay more attention to the condition of her skin and the comfort of her feet. Rather than spend her spare cash, and spare time, on shampoos, manicures, etc., she thinks she'll do that work herself and get professional care for her feet (pedicures) and skin (facials). She also says she never realized how good foot powder could be. She's going to use it as regularly after the war, says she, as she will her face powder!

After the war she believes she will continue to use a shoulder-strap bag because of its convenience. There may have to be some adjusting of the design so that she can use the same bag as a handbag if she wishes. And maybe the strap could be shaped so that it would not wrinkle her coat, as it often does now. It amazes her to find out that, before the war, the average woman's handbag contained 16 items. Equally amazing is the discovery that, today, the servicewoman's handbag contains, on an average, 16 items. In war or peace, therefore, she expects she will go through life with about 16 things in her bag! ♦

# SMOOTH as Flower Petals



Petal-smooth . . .  
exquisitely  
tailored to fit . . .  
always with  
quality that lasts!

Look for the name

*Mercury* Van Raalte

"Because you love nice things"

MERCURY MILLS LTD., HAMILTON, ONTARIO



## Five little, false little words:



"I never  
perspire  
in Winter!"

Don't let the thermometer trick you into offending.  
Avoid underarm odor with MUM.

IT'S A MISTAKE SO many girls make—thinking they don't perspire in winter. But how wrong. How foolish!

For even in zero weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture at all. Yes, form and cling to your warm winter woollens, stealing away your charm.

But why risk this winter danger? Why take chances of offending when it's so easy to be sure? Just remember, your bath only washes away *past* perspiration. Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*.



So play safe. After every bath, before every date, a half minute with Mum means long hours of carefree daintiness.

**MUM'S QUICK** — Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

**MUM'S SAFE** — Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

**MUM'S SURE** — Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh all day or evening. Get Mum today.

**For Sanitary Napkins** — Avoid embarrassment. You can always depend on Mum for this important purpose. It's gentle, safe—sure.



*Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration*

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada.

pictures and their personalities offer the best possible medium for displaying California-designed clothes is just now coming home fully to the trade out there. They, like Montreal, have recently organized a fashion guild, and are trying to capture the summer sportswear and resort market. The fact that the good climate has attracted so many manufacturers to the area is highly played up. Last year California did a \$19½ millions sportswear business; and they're on the way to building it higher every season.

PERHAPS Paris, of all the style centres, is keenest to build its fashion trade back to its former high place. For the French need exports badly to bolster up their country's trade and finances, and the selling of clothes and ideas to the rest of the world was always one of their best methods of doing it.

Most of the great designers are still there. The way they stood out against German domination, and ridiculed the Nazi women they had to dress, has brought plaudits from the world. But while America still genuflects to Paris creation, there is a definite tendency to fight its domination. One reason is that Paris showings always came too late in the season to be of real monetary value to designers on this continent, who already had their lines prepared, and must then face the demand of women for Paris styles. Another is, of course, that both the U. S. and Canada have become more self-sufficient, and more creative.

Already a test case is in the offing. Paris is attempting to bring back the very tiny waist, as shown in all her recent designs. American stylists believe women have too much on their minds... and lead too active lives on this continent... to submit to the harrying effects of sudden restraint and too much diet or massage for fashion's sake. Health authorities, and foundation garment manufacturers, too, on this side of the water, are concerned. Then, too, Paris has been doing full, full skirts, wide sleeves and other feminine delights that are taboo here because of wartime regulations.

ENGLAND, at the moment, is still something of a dark horse in the race for fashion supremacy. She is even more eager than New York or Paris to get back the trade of Canada and the other Dominions, and is counting on her fine woollens, wonderfully printed and figured fabrics and good cottons to do it. Today, strictly ordered utility clothes are all we can officially see of her fashion ideas. But the great designers like Hartnell, Digby Morton and Aage Thaarup have been encouraged to keep up their design through blitz and bomb. Some of them work in time off from military or defense duties. Others, especially fabric workers, busy with the new synthetics and marvel materials like the waterproof, heatproof, cold-proof and what-have-you postwar items we are expecting, are given special facilities to carry on experiments.

Of one thing you may be sure. Whatever new ideas or inventions in the line of fabric and design are about, Canada is in on them. When the full story of all the wonderful advances in clothes for temperature extremes and trying conditions needed by men in the services is told, Canada will have an important chapter.

A great many leading style experts—and not only those of Canada—believe you will admire Paris, exclaim over New York, study California and cheer for Britain. But that you're going to go on "wearing Canadian." +



but not  
to you..



ENJOY the luxury of looking at your best in the smart and slenderising KONERAY with its all-round pleats graduated to taper off in snug-fitting single material over the hips. Made in Shakespeare's country, but banned to women living in the United Kingdom. You are indeed fortunate to be able to wear this smartest of all all-round pleated skirts. Profit now from the advantage this official ruling gives you. Ask your outfitter to show you a selection of KONERAY skirts in a variety of the fine quality British materials, including Scotch, Cumberland and Donegal Tweeds, West of England Flannels, Authentic Tartans, Worsted, Irish Linens and Cream Serges, in which they are available.

Trade enquiries: Please cable your enquiries to "Hack, London." Orders should be accompanied by information to expedite payment in Great Britain.

Sole Manufacturers: C. STILLITZ, Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, England.

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PLEATED SKIRTS



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

# Chatelaine Beauty

A department of Personal Care and Health



Paramount

## Those Hollywood Kids

By ADELE WHITE, Beauty Editor

**T**HEY'RE strictly a triple-threat proposition—those kids from Hollywood, with a high priority rating in feminine appeal and a big "E" for Excellent on their personality report cards. Almost before they sprout their second teeth, talent scouts are dangling contracts in front of their button-sized noses.

It seems as though some fairy godmother had given each of these babes a special birthday gift—the knack of being able to put herself across. Probably showed first in bassinette days when her public consisted only of a brace of doting parents, and continued right through school when small

boys fought to carry her books and she was labelled queen of the dancing class.

However, once a starlet comes under the protective wing of a studio and a contract is signed, her life is dedicated to shining and polishing her talents just as earnestly as a sister of charity's is dedicated to good deeds. For practically 18 hours a day you can hang out a sign, "Girl At Work," while she's being groomed to become a Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne or Greer Garson of the future.

In the movies we see her as a finished product—but, just for once, let's move round behind the

screen and see what makes her shine. (If you're sharp, you may sneak some tips, yourself, to help complicate the life of a certain guy in the Hi crowd, who's playing hard to get.)

DIANA LYNN, the girl above with the cute smile has an unbeatable combination: beauty, brains and musical talent. But she's worked for it—just ask her how many back-aching hours she spent whanging away at scales while other girls were cutting capers to juke box jive. But now, Diana admits what her mamma done tol' her was right. She says she owes 90% of her





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THE thing that makes you really attractive to others is your warm friendly smile. So keep your smile its shining best with the preferred dentifrice of millions... Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder.

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And this thorough cleansing with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is *all the daily* care healthy teeth need.

The delightful flavour of Dr. Lyon's makes it a favourite with the entire family. Even children who are inclined to avoid the teeth-cleaning chore enjoy using it. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder leaves the mouth feeling so clean and refreshed.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is an ideal family tooth powder because it is so economical to use... matched for price... it outlasts tooth paste two-to-one. Get a box today.

**DR. LYON'S** tooth-powder

IT CLEANS TEETH BETTER... AND IT TASTES GOOD



## Thou Canst Not Then Be False

Continued from page 9

her slight body seemed almost suspended in air. "It will be like flying!"

He put out an arm and drew her within its circle, his love for her like a physical ache. And the thought persisted in his mind... *If Holly were away tonight!* Somehow it would seem as if he were betraying her less. That was foolish, of course. But he felt that way about it. If Holly were away—up North—while he and Barbara were speeding East—somehow it would seem as if he were putting distance between his child and the wrong he was going to do her. That was silly too. He wasn't doing Holly any harm. And yet he knew he was. He knew he was. If she ever found out about Barbara...

He looked down at her bleakly.

"No—I don't mind," he said then. "You'll want some money, won't you?"

ON THE way into the city he held the paper up before his face, but he saw none of the headlines. He saw instead Holly—Holly as a baby, Holly as a little girl, Holly—Holly—Holly... She had filled every nook and cranny of his life until six months ago.

Suddenly he was thinking of the night she was born—Christmas Eve. It had been a cold, silver night, and he had hurried home from the garage with a bracelet of holly wreaths on his arm. They were old-fashioned holly with red berries in clusters against the shining pointed leaves. He had hung one in each window of their tiny apartment, and then he had turned to Margaret, sitting there swollen and forlorn, watching him.

"If the baby's a girl, Margaret, and she's born tonight, let's call her Holly."

She had looked at him doubtfully.

"I don't think I ever heard of a child being called Holly."

"Oh, what's the diff?" he had laughed. He felt excited, wildly happy. "We aren't just going to do things because somebody else did..."

That night—later—in the hospital—all that bubbling happiness over being a father disappeared. All that was left was long hours of holding Margaret's hands, feeling her sharp nails cut into his palms, till—when they finally took her up to the delivery room—there was a crescent of cuts deep in his flesh. Even then it went on and on—hurrying feet, urgent whisperings, himself typed for transfusion... Then at last it was over. They were both safe, and for a moment he held the red scrap of humanity that was his daughter in his arms.

"Holly," he said. "You sure were a prickly number..." His voice broke.

The doctor came in just then. He was washed up now and ready to go. He paused for a moment and looked into the small wrinkled face.

"Better take good care of her, son," he said. "There won't be any more."

So that was the way it was. There were never any more, and Margaret was never the same. It seemed to him sometimes that he must have dreamed that she had ever seemed a healthy normal girl. It took him quite a while to realize that he had been just one more young man, caught by a pretty face and a rounded figure, and that he and Margaret had about as much in common as a Fiji Islander and a member of the old French aristocracy. But that was later—much later—after he had invented the Brandys Noiseless Windshield Wiper, and had so much money

Continued on page 53



**JOAN ROBERTS**  
star of the hit "OKLAHOMA!" says:  
"Arrid gives a girl self-confidence... You'll always find Arrid on my dressing table backstage, and at home as well. All my friends—men and women—tell me they are regular Arrid users."

**New Cream Deodorant**  
Safely helps  
**Stop Perspiration**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
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39¢ Also 15¢ and 59¢ jars

**ARRID**  
THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



**Do YOU know where HARRIS TWEED comes from?**

Only from the Islands of the Outer Hebrides, where the Islanders ply their skilled and ancient craft, come the tough, hard-wearing Harris Tweeds. Woven by hand from virgin Scottish wool, Harris Tweed in all its variety of stylish shades and patterns is the tweed for people who "know about clothes."



Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION Ltd.  
LONDON ... ENGLAND

# Beauty answers the Call of Duty

CANADIAN WOMEN have responded wonderfully but there is still an acute shortage of help—additional Canadian women are urgently needed—opportunities to serve are all around us.

IN THESE RUSH-RUSH DAYS when time for personal care is limited, Du Barry offers a solution to Miss Canada's wartime problem. A few minutes daily care, the Du Barry way, is the secret to complete relaxation . . . to greater loveliness. The Du Barry Beauty-Angle Treatment is the answer. It stimulates the circulation of the facial areas, bringing new radiant beauty from within. Consult your Du Barry Beauty Adviser at all better cosmetic counters.

Du BARRY ALSO SUGGESTS a "Spring Tonic". Du Barry Foundation Lotion, then soft, warm Du Barry Powder, to be followed by the Du Barry harmonized make-up ensemble of rouge and lipstick. It's springtime, and a dash of colour will make you feel better, look better, and you will have the assurance of knowing you are at your best.



Du Barry Foundation Lotion ..... 1.50

Du Barry Cleansing Cream ..... 1.25



Du Barry Face Powder, in large box ..... 2.00



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## Du Barry BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

By Richard Hudnut . . . Featured at better cosmetic counters from coast to coast



# Your own home test can bring you **SOFTER, SMOOTHER SKIN** in just 14 days!

Compare your complexion with your shoulder skin. You'll find that your shoulder looks 5 or more years younger. Why? Because the pores of your shoulders are kept clean by your regular Palmolive Soap baths, and so, *able to breathe freely day and night*. But the pores of your face are clogged with dirt and make-up most of the day and often all night. And that pore-clogged condition is why your complexion, little by little, loses its *flexible softness* . . . and why your skin wrinkles and ages years before its time.



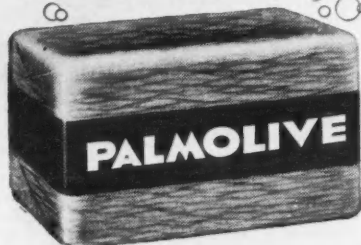
But that needn't happen to *your* complexion. Palmolive offers an easy and *proved* way to keep it lovely. Here's all you do: wash your face 3 times a day . . . and each time you wash . . . *with a face-cloth* vigorously massage vitalizing Palmolive lather into your skin—for an extra 60-seconds! Then a cool rinse and pat dry, that's all!



It takes *only a minute*, but that 60-second face-cloth massage with Palmolive's rich lather stimulates circulation, clears the pores, lets them breathe. And that healthful tingling sensation means that Palmolive is awakening skin tissues, helping to bring new life . . . new glowing youthfulness to your complexion . . . helping it to regain its *flexible softness*—its radiant youth and beauty!

1131 Canadian women tested Palmolive Beauty Massage in their own homes. Their reports *prove conclusively* that this 60-second Palmolive Beauty Massage—each time you wash—is all you need to help your complexion become *softer . . . smoother . . . lovelier!* Remember, gentle, beautifying Palmolive Soap is made possible only by Palmolive's exclusive blend of soothing Palm and Olive Oils.

REGULAR SIZE 6¢  
GIANT BATH SIZE 9¢



ALL YOU NEED  
TO KEEP ALL YOUR SKIN  
YOUNGER LOOKING



"Thanks for listening!" THE HAPPY GANG—CBC NETWORK—Mon. thru Fri.  
Canada's most popular daytime radio show.

success to being a first-class pianist. (We're willing to argue that one—we'll bet those beau-catching dimples didn't hold her back one bit!) Her ability to tickle the ivories and her flair for comedy got her a leading role in "The Major and the Minor," and in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." Her biggest opportunity came in the current hit, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

Here are some beauty tips from Diana. **Diet.** She has no special fads—just a healthy teen-ager appetite and eats pretty much what appeals to her. She does try to avoid too many starchy foods and sweets, but occasionally goes off the deep end and tucks into a double-dip sundae topped with nuts, yum yum!

**Beauty routine.** Diana does a home-laundry job on her tresses and uses a tar

soap shampoo because she's found it specially good for her red golden hair. She's keen on trying out new hairdos. Sometimes she goes chi-chi with it whipped up on top of her head—other times she wears a long bob.

Diana uses powder foundation only for pictures. She wears a medium shade in nail polish and keeps her nails quite short, because of her piano work. At nights she rubs a rich cream into her face, her elbows and hands to keep her skin soft.

She drinks a quart of milk a day. (Pale-faced chicks, please note!)

As far as sports go, she thinks dancing is the best slimming exercise, and you can bet she gets lots of co-operation from the stag line!



Universal Studio

ANN BLYTH. This starlet came to the movies via radio and stage. At the age of five she toddled up to a pint-sized mike and gave out with confidence. She's been acting and singing ever since.

Ann has lots of poise. She says that "poise is made up of a lot of little things—things like knowing your skin is flawless and your hair is fresh and pretty." The secret of her shining brown locks is 50 strokes with a stiff brush each day and an olive oil rub the night before her weekly shampoo.

"Hands are awfully important," says Ann, "I can't understand why so many girls go round looking as though they spent their lives washing dishes." She always uses hand lotion after washing and rubs oil into her cuticle several

times a day to prevent hang-nails.

Ann is also hipped on health. She calls her own curfew each night so she'll get eight to nine hours' sleep. She also gets plenty of sunlight and outdoor exercise.

In appearance she's the five-foot-two, eyes-of-blue type. As one soldier fan expressed it, "She not only sings like an angel but looks like one—boy, is she s-m-o-o-t-h!"

It seems to us that the essence of Ann's charm is that she looks so *approachable*. She's natural and sincere and she might be your sister, your best friend or the girl who lives next door. She never strives for fancy effects. She thinks girls who put on airs are right off the cob—but corny!

## Parents Get Nervous

Continued from page 22

—“you just never could do math. You can't add two and two and make four.”

“There's no reason why it should always make four,” said Helen per-versely, “and personally I don't believe it always does.”

“Now listen, darling, the laws of mathematics—”

“Don't confuse me,” she said. “Listen. A man who can row  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour in still water, rows uniformly down-stream for one hour. He rows back in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. What is the rate of the current?” She added, “Nobody but an idiot would row down just to row back again. He must be a mental case.”

“I can work that one in a minute,” said Bill confidently. “Go on.”

“Two trains starting at the same station at the same time travel in the same direction, and after five hours the faster train is 45 miles ahead. If they started at stations 405 miles apart and travelled toward each other, they would have met in five hours. Find the speed of each.”

Dickie came in at this point and said, “Hey, Mom, I kind of missed my aim and shot some holes in the garage wall. No damage. He grinned. “Say, Pop, I'm sew funny I put you in stitches.”

Bill scowled. “I'm sew funny,” repeated Dickie. “Sew S-E-W—get it?”

“Yes, you're funny all right, run along now. I'm thinking.”

“You think it's really funny?” Dickie stood on one foot. “I was wondering if maybe I ought to withdraw that one from circulation. I'm sew funny, I put—”

“I'll see later. Now you run along.”

“Okay, take a run-out powder, Dickie, my lad.” He vanished.

“Give me the Latin,” said Bill, “my head aches. I'll do the math when I feel better.”

“The Latin is just what the doctor ordered,” said Helen. “Here goes. *Marcus, quod erat puer parvus, in Galliam cum Caesar iter facere non poterat.*”

Bill took the paper and frowned over it. Wiped his forehead. “Marcus was a poor boy who was not able to go into Gaul with Caesar,” he translated doubt-fully. “How does that sound?”

“*Ei qui ex Gallia in Italiam,*” said Helen. “I'm skipping a few lines here. They seem rather involved. Now *renerunt dona secum portaverunt quae Marco propter eius diligentiam dederunt.*”

“How's that again?”

“*Postea Marcus erat ipse in alio bello et miles et dux.*” She shook her head slightly. “I think it says that afterward Marcus was in another war and thousands and sweet.”

“Nonsense, *dux* means leader. But what about thousands? Maybe he led them?”

“Your guess is as good as mine.” Helen was generous. “But I wonder what was the matter with that boy Marcus? Maybe he was an orphan.”

“You were the Latin shark,” he reminded her. “*Portaverunt* — that means carrying, I expect, like porter, or portal. I have it! Marcus was carrying something into Gaul for Caesar.”

“But how could he, when he, poor boy, wasn't there in the first place?”

“Mush on. It may dawn on us.”

“Then translate this back into Latin,” she said. “We were so desirous of fighting that, having thrown our jave-

lins, we made an attack on them with swords.”

“Murder,” said Bill. “The farmers, who had feared the dangers, remained in the fields for two hours.”

“The lugs!” said Bill. “Why didn't they take up their javelins and go to it? I never did like cowards.” He got up. “Look, you do that while I get back on those trains travelling from the same station. Darling, have we anything to drink? I mean anything worth while?”

“Yes, we have 12 ounces left over from your brother's visit,” Helen said. “I'm saving it for an emergency.”

“This is the emergency. Let's have it.”

Helen closed the desk and they each had a small drink.

“Tastes like paint remover,” com-mented Bill, “but it helps. You know, Avondale is a fine school. Boys who go there are lucky.”

“I imagine so. Brains.”

“Aunt Ella meant well. All for the best.”

“I don't feel like discussing Aunt Ella. I dare say Mr. Bascom would have beaten her. And quite right, too.”

Dickie darted in again. “C'n I have that half cake that's left? It'll get stale. Mom, you hear about the man who could sell salt?”

“No, and you go on to bed,” said Helen, “and get rested so you can study for those exams.”

“You know how many square feet of canvas we got on our snipes?” he asked.

Helen waved him away. She said to Bill, “No use getting him worked up. He better have one last good night's sleep. Oh, darling, it is a shame! I don't mind so much moving to town—but I mind what it will do to him to fail. He's so sensitive—”

“Sensitive as a potato,” said Bill, “but let that pass.”

The next morning Helen put a big bowl in front of Dickie. “I want you to eat this.”

“Hey, can't I have those pancakes?”

“This is the breakfast of champions,” said Helen. “It will help you.”

“I rather have pancakes.”

“You eat this first.”

“Okay, if I can have pancakes after-ward.”

Helen and Bill didn't eat much. Dickie said firmly that he would do the examinations right away. “I can't learn a lot of junk extra in a week,” he said reasonably. “I got no schoolbook anyway. They're all locked up in school.”

Bill got off to the office finally and Dickie sat at the desk, wrapping thin legs around the chair. He was chewing gum, and he looked cheerful.

“Is the light all right? Are you comfortable? You want a glass of milk? Is your pencil all right?”

“Maybe you better just go away,” said Dick, “and leave me be. You seem to have the jitters sort of. Pop too.”

Then he gave her a quick bright look. “You and Pop kind of want me to get in there, don't you?”

“Well, you see, it's only that—” began Helen.

“Okey doke,” he said. “Scram, woman.”

Helen looked back from the door. Dickie's face was set now, and white so all the freckles stood out. He was chewing gum with a slow, rotary motion. Her heart contracted. Dick had been kidding. He knew!

She went down cellar and sprinkled curtains. She sorted jelly glasses. She sat on the steps and held her head in her hands. She had put up 300 jars of tomatoes and fruit, and where could

## Welcome as the Flowers in Spring



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**COMFORT** as well as **STYLE**

Smartness you want, of course—the kind of smartness that appeals to the style-conscious woman. This you get in Selby ARCH PRESERVERS. And you also get true foot-comfort—foot comfort that comes from exclusive features such as: the Concealed Steel Arch Bridge; the Scientific Metatarsal Pad; the Perfectly Flat Innersole.

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# new Film-Finish Powder

gives Shirley Temple's skin that smooth and flawless look . . .

Sweet-sixteen Shirley Temple, just beginning to wear make-up, chooses Woodbury Film-Finish Powder, made for Hollywood stars and you! To give your skin the same smooth, flawless glamour-look in everyday life that the lovely stars have on the screen!

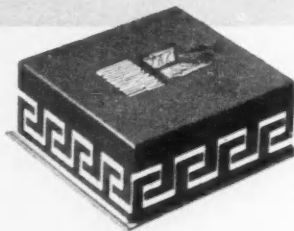
New five-way blending creates stay-fresh shades smoother new texture that clings and clings for hours . . . hides lines and blemishes. Never looks powdery, never turns yellow or pasty, never clogs. Choose from the four glamorous film-star-styled shades today!



**SHIRLEY TEMPLE** David O. Selznick player, co-starring with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten in "I'LL BE SEEING YOU." Shirley uses Windsor Rose to dramatize her medium pink-toned skin!

**YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP CHART**, which comes in every box of Woodbury Powder, tells you just what shade of lipstick and rouge to wear for true Hollywood glamour! No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish."

Boxes of Woodbury Film-Finish Powder, 50¢, 25¢, 16¢



## Woodbury Film-Finish Powder

(MADE IN CANADA)



Warner Bros.

**LAUREN BACALL** got into Pitchers via a picture—a fashion shot in which she did the modelling.

In her first movie, "To Have and Have Not," she played opposite Humphrey Bogart and actually outdid him in making dead-pan faces.

Lauren has personality plus! She stands out in a metropolitan crowd and draws encore gazes wherever she goes. Her legs are long and lithe. She stands five foot six in her stocking feet (rayons, of course) and tips the scales at 119. In spite of being in the bantam-weight

class she has curves in all the right places. Her mouth is large and generous—her smile teasing and when she talks her voice is low and intriguingly husky.

Here's what Lauren says about her private life. "If I dieted or had any mysterious beauty secrets, I'd tell all, but the truth is I'm pretty much 'au naturel.' At the present time I'm a bit too absorbed in larnin' how to act to be interested in sports, or to get excited about parties or night clubs or to loll around mosaic-tiled swimming pools."



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

**ELIZABETH TAYLOR** just got under the gun for this teen-age story—she was 13 in February.

Just as Diana Lynn says she had her first break by being able to play the piano, so Elizabeth got hers by being a

whizz at horseback riding. In the picture, "National Velvet," she has to ride expertly and take her filly over the jumps in a steeplechase. Fortunately Elizabeth, who was born in England and lived there until just before war broke out, learned to ride just about as soon as she learned to toddle and so was all primed to step into the role of Velvet—that is, all except for the fact that the studio thought she was too short. Elizabeth, who has a whim of iron, promised to grow fast. She ate prodigious meals, slept long hours and, by jimmies, she grew three inches in the time limit of three months!

Here are her life-lines. She's four-foot-eleven in height, weighs 90 pounds and has deep blue eyes and black hair. Although she spends plenty of time ice skating, playing badminton and swimming, her favorite sport is riding, and the loves of her life are (1) her horse and (2) the saucy pup in the picture. +

NO ONE IS *Perfect*



—but many women manage to look as if they were! Cosmetic-wise, they know that cleanliness is not enough. . . . Just a little grooming care can coax your hair to added liveliness, new lustre . . . help it to be hair that frames and flatters your face! Why not try the Hair Beauty Preparations created by Ogilvie Sisters . . . specialists in hair health and loveliness?

At better Department and Drug Stores or at your favorite Beauty Salon.



*The Girl He left behind*

**SHE PROMISED TO WAIT**  
**SHE PROMISED TO Write**

IN PROMISES KEPT — SHE HAS KEPT HER MAN

**BARBER-ELLIS**  
*Cameo Stationery*

## Hang on to Your Money

Continued from page 11.

That's just the mopping-up operation. The racket boss then stops pushing this stock, stops the machinery that has been keeping up the price. In a few days, his victims find that the "market price" of their stock has slipped from 65 cents to 15 or to five. They find that nobody will buy their stock at any price. They are stuck—rooked—ruined.

On an operation of this kind, carried on over six months, the racket chief's loot may be anywhere from \$100,000 to \$1 million. He pays probably half of that for his salesmen, his "investment advisory service," writers, long-distance telephones, telegrams, etc. The rest he keeps for himself.

And, because of the way things are worked in the financial underworld, it is a very reasonable guess that most of the boss's \$50,000 or \$500,000 is going to escape the income tax collector.

HERE ARE a few other tricks of the stock racketeer trade.

Last night when the stock salesman you had never before heard of called you from Toronto, you told him plainly and definitely that you would not buy a single share of his stock. You hung up on him.

Tomorrow you may get from him a notice "confirming" your order to purchase so many shares of Tiddly Winks Mines. Enclosed is a bill asking for your cheque forthwith.

Yes, friends, that *does* happen. These fake "confirmations" pay the racketeer very well because some people will do what he asks. They will be afraid to complain; will think that somehow, in their telephone conversation, they blundered into a legal obligation to buy. Or perhaps they say, "Oh, well, this sounds pretty good; I'll take a flier on it this once."

"Gang marketing" is another trick. Sometimes a boss racketeer will have under his control two, three or more firms, ostensibly operating as independent brokerage houses. This opens up fabulous opportunities for fooling the public, for controlling stock price manipulations and for reaping big profits.

"Price diddling" is a good name for another racket stunt. The salesman who entreats you to buy Tiddly Winks Mines stocks says they have a "limited quantity" at 30 cents a share. But if you call up a specialist on "street market" prices, he will tell you the price is 20 cents or five cents. It is astounding how many salesmen get away with telling a prospective victim what a bargain an issue is at such-and-such, when scores of people in the financial community know—and would gladly give the information—that the street market price is very much lower. When a stock is not listed on a recognized stock exchange, a buyer must be extremely sure of the person with whom the order is placed.

The "hold-out," or delayed delivery, is another favorite racketeer stunt, and in some respects it's the most dangerous.

You buy 1,000 shares of Tiddly Winks Gold, pay over your \$200. . . But the days go by and you don't get your stock certificates. You write, but nothing happens. The months pass. Perhaps the price goes away up.

You are completely fed up; sore at the salesman and his firm. You want to sell your stock, get clear of the whole thing. But the racketeer won't deliver you your stock, because he is afraid you will sell it and spoil his market operation.



## Please! You're speaking of the Pie I Love!

**Hey . . . are you belittling my favourite Pin-up Dessert? I ADORE Pie!**

Don't shoot, lady! Pie's wonderful. Flaky-crust, creamy-filled goodness. We're simply saying it's typical of the many soft foods you eat.

**Is that BAD—eating soft foods?**

No, but there's no chew in them! Your gums need exercise to help keep them strong and healthy.

**But . . . I'm not worried about my gums!**

No? Remember neglected gums may lead to "pink tooth brush". Much smarter to put Ipana and massage to work. That'll help keep your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling!

**MY SMILE! How come?**

A sparkling smile calls for sound, bright teeth. Sound, bright teeth depend so much on healthy gums. Ipana and massage helps keep gums firmer, healthier.

**Is "pink tooth brush" really serious?**

Lady, a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush is a high sign from your gums. If you see it, hop to it and head for your dentist's.

Chances are, he'll say it's sensitive gums cheated of work and exercise by soft, creamy foods. And he's very likely to suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Want to help your smile to sparkle—to be your brightest charm? Then use Ipana and massage.



"I love Ipana's clean, fresh taste! And that stimulating tingle when I massage my gums seems to tell me they're improving. My teeth are brighter already!"



"You see, Ipana Tooth Paste is not only excellent for cleaning teeth. With massage, it helps the gums, too—speeds circulation, helps keep them firmer, healthier."

Wake up lazy gums  
with Ipana and Massage!



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*Just as new colour schemes and furniture arrangements give your home a new lease on life . . . so world famous CANADA DRY adds taste-tingling goodness to every occasion. Here is sparkling refreshment at its best! You'll enjoy CANADA DRY's frosty, champagne-tang.*

*It quenches thirst in a jiffy. It's refreshing.*

*It's invigorating.*



*World Famous*  
**CANADA DRY**

THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES

they store them if they closed the house and cut off the heat?

She crept upstairs and pawed around in the attic. Now she wished she had given everything away, even the family relics. She heard Dickie yelling for her and flew down. He'd given up then! The worst had come.

"Hey, Mom"—he looked up from his papers—"you better stick around where you can hear the phone. Pop keeps calling up every five minutes—says he doesn't want anything, just how are we? You think he's gone nuts?"

The phone rang. "Hello, how are you? Is that you, Helen? How is Dick?"

Dickie said, "If that's Pop again, tell him I'm done with English."

HELEN MADE a few incoherent sounds and hung up. Dick brought his papers to Helen. "How's for a few slices of milk before I dive-bomb the math?"

Helen looked at him with wide eyes. "You did it all?"

"Yeah." He double-timed out and Helen sat down weakly. She looked at the first question. "The Boy Next Door," he wrote, "is my title. 'To the world he appears a cheat and a braggart, but when I got to know him, I found that was all front. He is a different boy.'"

Helen read on. Why, this was marvellous! How did Dick know the boy was suffering because his parents were divorced and he wasn't wanted? And how had he thought of doing his composition on such a subject? He had picked something familiar, something he knew, and just written it off easily. She and Bill had not been so intelligent.

Dickie's appetite was undamaged. He ate three helpings of everything and then yawned and said, "Well, I'll ankle on. Might as well finish them up."

Helen cleaned silverware and polished all the brass. Scrubbed out the garbage pail and cleaned the linen closet. It was only four o'clock when Bill came tiptoeing in.

"Whatever are you home at this hour for?" asked Helen.

"Can't I come home early once in a while?" He laid a box of ping-pong balls on the table. "I thought I could sort of cheer him up, take his mind off things with a game."

Helen wrung out her soapy cloth. She gave him a penetrating glance as he tiptoed down the hall. Oh, no, he wasn't upset, not at all!

Dickie was on the living-room floor making a kite. He looked up and saw his father tiptoeing along the hall and said, "Hey, Pop, s'matter? Your feet hurt?"

"Certainly not! I was just keeping quiet. In case—well, your mother might be resting."

"What would she be resting now for?" asked Dickie. "She just sort of rested all day while I did my exams."

"Oh, you did them? All of them?"

"Yeah," said Dickie. "Say, Pop, I got an idea for this kite, making a top for it like a regular jib. Ter-rific, huh?"

Bill eased himself onto the sofa.

"Dick, I don't want you to think we don't understand about those exams. There are times when—well, we feel—your mother feels—and I quite agree with her—you understand?"

"You want to tell me something?"

"I'm discussing the kinds of questions they ask."

"Oh, you mean the exams! Is that what you are talking about? They were okay. I missed one question is all. Afterward it came to me, but of course it wouldn't be right to put it in."

"No, no, of course not." Bill's voice was weak. "You—you think you passed? All of them?"

"Why sure. Why not?" Dickie's eyes were round. "Say, you and Mom been nervous about that all this time? Why, Pop, I couldn't be anything but an Avondale man! I promised Aunt Ella when I was nine."

"Promised her? Promised her what?"

"To keep my marks on the up and up. Now Pop, I got one serious question to settle with you."

Bill was working at his tie.

"It's this. About this shaving," said Dickie, rubbing his brown cheek. "If the other guys all shave, should I shave anyway?"

"Uh—well, I suppose so."

"Even if it means starting a beard?"

"Why, ah-yes, I expect so."

"That's all I wanted to know." He got up and took his kite. "I'm going to try her out. Want to watch?"

"I think I'll just—rest a minute," said Bill.

Dick loped away and Helen came in. Her day had left her exhausted; she had bruised her arm, pinched her thumb, burned her wrist, and done all the other minor damage a nervous parent could do. But there was a light in her eyes that made Bill sit up straight and say, "Now what is it, Helen?"

"You heard him," she said, "he has passed them all! You know what that means?"

"Certainly I know. It means he's an Avondale man!"

"It means he's a genius," announced Helen.

"A genius?"

"A genius," repeated Helen.

"Now, Helen, you're all worked up. Dick is a perfectly normal boy."

"He's a genius," said Helen. "You'll have to take out more life insurance."

"You mean it will kill me?"

"I mean he'll have to have money for research. Electronics or something."

"I want a drink of water," said Bill, and went out hastily.

Helen moved dreamily around the room, straightening up the chaos of Dickie's day. Bill came back and stood in the door, fiddling with his watch chain.

"Helen," he said, and his voice was slightly husky, "Helen, I was just wondering—"

She looked at him. "Yes. Yes, Bill?"

"Well," he said, "it just sort of came to me—it occurred to me—do you think Avondale is outstanding enough for a boy like Dickie?" +

## Show of Hands

Soft feminine hands have always been symbols of loveliness. Nowadays when women have a hand in practically every kind of work, it's more important than ever to know about hand care. It doesn't take much time or energy — just stick to the regular routine which we've worked out for you in our bulletin, "Beautiful Hands."

Beautiful Hands — Service Bulletin No. 15

Price 5 cents

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"back-room" boys and hangers-on whose records are not of the Elsie Dinsmore variety. Some in the stock gangs aren't leave Canada because U. S. immigration authorities are waiting to pounce on them to stand trial in their own country. "How about comin' down to New York, just for a little holiday?" is a grim joke in gang circles. For some of them the answer is perhaps "Never."

Let's keep this fact straight: The people I'm writing about and the methods I'm describing are those of the financial underworld. Generally speaking, they have no connection with organized stock exchanges nor with the financial community proper, though here and there, the tentacles of this underground octopus creep up into places of power and seeming respectability.

Don't forget that the vast majority of Canada's brokers and stock salesmen deal honestly and fairly; that you can trust them implicitly in discussing investments and speculations in the handling of your money.

Don't forget that the operating methods I have described are racket operations, not those of the responsible financial business.

Don't forget that a professional organization like the Investment Dealers Association imposes strict regulations on its members, exercises very real disciplinary powers; and that membership in stock exchanges also imposes standards of conduct.

THE NEXT time somebody asks you to buy stock, what should you do?

Do you really know him and the firm he represents? Really *know* them, I repeat — not just recognize the name from seeing their advertisements in certain kinds of publications, or from getting their literature through the mails? If you don't know the firm, ask your bank manager or your insurance agent to contact his head office and find out. Write the Toronto Better Business Bureau, 350 Bay St. or the Montreal Better Business Bureau, 660 St. Catherine St. W.; Better Business Bureau of Ottawa and Hull, 102 Bank St., Ottawa; Better Business Bureau of Vancouver, 789 W. Pender, Vancouver; Winnipeg Better Business Bureau, 611 Confederation Life Bldg., Winnipeg. (Don't expect them to tell you all they know or suspect. They won't write a letter which might get them into a libel suit.) Make sure the report you get back clearly gives the firm a clean bill of health.

When an unknown salesman tells you to hurry—to make up your mind fast—watch out. It may indicate a rigged market. For every dollar of paper profit you lose by giving yourself time to think it over and investigate, you will save tens, perhaps hundreds, of dollars in the long run.

When an unknown salesman representing an unknown firm telephones you long distance, don't be flattered. Be very suspicious. Decently run brokerage businesses can't afford that kind of selling expense to attract new clients. But five dollars or \$25 on a single telephone call is peanuts to the stock racketeer; it's easy for him to sit at home, with his sucker list, with telephone receiver strapped to his ear, and his canned speech written out on paper in front of him. It's less costly than travel-

ling around the country, and above all, it's less dangerous for him, because the telephone makes it difficult for you or anybody else to get evidence that will convict him of fraud.

Next time you are telephoned, get the firm name, the name of the stock, the name of the salesman. Report the incident and the facts to the Attorney-General of your province.

Telegrams are in the same category. A few weeks ago over 25,000 telegrams were sent out all over Canada strongly urging immediate purchase of a certain stock because, it said, "sensational oil news expected momentarily." A few days later the price started dropping.

When you get stock promotion literature in the mails, watch out—until you make absolutely sure of the people sending it to you. You may get nice letters from "investment advisors" wanting to tell you how to invest your money. They say they have no personal interest whatever in any stock, that they have no connection with any stock-selling outfit. They may submit a list of "recommendations" made a year ago to prove what market wizards they are; to demonstrate what wealth would have been yours, had you been numbered among their clientele.

**WATCH OUT.** That rule applies whether you want to "take a little flier," or put your money into investments. If you want to speculate, there are lots of honest brokers around who will tell you places where your chances of profit are good, and where you will get an honest-to-goodness run for your money. If you don't make money on the transaction, don't leap to the conclusion that you've been swindled. Remember that whenever you put money into mine prospect stocks—usually called the penny stocks—you are taking a long chance, no matter how honest the promoter. Mines are hard to find, and there may be a hundred or a thousand failures for every one that comes through. And what was a failure last year or five years ago, may be a good thing next year—so never throw away "worthless" stock certificates.

Canada needs more mines, and in the making of new mines, the legitimate promoter, the honest stock-selling organization, and the alert speculating public all have a place. But when you deal with the racketeers, you do Canada harm and you jeopardize your own future.

One reason why the stock wolves are so busy is because the Ontario administration has been lax. The second reason is that war conditions have brought many Canadians substantial savings: Victory Bonds, war savings certificates and bank accounts. Many Canadians who patriotically bought Victory Bonds and certificates have most unpatriotically sold them and turned over the proceeds to stock racketeers. Millions of dollars of wartime savings which were going to buy homes, motor cars, and other living comforts after the war, have been and will be lost to the financial underworld.

Men are probably worse suckers than women, but nevertheless Canadian women are a mighty factor in all our stock and investment markets. If they stopped falling for the stock racketeer, and kept their husbands clear of the menace too, they would stop this national scandal.



*It's such  
a delight...*

... to discover the exquisite bosom  
contours a Flexaire Bra gives  
you... those sleek, uplifted curves  
worthy of the new snug bodices.  
Such free-as-air comfort, too!  
The try-on is the test. Just  
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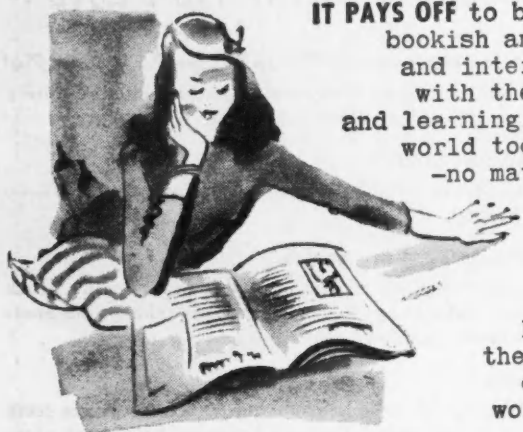
**IT PAYS OFF!**

**IT PAYS OFF** to be pretty! The dead-pan glamour girl and Sloppy Joe sis get the go-by from boys in the know. So keep neat and sweet, spic-and-span at all times, and you'll be solid with the world.

Especially on "off days" be careful how you look. You'll get "extra" comfort and peace of mind with Modess, the softest sanitary napkin you ever tried.



**IT PAYS OFF** to be clever! Not bookish and boring but bright and interesting. Keep up with the news, keep living and learning. No room in the world today for a dumb bunny —no matter how beautiful.



Smart girls have learned that the soft, downy filler in Modess napkins helps them stay on the beam even on those days when the world looks dim.

**IT PAYS OFF** to be charming! Silly gigglers and smart alecks bore. So cultivate your manners, be pleasant to everyone—and smile, sister, smile. You'll discover it's becoming.



And on those days when a smile is an effort, let Modess bring you comfort and protection, ease those glum day blues.



**Modess**

SANITARY NAPKINS

Insist on Modess — there really is a difference

He has to keep the stock sold. But when the market play is over and your chance to sell at a profit is gone, then he delivers your stock.

The "hold-out" makes it easier for the racketeer to keep you on the hook, and to tangle you up further. It is quite possible that your stock or money may be used for "bucketing." That's a complicated trick, but briefly, it involves speculating with your money.

SPECULATION by those who can afford it is essential to development of our national resources, but the racketeer doesn't give you a fair run for your money.

When the racketeer sells you mining stock for, let us say, \$1,000, he and his salesmen may put up to \$900 in their own pockets. They have a piece of ground somewhere up in the mining country, yes, and quite substantial sums may be spent on "mine development costs," but what are they? Some of them may include salaries for sweethearts, office expenses which may really be house or apartment rent, expensive meals. Liquor, of course, is a "mine development expense."

Sometimes "hot operators" do spend a fair amount of money on actual property development. Sometimes these properties surprise everybody, including their sponsors, by proving worth while.

But remember: The racket operator makes his money out of selling stock and manipulating its price. He isn't interested in developing a mine. For mining the public, provided he can keep on doing it, is a great deal less trouble and it pays far better profits.

ISN'T THERE a law? you ask.

Yes, there is, but there are two very big BUTS. First BUT: There is no law on earth that can prevent you from being foolish or unwise; that can protect you from the consequences of handing all your money over to the first nice man who knocks at your front door if you insist on doing so.

Second BUT: Laws designed to give the investor a fair run for his money are not (as this is written) being effectively enforced in Ontario, but revised legislation is understood to be in the making which may presage improvement but again laws are only as good as the enforcement of them.

Each province has some form of supervision over stock selling. But it is to Toronto that the stock wolves have flocked from all over Canada and the United States; hence when Ontario permits—or fails to prevent—their operations, there isn't a great deal the stock control officers of other provinces can do about it, no matter how much they may try. The kind of administration Ontario gives in curtailing and dealing with security frauds pretty well determines what happens throughout Canada.

For this reason, citizens of every province suffer because the Ontario Government is not giving effective security law enforcement. For instance: the Ontario Securities Act requires that every stockbroker and stock salesman obtain a license from the Ontario Securities Commission. To do so, he must be "of good repute," meaning, in the broadest sense, that he must have a good moral and business record—a record which says, in effect, "Here is a man to be trusted in the handling of other people's money." Yet, (at the time of writing) there are known to be some men with criminal records licensed to sell stock to the public. In addition, there are a good many unregistered

**"WE GIRLS WHO ARE  
All-Out  
CAN'T BE  
PERIODICALLY  
All-In!"**



Getting a war job is easy, but *doing* it is what really counts. And that once-a-month, all-in feeling does not mix with every-day, all-out effort. So call on Midol.

Remember to take it at the first sign of menstrual pain, and see how swiftly it relieves your functional suffering. Eases cramps, soothes menstrual headache, brightens you when you're "blue"!

Try Midol, and *trust* it. It contains no opiates. Get a package at any drugstore.

**MIDOL**

Used more than  
all other products offered exclusively  
to relieve menstrual suffering

**CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES**

**"TIRED"  
ALL THE TIME**



She felt miserable—draggy—low in vitality—lower in spirits. She hadn't thought of her kidneys, until a friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills. At once she took Dodd's. The "washed out" feeling was soon replaced by clear headed energy and restful sleep. Headache, backache, lassitude and

other signs of faulty kidneys disappeared.

112M

**Dodd's Kidney Pills**

art. This commission would co-operate with every place, large or small, and advise each how best to carry out whatever kind of war memorial is decided upon."

### A living memorial in educational opportunities

From Mrs. H. M. Detwiler, national educational secretary of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire: "As national convener of the War Memorial Committee, Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, I am delighted to have the opportunity of saying a word on the important subject of war memorials."

"Twenty-five years ago, as a memorial to those who fought and died in the first world war, we undertook to raise half a million dollars for educational purposes. To date this fund has provided scholarships for postgraduate study in British universities and bursaries in Canadian universities for those whose education had been, or would have been, halted by the loss or disability of a father, through war service."

"Monuments, beautiful though they may be, are cold and lifeless. Personally I can think of no finer way in which to pay our debt to those freely giving their lives for us, than to establish a *living war memorial* which will provide educational opportunities for their children, thus making possible a richer, fuller life."

### Those things which will be of enduring advantage to future generations of Canadians

From Dr. Cyril James, principal of McGill University: "It is my firm conviction that the finest war memorials that Canada can erect to the memory of those who have made possible by their sacrifice the continuance of the Canadian way of life comprise those things which will be of enduring advantage to future generations of Canadians. I do not think that it is necessary to circumscribe the list. Parks in the congested areas of our cities may be a thing of beauty and an inspiration to many generations. The preservation of national beauty spots and the conservation of our streams and forests may equally benefit tens of thousands of people, while the provision of hygienic and beautiful school buildings, together with the provision of scholarships so that all able young Canadians can go to university, are all appropriate memorials to the Canadians who have fallen in this war."

"The important consideration, to my way of thinking, is that we should keep continually in mind as an ideal the things for which these men fought and died, so that none of our memorials may be uselessly unworthy of them."

### Memorial parks could have a place in every community

From Mrs. R. Proctor, mother of two sons killed in this war, and convener of war work of the Edmonton branch of the Red Cross: "I would be strongly in favor of small parks in every village and town across Canada, and possibly a number of parks in the big centres. In every case I think a park should be called 'Memorial Park.' It should be very central and of a size that would be easily kept. This, I think, would be a

fitting tribute to the servicemen and servicewomen and could be undertaken by even the smallest villages."

"Scholarships are most worthy, but require a large amount of money, and would only be available to a few. If scholarships were chosen, I think they should follow the line of the Carnegie Scholarships in Britain and be given to the families of servicemen and women in the lower income brackets. Many small villages or towns, whose sons have served with great distinction and brought honor to Canada, might lack the individuals who could qualify for scholarships."

"Hospitals and schools I consider the responsibility of the state, and any contribution made in providing equipment or improvement might be lost in the general plan."

### They could be both artistic and practical; of an enduring nature

From Dr. Norman MacKenzie, president of the University of British Columbia: "Personally, I would like to see more memorials provided which would combine the artistic and the practical and which would, in addition, be of an enduring nature. I naturally think in terms of libraries, art centres, civic centres, and things of that kind."

"As I am chiefly interested in our universities and as a good many of those who will not come back are university graduates, I would hope that some of these memorials might be established in connection with our Canadian universities. If this is done, I would hope that some similar decisions might be reached in connection with them, that is that we might establish the kind of buildings and the kind of memorials which would be appropriate, which would be enduring, and which would be beautiful."

"There are, of course, many suggestions—gymnasiums, student centres, art centres, additions to libraries, college chapels, scholarships, bursaries and many others. You may be interested in knowing that a bursary has already been established at the University of British Columbia in memory of one of our distinguished graduates, F/O Rev. George R. Pringle."

### Memorials are a daily reminder of the need for vigilance

From Mr. Alex Walker, C.B.E., the Dominion president of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League: "Wholesale condemnation of monuments to our fallen is, in my opinion, a mistake. Simple, dignified memorials, especially of the cenotaph type, serve an important purpose in every community. They are a daily reminder of the sacrifices made by our fighting men, and of the need for vigilance and preparedness to avoid another war. Moreover, they form an appropriate setting for the annual Remembrance Day services and other commemorative ceremonies on important battle anniversaries."

"However, I do not believe that large sums of money should be spent on elaborate war memorials. Many existing monuments, erected to the memory of those who gave their lives in the First Great War, are readily adaptable as memorials to Canada's dead in the present conflict, with only slight changes or additions in the inscriptions."

"Among the many other types of war memorial which I have seen suggested in the press from time to time,



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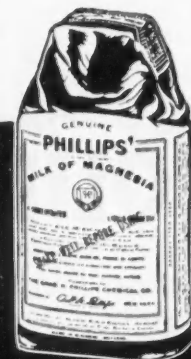
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MILK OF MAGNESIA

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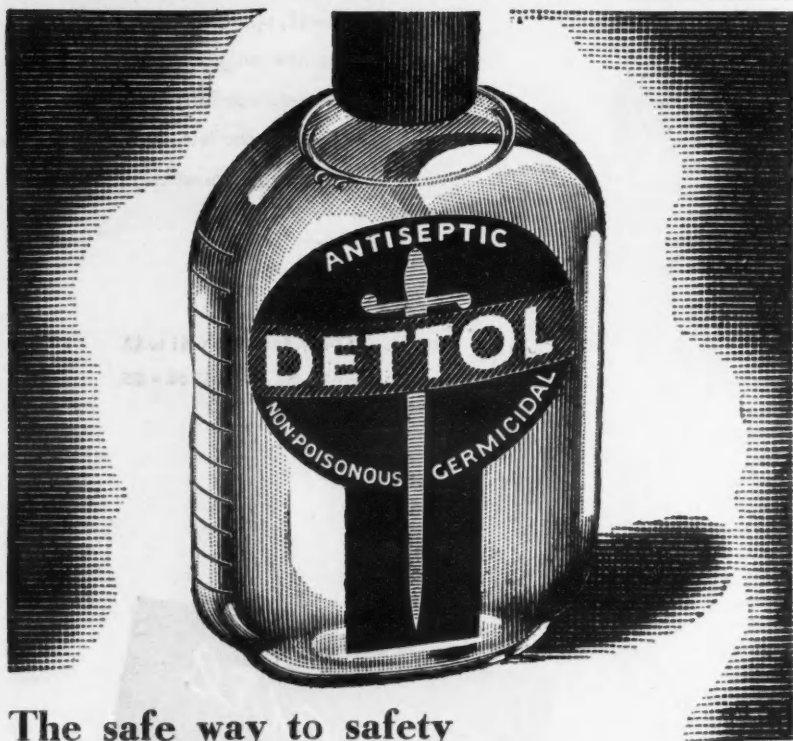
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## Here's nurses' secret of quick, soothing relief

Are *your* hands red, rough, chapped and sore? Don't think there's nothing you can do about it! Actual tests show that Noxzema helps heal even badly chapped hands faster. That's because Noxzema is not merely a cream, but a *medicated formula*. It not only brings *quick, soothing relief*, but *helps heal* the tiny "cuts" and cracks. Nurses were among the

first to discover how effective Noxzema is for red rough hands. Try it for *your* cracked, chapped hands! See how quickly they feel better—look better, too. It's greaseless, non-sticky. Get a jar today at any drug or dept. store. 17¢, 39¢, 59¢.

## NOXZEMA



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... There is a bottle like this, and in regular use, in the office or surgery of almost every doctor and surgeon in Great Britain. In nearly all the Canadian maternity hospitals this modern antiseptic is the chosen weapon

of defence against puerperal infection. How easy and how wise for you to learn from the hospital. Whenever infection threatens in your own home, take the safe way to safety—use 'Dettol', the modern antiseptic.

G.6a

## War Memorials: What Form?

Continued from page 11

which have stood through the generations to the glory of the nations which erected them. Among such are the Winged Victory of Samothrace, the Arc de Triomphe and the Statue of Liberty. Technically artistic, these are much more than a dedication to the beautiful. They will remain as marks of the higher spirit of man though the plowshares beaten from guns, the Academy of Athens and the playgrounds of Olympus have passed with the changing fashions of work, education and games.

"Consider the Statue of Liberty for instance. Of this Bob Hope, a typical American, recently returning from overseas tours, wrote: '—that grand old gal standing there in the harbor carrying the same torch that those half million men we had played for and talked to in Europe were carrying—the Torch of Liberty. What she stands for is what they're battling for—and they know it.' Surely no amount of equipment in provincial schools could so quicken the emotions of Canadians. And emotions are no mean part of the human make-up."

"There is no reason why we should not have *both* monuments and utilities, the first to mark our land and our time, the second to atone for the sacrifice of lives by providing better lives for our children. And both should be conceived with beauty and artistry."

## Rural women favor community centres

From Mrs. Cameron E. Dow, president of Federated Women's Institutes: "War memorials may be dedicated to the beautiful and artistic by other means than the erection of monuments. Rural women would suggest a community centre built in every village where something of aesthetic value may be taught present and future generations. Travelling collections of good paintings placed in each centre for a while, followed at intervals by others; that and libraries are two things people cannot get by radio. A course in music appreciation is needed in many country districts. Leaders should be trained in community work for each centre, and this might be an opening for demobilized service personnel."

## Monuments, when artistically bad, are worst form of memorial

From Lauren Harris, noted Canadian painter and president of the Federation of Canadian Artists: "Monuments of the kind that were erected in most Canadian cities after the last war, because artistically bad, are the worst form of war memorial. Fine buildings of lasting public service would be infinitely better. One of the best would be a community centre for the arts building. This should include an auditorium for all cultural purposes, an art gallery, library, craft workshops, etc. All the cultural activities of the community would centre therein."

"There should be a national commission of fine arts composed of one or more architects, musicians, painters, sculptors and writers. These would be elected by the workers in their particular



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## EYE-GENE

2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS

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by Kit Coatta and  
Ronald MacKinnon

SEEMS LIKE everybody in the world has climbed aboard a platter since they lifted the lid and the Big Names are on the town again in the newest numbers. But right up front with the oven-fresh hits are a lot of oldie tunes we've got friendly enough with to want to keep around. So the season gets going with a hop, skip and a one-two-three, and sweet and hot, old and new, fighting it out to a photofinish in the hellboxes.

Incidentally—be as superior as you like about the Crosby-Sinatra feud. But fan splits between the boys have put them both on their toes, if our ears are platter-conscious. Bing's giving with his best stuff in years—like "Don't Fence Me In," the Cole Porter tune that sounds as though it were forged strictly for the old-timer (who knows; could be), and his smooth sweet revival of the old Irish moppet-soother "Toora Loora." There's another sweet disc of "Toora"—in which Charlie Spivak sets that sweetest trumpet in all the world a-rolling over the platter—and how. James Royce Shannon does a nice job on the vocal of "Let Me Love You Tonight" which reverses the Irish melody.

"Swinging on a Star" is another of Bing's that pleases the kiddies of all ages.

But who are we to say (pronto) that the Swoon-atra isn't still building it up, too? That super-terrific voice is at its lushest in "Night and Day" and if you're still perpendicular and can take it, there's "The Night We Called It a Day" on the other side.

JUST ABOUT the time you were saying, "Hello, mom," back in 1928, they were putting a brand-new record on the old music box—"Dear Old Southland." Nowadays Mr. Louis Armstrong's remake is a big repeat-puncher on the jukes. Buck Washing-

ton—of the old vaudeville team of Buck and Bubbles—swings it on the piano, while Louis makes those old hot lips really register on the trumpet.

What's your word of Xavier Cugat? Some of the gang here and there think we ought to have the real stuff as the South Americans do it—and that over-the-border hot music is big time these days. It seems there are lots of South American bands on native stations and when you pick them up, they really send you. Mr. Cugat's boys are mostly very un-Latin, as we hear it, and we'd like to check in with a complaint.

The report that Major Glenn Miller—king of them all—is missing is hanging crepe in many music places. One of his best is "Slip Horn Jive" with "Guess I'll Go Back Home." You just couldn't mix that characteristic rhythmic smoothness with nothin' nor nobody else.

Have you heard Vaughn Monroe's "The Very Thought of You?" For our cabbage, this is Vaughn too many on the Monroe string. It droops, in spite of end arranging and good section work.

There's sharp rhythm in Russ Morgan's "Dance With a Dolly" and it's darned tricky arranging. And watch out for Lionel Hampton's new number — "Jivin' the Fibres" and "Stomp," which puts him into the big time as a vibraharpist.

Don't all you hi-servicemen wish the military bugle calls sounded like Goodman's "Bugle Call Rag?" Yes indeed, it's definitely a hot jump tune and features such solid-senders as trombonist Murray McEachern, drummer Gene Krupa, and, of course, Benny Goodman and his clarinet. One good swing classic deserves another, so the reverse side of the disc holds Tommy Dorsey's "After You've Gone," an old Dorsey arrangement which is still as great as ever.

If you're looking for a good combination record—a smoothie backed by a jump piece—one of the best is Coleman Hawkins' "Body and Soul" and "Fine Dinner." The mellow sax of the

## Short Cut



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lustrous hair!

Your hair may appear dull and lifeless now but it needn't stay that way. For unattractive hair is often the result of dulling film which can easily be removed with the help of Danderine. You simply sprinkle a little Danderine on your comb or brush while you are arranging your hair—that's all. Then watch Danderine bring out those shimmering highlights, add lovely sheen, make hair fairly sparkle.



MEN, TOO, like Danderine.  
It fights loose dandruff.

Notice, too, that Danderine helps remove every particle of loose dandruff—makes hair easier to manage and waves last longer. Many of Canada's most attractive heads are kept lovely with Danderine.

Try Danderine today. Just sprinkle it on comb or brush as you arrange your hair. You'll never be without it after that first trial.

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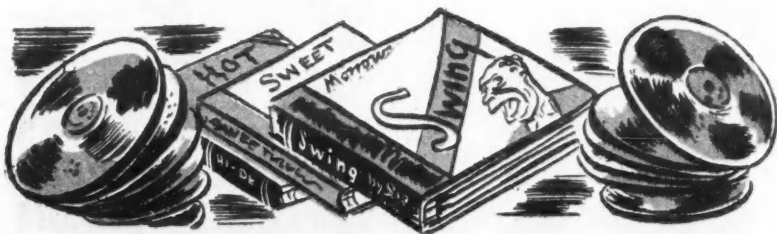
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**TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!**

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I think that Memorial Halls for the use of our ex-servicemen and women, and scholarships for them or their children are particularly worthy of public support. I cannot say that I am much in favor of hospitals, schools and playgrounds as war memorials. These should be available in any case in every civilized community, and the supreme sacrifice paid by our sons on the battlefield should not be used as an excuse for obtaining civic facilities of that kind.

"But the best war memorial of all, in my view, is proper rehabilitation of our boys who come back; and that is a monument in the building of which every Canadian can lend a hand—Dominion, provincial and municipal governments, as well as individual citizens. Honor the Dead, but remember the Living."

### How One Town Remembered Its Great War Heroes

From F. C. Yeo, Mayor of Orillia, Ont.: "In my opinion there is no general rule covering the form memorials should take. I would not by any means rule out memorials whose appeal lies in their art and beauty. But to be effective they should be really artistic, and not commonplace or factory-made. Orillia is proud of her Champlain Monument which gives great pleasure and satisfaction to the citizens and draws thousands of visitors to the town.

"On the other hand, I believe memorials can legitimately be of a useful character, provided that the memorial feature is not subsidiary to the utilitarian purpose. In other words, the

sentiment of respect and affection for the dead should not be perverted to raising funds or services which it is the responsibility of the community to provide for its citizens, such as schools, parks and community centres. Scholarships or similar endowments are on a different basis, in that they are additions to the regular equipment and make appropriate memorials if so framed as to keep alive the names of those whose memory they are meant to perpetuate.

"Our own Orillia Soldiers' Memorial Hospital illustrates my point. The sum of \$10,000 was set aside out of the subscription fund for the hospital, for the Memorial Hall in the building, to honor the memory of the 167 Orillians who gave their lives in the Great War. In it are six handsome brass plates recording the names, rank, unit, age and place of death of those who fell. On the walls is a mural decoration based on 'In Flanders Fields' and the floor is of Italian marble—all round, an artistic memorial.

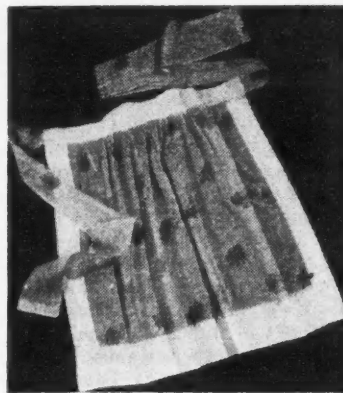
"The useful feature, superimposed on the regular hospital service, is a Soldiers' Ward, in which all the Orillians who returned from overseas—more than a thousand of them originally—are entitled throughout life to free hospitalization, medical care, surgery, and medicines. The Hospital service is provided for by an endowment fund, covering 40 years, and the medical service is a contribution of the local doctors.

"Orillia is rather proud of this war memorial, which has been widely commended, and is taking steps to provide something similar for the Orillians who have served in the present war." +

## Make-ups for Mealtime



Two new bibs for baby, and a "company" apron



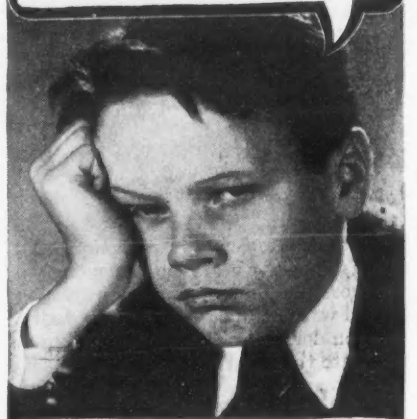
**TWO GAY** new bibs for the high-chair crowd. Each measures 9 x 11 in., and four bibs can be made from one-third yard of terry cloth towelling or percale. Bias trim, double fold, is used for edging, and the charming motifs (a choo-choo and a little girl with bird) are appliques of bright-colored scraps. Our instructions for making include actual-size diagrams for the cut-outs. Price 10 cents for the two designs. Order S69.

On all handicraft orders, be sure to state name and address plainly.

Ready-made aprons are scarce. Why not make a pretty one yourself, using only three-quarter yard of printed lawn remnant? Full instructions for making, five cents. Order S70.

Send your order to  
Chatelaine Handicrafts Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.

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Full size brush • non-soggy Bristles rounded to protect gums **SPECIAL VALUE 29c**

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You know gray hair spells the end of romance! Yet you are afraid to color your hair—afraid people will know! These fears are old fashioned! With Mary T. Goldman's scientific color-control you can transform gray, bleached or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire—quickly, or so gradually your closest friends won't guess! Pronounced safe by leading medical authorities (no skin test needed). Inexpensive, easy to apply. Millions have found **new hair beauty** by using Mary T. Goldman's. Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's today at drug or dept. store on **money-back guarantee**. For free sample, mail coupon below.

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stumbled at last, his face brick red. "Would you—could you—well, what I mean is, would you show me how to give her a bath?"

It was one of the most astonishing requests Miss Ranking had had in several starched years.

"I know it sounds kind of funny," he went on, "but you see—we can't afford to take a nurse home with us, and my wife's been pretty sick. I figure on taking care of this little girl myself. . ."

SITTING THERE in the train, 20 years later, in his well-cut English tweeds, John Brandys could feel again the strange delight of those early months of Holly's life. It was then that began that extravagant love for her that had perfumed all the rest of his life. To hold her in his arms, to watch her delicate little body bloom and blossom like a flower under his care. He had the awe with which a gardener sees the young tendrils of his plants leafing out, and then growing petals of the most exquisite colorings.

And all the time, as she grew from babyhood into a little girl, he was plotting, planning, thinking how he could get ahead so he could give his darling all the things he saw other little girls getting. They came into the garage in their big cars, looking like peaches under glass. He would stare at the soft wool coats, the small fur-trimmed bonnets, and then he and Margaret would go to the children's department in the best store and buy Holly an outfit as good as any he had seen.

Margaret loved Holly too. She wanted the baby to have everything, but she was too busy thinking of her bad health to worry too much about anything else. And since John enjoyed doing all that extra work, it was all right with her.

It was when Holly was five that John Brandys invented the first Brandys Noiseless Windshield Wiper. There were later models, but he laid the foundation of his fortune then. He was sitting beside Holly's bed. She had had the measles, and he was fooling with some toy to amuse her. Suddenly he twisted the gadget in a new way, and, as he did, something clicked in his brain. This was what he had been looking for for a long time. It wasn't on the market—and from what he knew of cars, there was a big demand for just this.

Well, there it was. And Brandys cashed in on his invention, which is a lot more than most inventors do. He didn't have to worry after that about buying the best for Holly. There was no limit to the material advantages he could give her. He sent her to the best schools, and very quietly he started to study himself. He began buying books, watching his speech, going to a good tailor. They moved into an exclusive neighborhood, and bit by bit they built up a typical prosperous life. Holly would never have to be ashamed of her father—nor indeed of her mother. There was nothing cheap about Margaret. She was just dull.

Lord, but she was dull! John thought, coming back to the present with a start. There had been no possibilities of growth in her. All she had learned over the years was how to take professional care of her fading prettiness, how to dress moderately well, to run her house with a fair degree of smoothness. Her mind had stood still, and her emotions seemed to have atrophied. He thought with a shudder of distaste of his relations with Margaret. And then he pushed these thoughts away and thought instead of Barbara. He would be seeing

her soon — at lunch. He felt the emotional glow of a young boy, and he smiled wryly. He had thought never to feel this way again.

He was already sitting at their favorite table in the obscure restaurant they frequented when Barbara came in. She wore a green tweed suit with a beaver collar, and a small green cap with a feather on the back of her golden head.

"She will look lovely in mink," he thought proudly, watching her move swiftly across the room, and then she was at his table, sliding into the chair the waiter had pulled out for her.

"I'm late," she said. "Sorry." Her voice sounded hurried. She gave a quick glance about the room.

"It doesn't matter, dear." His eyes feasted on her young face, the tender, unblurred cheek, the dark lashes resting against the transparent skin as she glanced indifferently at the menu. "What held you up?"

She shook her head impatiently. "Dave Washburn. I met him down the street. He was just coming from the station." She raised her eyes suddenly to his. "He got an unexpected leave and"—she hesitated for a moment—"he wanted to surprise me. . ."

He felt a sharp chill of apprehension. "Washburn," he repeated. "That was the boy who used to come to the office for you, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

INSTANTLY THE picture of Dave Washburn formed in his mind. He saw him leaning against the wall outside their building, his hat pushed back from his forehead, his face clear, untroubled, secure in the belief in his own hard young strength and his ability to twist the world into the shape he wanted it.

A stab of the most terrible jealousy pierced John Brandys. It was as sharp as physical pain, so sharp that for a moment he was incapable of speech.

"He wants to marry you," he said finally in a flat voice.

"Yes."

"It isn't too late," he said then, still in that same dead voice. "Barbara—dearest—it isn't too late."

She looked at him fully, her long violet eyes thoughtful.

"No, it isn't too late, and yet in a way—in a way—it is. . ."

"You mean. . ."

"I mean I love you," she said in that same quiet voice. "I love you more than you love me. You really love Holly more than you love me."

He winced, and yet such a feeling of relief washed over him that he felt weak with it. He leaned forward eagerly.

"I'll make it up to you, Barbara—I swear I will. I'll never deny you anything else—never. . ."

She smiled a little sadly.

"No—nothing but the one thing that matters. . ."

He rubbed his hand over his head.

"I can never make you understand—I don't expect you to. . . But I can't wreck Holly's life. She isn't like other girls today. She isn't hard—or cynical. She believes in life and love—and—and marriage. She thinks her mother and I love each other the way characters in books do. I think if I asked Margaret for a divorce to marry you that Holly would never believe in anything again."

His eyes pleaded with her, begged her to understand. "We've been over this so much, dear—but I suppose it's hard to make the words come alive—hard for me to show you the kind of life we've had—how I've worked for 19 years to

♦ Continued on page 56

# GOODBYE DULL DRAB SKIN!



Make the "PATCH TEST"! See and feel this exciting difference!



Dry Rough Flakes Disappear! Skin Takes on Instant New Freshness! New Clarity!

IN just 30 seconds—half a minute—you can *prove* Lady Esther Face Cream, the most beautifying face cream you have ever used!

Just make the "Patch Test"! Rub a little Lady Esther Face Cream on one cheek—wipe it off—and look in your mirror! See how that patch of skin has taken on radiant new freshness! Touch it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

Now imagine your *whole* face refreshed that way! Your *whole* face instantly beautified—by a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream! Here's what this one cream does: (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your

skin. (2) It *softens* your skin. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder. The proof of all this is right in your mirror! Just make the "Patch Test"—and *compare*!



*Lady Esther* 4-Purpose Face Cream



# Lipstick I. Q. Test

## FOR SMART WOMEN



### WHAT'S YOUR MAKE-UP TIME-TABLE?

Some girls seem to reach for their lipsticks about once every hour. Not you, of course! You're different. You use longer-lasting Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. It holds all sorts of "endurance records"—clings to your lips for many extra hours.

### WHAT ARE TODAY'S SMARTEST LIPSTICK COLORS?

Don't answer this one until you see Tangee's exciting new colors. There's Tangee Red-Red—bold, dark and handsome. Tangee Theatrical Red—it dramatizes your lips. Tangee Medium-Red—the fashionable new shade that goes with everything.



### WHEN DO LIPS LOOK JUST RIGHT?

When they're not too dry—or too moist. Avoid these extremes by using the modern Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Its exclusive cream base protects against chapping and dryness—yet does not smear.



**WHAT'S HER NAME?** This is Constance Luft Huhn, one of America's best known authorities on beauty and make-up, Head of the House of Tangee. Mrs. Huhn's cosmetic masterpiece is Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick . . . which gives your lips a soft satin-smooth gleam that adds greatly to their loveliness.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

maestro is given full play in both recordings, but while in "Body and Soul" the disc is completely Hawkins with an orchestral background, "Fine Dinner" gives each musician a chance to do his stuff. The result is plenty.

Another great combination disc is Tommy Dorsey's theme, "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," backed by "Royal Garden Blues." Old as it may be, "I'm Getting Sentimental" is one of the best-selling standards there is, and no wonder! Dorsey plays the sweetest trombone in the business and is really super 'n smooth in this record—it makes wonderful mood music! On t'other side, his groovy version of "Royal Garden Blues" brings jive fans right in on the beam. Honey chile, these "blues" sho' nuff do come straight from old Dixieland huh, itself.

WITH SO many of our gang now away and in the armed forces, it's no wonder that "I'll Walk Alone" has become so popular with the hi crowd. Many's the collegiate glamour gal who counts it her own special song, and many's the ex-rugby hero, now miles from home, who becomes homesick when Dinah Shore sings it. Dinah is a natural for a song of this type and makes it an outstanding dreamy record. The back holds another Shore version of a popular hit—"It Could Happen to You," and in her lush throaty voice she does, as usual, a great job, in spite of the choral accompaniment.

Artie Shaw and his Gramercy Five have really whipped up a warm version of the Jerome Kern favorite "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." Small in number as they are, the Gramercy Five turn in some super sending. On the reverse side, the whole orchestra, including a string section, join in a rich arrangement of "Dancing in the Dark" spotlighting Artie Shaw and a mellow clarinet solo.

Of course, no record collection would be complete without that old smoothie, Miller's "Moonlight Serenade" backed by "Sunrise Serenade." Couple bars of these and you can sit back mellow 'n dreamy, as relaxed as an expired butter coupon. +

### Thou Canst Not Then Be False

Continued from page 38

he didn't know what to do with it. That was when he began to have such thoughts. But for a long time after Holly was born he was too busy to think of anything except work and the baby, and about keeping their household running with a sick wife to take care of.

The last day Margaret and the baby were to be in the hospital he had knocked off work at noon. He went home from the garage and stripped, scrubbing his dark skin until it was almost raw. He soaked his hands in antiseptic, digging away at the dirt-rimmed nails. Then he dressed himself spotlessly, and when he was as clean as he could get himself, he went to the hospital. But he did not go up to Margaret's room. He went instead directly to the nursery.

The nurse in charge looked him over kindly.

"I hear you're going to take our little girl away from us," she said with professional cheer.

He nodded dumbly, swallowing over the lump that had come from nowhere into his throat.

"I want to ask you something," he

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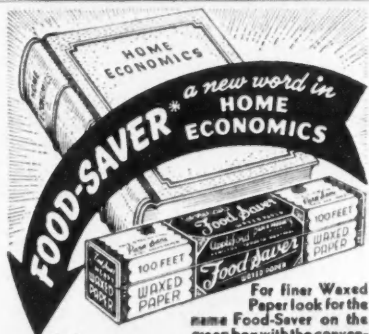
### EYES TIRED?

### TWO DROPS

### QUICK RELIEF

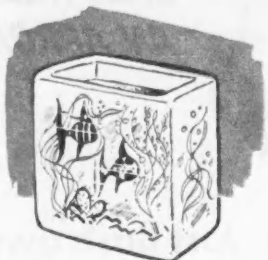
Help your tired eyes with quick, soothing aid from Murine. Use Murine whenever eyes smart or burn . . . or need relaxing by cleansing. Originated by an eye physician, Murine is used in industrial plants and first aid kits. It is safe, gentle and most soothing; contains a scientific blend of seven ingredients. Help tired eyes with Murine. Ask for it by name!

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FOR YOUR EYES  
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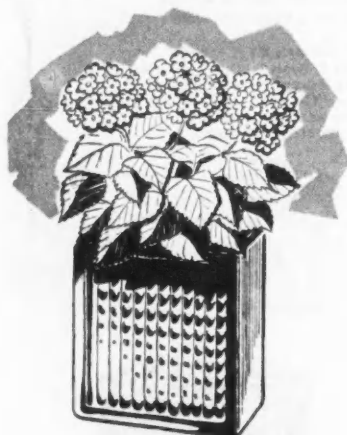


**APPLEFORD'S Food-Saver**  
HEAVY WAXED PAPER  
IN ITS PUREST, MOST CONVENIENT FORM

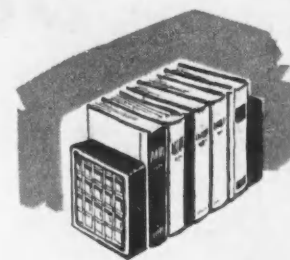
# Chatelaine Home Planning: *building, maintenance, furnishing.*



Above: A crystal-clear glass block serves as a goldfish bowl. Below: A textured block makes an unusual vase for flowers and plants. For such uses, the top of the block must be cut open and its edges ground at the factory.



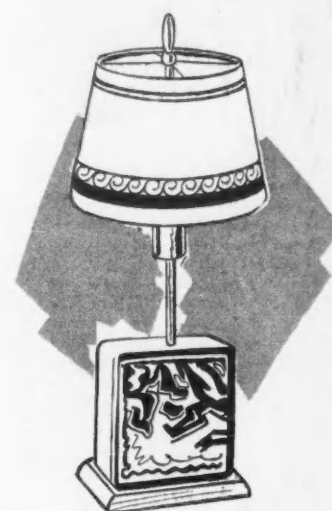
This good-looking bookcase is easy to construct. Three 1" x 12" planks, 10 feet long, are used; six 11 3/4" x 11 3/4" glass blocks are the upright supports. The piece can be readily dismantled.



Above: Bookends made of patterned, jewel-like glass blocks gain in effectiveness when bound in colored leather or leatherette. Below: A glass block of crinkled design is employed as lamp base.

## New Uses for Glass Blocks

by John Caulfield Smith, B.Arch.  
Editor



**G**LASS BLOCKS can bring a special sparkle into home interiors. While their structural applications continue to be widespread, glass blocks are assuming new importance as accessories to highlight room decoration and furnishings.

The blocks are smooth-surfaced on the outside, and either plain or patterned on the inside. If it's plain, the glass will resemble clearest crystal; if patterned, the fluted, ribbed and crinkled designs present a thousand facets that catch and reflect light with diamondlike brilliance. Glass blocks permit passage of light while preserving privacy and screening unpleasant views. Being hollow, the "dead" air space which they con-

tain offers valuable insulation against heat and cold.

No priorities are needed for the use of glass block, and little maintenance is required beyond occasional wiping with a damp cloth. They are made in three sizes: 5 3/4 in. x 5 3/4 in., 7 3/4 in. x 7 3/4 in., and 11 3/4 in. x 11 3/4 in. The cost is fairly reasonable, especially for small-accessory use, as described. All blocks are four inches thick, and the four edges have a grooved surface, sanded to ensure good adherence to mortar. If mortar is not used, wood strips shaped to match the grooves are available. A partition built of them, anchored top and bottom, is as solid as masonry.

Some suggestions are sketched here to demonstrate what can be done with glass block for new interior touches. You'll enjoy exercising imagination to achieve results which will be both original and distinctive.

One glass block can make an effective flower vase or goldfish bowl. In either case it is necessary to open the top of the block and grind down the rough edges created. This work has to be done in the manufacturer's plant and can be ordered at the same time you purchase the blocks. For flower containers, blocks of any size may be utilized, but for the fish bowl only the largest should be chosen.

It is possible to take the sand off the edges of the block with varnish remover, but the task is not easy. As the sand is actually fused with the glass, your patience may be sorely tried before you've finished. Far better to brush off any loose particles of sand and then paint the edges to match the decorative scheme of the room.

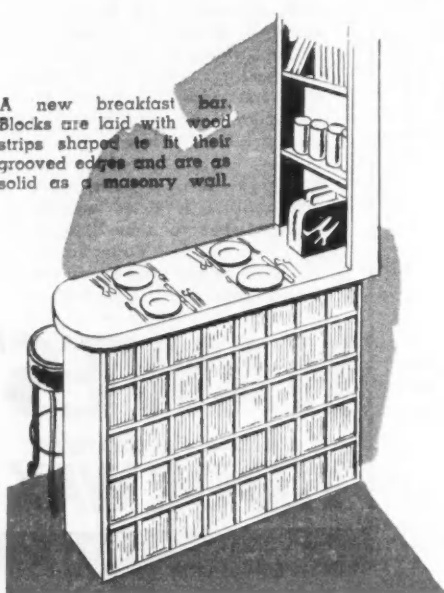
Glass blocks make admirable bookends. They look especially attractive if their edges are bound in leather or leatherette. Colored strips four inches wide can be obtained from a tanner or dealer and fastened to the glass with glue or cement suitable for the purpose.

As bases for table lamps, glass blocks present intriguing possibilities. The refractions set up by the texture and pattern of the glass sparkle and gleam in all

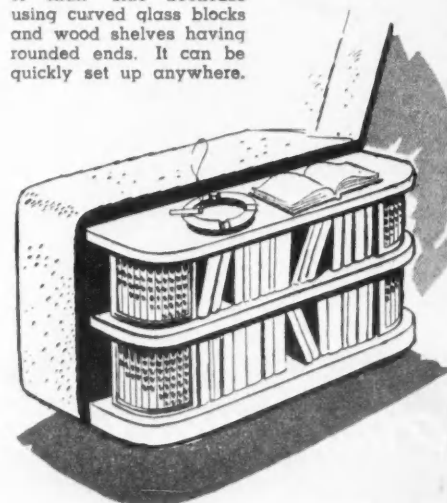
directions. There are two ways of making the lamp bases. In the example sketched, a small hole is drilled through the top and bottom of the block. A metal tube, preferably with an aluminum or other light finish, is inserted to carry the electric wire. The tube is attached, at the bottom, to a wooden base which later may be painted or stained. An electric socket of conventional design is then threaded on the top of the tube.

If a lower-style lamp is desired, it is possible to dispense with the metal tube. The practice is to drill a hole only in the top of the block and bolt the socket through it directly to the glass. The wire runs

A new breakfast bar. Blocks are laid with wood strips shaped to fit their grooved edges and are as solid as a masonry wall.



A chair-side bookcase using curved glass blocks and wood shelves having rounded ends. It can be quickly set up anywhere.







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3. If you are writing to a wounded man in hospital Overseas, write the usual **COMPLETE** address, then **ADD** the words **"IN HOSPITAL"** in large letters on the envelope.

### YOUR PARCEL MUST FACE THE RIGORS OF WAR

Your parcel must stand the weight of thousands more pressing down on it in the hold of a lurching ship at sea. It must stand rough transport, often under fire, over shell-torn roads. Pack your parcels in corrugated containers, wrap in several layers of heavy paper and tie with strong twine.



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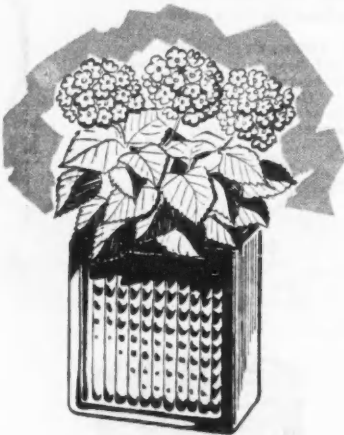
**CANADA POST OFFICE**

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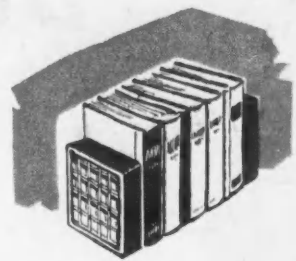
# Chatelaine Home Planning: *building, maintenance, furnishing.*



Above: A crystal-clear glass block serves as a goldfish bowl. Below: A textured block makes an unusual vase for flowers and plants. For such uses, the top of the block must be cut open and its edges ground at the factory.



This good-looking bookcase is easy to construct. Three 1" x 12" planks, 10 feet long, are used; six 11 3/4" x 11 3/4" glass blocks are the upright supports. The piece can be readily dismantled.



Above: Bookends made of patterned, jewel-like glass block gain in effectiveness when bound in colored leather or leatherette. Below: A glass block of crinkled design is employed as lamp base.



## New Uses for Glass Blocks

by John Caulfield Smith, B.Arch.  
Editor

**G**LASS BLOCKS can bring a special sparkle into home interiors. While their structural applications continue to be widespread, glass blocks are assuming new importance as accessories to highlight room decoration and furnishings.

The blocks are smooth-surfaced on the outside, and either plain or patterned on the inside. If it's plain, the glass will resemble clearest crystal; if patterned, the fluted, ribbed and crinkled designs present a thousand facets that catch and reflect light with diamondlike brilliance. Glass blocks permit passage of light while preserving privacy and screening unpleasant views. Being hollow, the "dead" air space which they con-

tain offers valuable insulation against heat and cold.

No priorities are needed for the use of glass block, and little maintenance is required beyond occasional wiping with a damp cloth. They are made in three sizes: 5 3/4 in. x 5 3/4 in.—7 3/4 in. x 7 3/4 in.—and 11 3/4 in. x 11 3/4 in. The cost is fairly reasonable, especially for small-accessory use, as described. All blocks are four inches thick, and the four edges have a grooved surface, sanded to ensure good adherence to mortar. If mortar is not used, wood strips shaped to match the grooves are available. A partition built of them, anchored top and bottom, is as solid as masonry.

Some suggestions are sketched here to demonstrate what can be done with glass block for new interior touches. You'll enjoy exercising imagination to achieve results which will be both original and distinctive.

One glass block can make an effective flower vase or goldfish bowl. In either case it is necessary to open the top of the block and grind down the rough edges created. This work has to be done in the manufacturer's plant and can be ordered at the same time you purchase the blocks. For flower containers, blocks of any size may be utilized, but for the fish bowl only the largest should be chosen.

It is possible to take the sand off the edges of the block with varnish remover, but the task is not easy. As the sand is actually fused with the glass, your patience may be sorely tried before you've finished. Far better to brush off any loose particles of sand and then paint the edges to match the decorative scheme of the room.

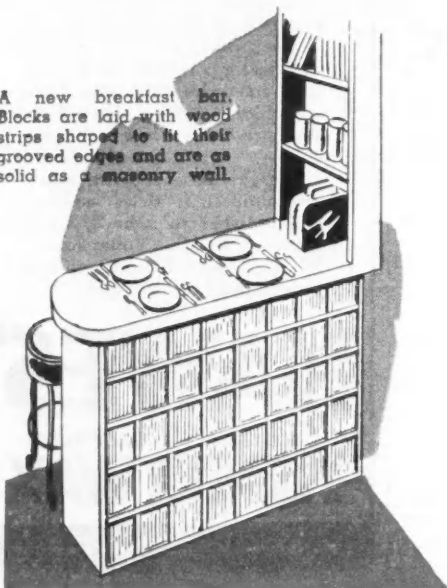
Glass blocks make admirable bookends. They look especially attractive if their edges are bound in leather or leatherette. Colored strips four inches wide can be obtained from a tanner or dealer and fastened to the glass with glue or cement suitable for the purpose.

As bases for table lamps, glass blocks present intriguing possibilities. The refractions set up by the texture and pattern of the glass sparkle and gleam in all

directions. There are two ways of making the lamp bases. In the example sketched, a small hole is drilled through the top and bottom of the block. A metal tube, preferably with an aluminum or other light finish, is inserted to carry the electric wire. The tube is attached, at the bottom, to a wooden base which later may be painted or stained. An electric socket of conventional design is then threaded on the top of the tube.

If a lower-style lamp is desired, it is possible to dispense with the metal tube. The practice is to drill a hole only in the top of the block and bolt the socket through it directly to the glass. The wire runs

A new breakfast bar. Blocks are laid with wood strips shaped to fit their grooved edges and are as solid as a masonry wall.



A chair-side bookcase using curved glass blocks and wood shelves having rounded ends. It can be quickly set up anywhere.







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want you to address  
their Mail ! . . .

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LIKE THIS**

Write clearly or print in block letters, giving  
complete details. Write your own name and  
address on upper left hand corner.

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Aurora, Ontario*  
*B. 12345  
Sgt. Blank, A.B.  
1st Canadian Anti-Tank Regiment  
Royal Canadian Artillery  
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perfect order. There were no loose ends. All he could find was a bill for that pair of skis he had ordered for Holly for Christmas. He took out his cheque book and wrote a cheque for them. It set him thinking again about Holly. He wandered over to the window and stared out into the street. It was snowing now—a thick swirling snow that dimmed the street below and made it seem later than it was. He took out his watch. It was four o'clock. Holly would have been at Windy Mountain for almost three hours—long enough to have flown down the steep drop like a bird. He saw her in her red ski suit, her arms outflung as the slope went off into space. He saw the swift grace, the almost magical ease with which she seemed to float over the snow. He thought again of the past as he had been doing all day—in another of those quick clear pictures. This time it was Holly running down the street toward him in a red snowsuit. She was in kindergarten then, and this day there had been some bungle about bringing her home. So she had come alone, and he had happened along just in time to see her streaking across the street into his arms. He could feel again his anger at Margaret.

"Good lord, she might be crippled for life!" he had said.

"Nonsense," Margaret had answered coolly, "she's got to learn to take care of herself. You act so silly about the child, John."

Yes, he had always been silly about her, he thought now, staring into the falling snow. It whirled against the window and he felt cold, as if it had got into the room and were falling coldly against his face.

He shivered. Lord, but he was jittery! He turned from the window just as the phone rang. He had been so involved in his thoughts of his personal life that the sound of the office phone ringing was a shock to him. He walked across the thick-piled rug and picked up the instrument.

The voice of the switchboard operator said, "Long distance calling, Mr. Brandys. Someone from Windy Mountain . . ."

ACROSS THE room he could see the window with the white snow whirling against it. He saw the bronze inkwell gleaming on the desk. He looked down at the calendar pad by his hand. Then, "Tell them to go ahead," he answered, only it was someone else's voice—not his own.

"Go ahead, Windy Mountain," the operator said, and then a boy's voice came over the wire. "It's Peter Daley, Mr. Brandys," he heard the choked voice say, and then, "Oh, gosh, Mr. Brandys—Holly's been hurt . . ."

"Where is she?" the stranger's voice asked.

"She's in an ambulance—on the way home—to the hospital . . ." He could feel the boy trying to pull himself together. "Look, Mr. Brandys—we did the best we could," he was saying urgently. "Doc was along, you know. She fell at the bottom of the long drop. The only thing we could do was to get her in. We made a stretcher out of skis and our jackets—but it's a dinky hospital . . . There wasn't anybody to operate . . ." The boy started to cry again. "There was only this new Red Cross ambulance with some special thing—so it wouldn't hurt her any more . . ."

"When will they get here?"

"In about an hour. They're taking her to the Fenton Emergency—for

Dr. Speidel. Doc said that was what you would want . . ."

*That was what he would want!*

"All right, Peter—I'll talk to Speidel. I'll meet them at the hospital . . ."

He saw the bright figure flying through space—he saw the little girl in the red snowsuit. Then the flying figure was still, perhaps forever still, its fleet soaring wings clipped forever—clipped by him.

He called Margaret. Somehow he told her. He called the hospital, got in touch with Speidel. He walked somehow through the office, found himself in a taxi going toward the station. Then he and Margaret were in the hospital, and after a while a cart rolled up to the big room where they sat staring wordlessly at the door into the hall—and on the cart was Holly. Her red cap had fallen off, and her leaf-brown hair was tossed about on the white sheet. Her face was white and pinched, the closed eyes sunken, as if she had gone off into another world so soon—remote, unreachable. Still wordless he watched them lift her with utmost care, start to cut off her clothes. The nurses looked up and motioned them out—and then Speidel was there and another doctor he had never seen, and they all went into the room and left him and Margaret standing outside, as if now Holly belonged to them and to the hospital, and no longer to Margaret and him.

There was a bench outside the door. After a while they sat down, together and yet not together. The life of the hospital flowed back and forth before them—nurses on rubber-soled shoes, pert and laughing, parrying hospital jokes with hard-looking young internes; elevators disgorging visitors; doctors lighting swift cigarettes as they hurried homeward . . . They were alone in their small world of anguish.

"That Tyler girl had a skiing accident," Margaret said once, in a voice thick from weeping. "She's never walked since."

"Margaret! For heaven's sake! Isn't it bad enough!"

He looked at her almost with hatred. Her round face was swollen and discolored from tears, but her hat was set at the proper angle, and foolishly she held a pair of spotless gloves in her hand. To say a thing like that—how could she? How could she? Even to let it come into her mind! But then she had no mind. He thought with a kind of cruelty. Holly had only been the child of her body.

The door into Holly's room opened and the doctors came out. Speidel's clever face was serious but unreadable.

"We're going to leave her as she is tonight, Mr. Brandys," he said. "We'll have X-ray pictures tomorrow. We can't tell how much of this coma is due to shock—and how much to brain injury. She seems to have struck the stone right at the base of the brain. But the spinal fluid shows no gross blood . . ."

"Is that a good sign?" Margaret's voice was faint.

"Yes, it is—very," the doctor answered.

John found that he couldn't get up from the bench. He was trembling all over as if from chill.

"What do you think . . ." he began at last, the words wrenched from his pain.

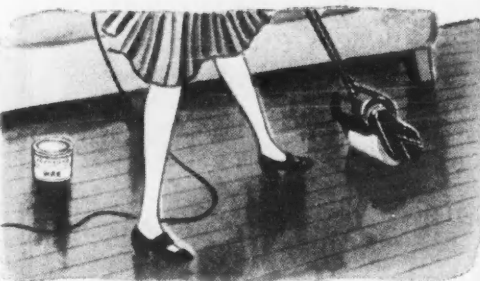
For a moment the doctor's hand rested on his shoulder.

"I'm not thinking until tomorrow. There's a good deal of fluid in the brain and a crack like this disturbs it. That

✦ Continued on page 72



*"Heavenly Days," says Molly McGee, "you can wax just about everything!"*



Your floors, for example, need special protection from dirt and wear! They get that protection when you keep them gleaming with Johnson's Wax. Actually, wax-protected floors grow more and more beautiful, are easier to clean and keep clean!



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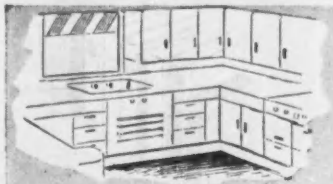


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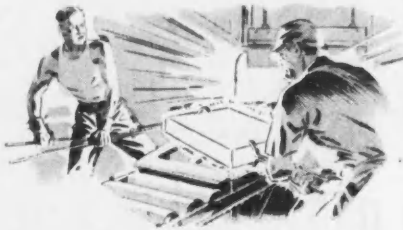
**On your clothing:** In addition to pleasing style changes, your clothing will feature further advances in rust-proof metal zippers, snap fasteners, costume ornaments etc. After the war, rustless Copper and its alloys will contribute even more to time saving dress conveniences.



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But, because of many advantages in utility, workability, strength and resistance to corrosion, most of the Copper, Brass and Bronze is required to supply the needs of our fighting men. Your opportunity once again to enjoy their superiorities and economy will come with Peace . . . will be well worth waiting for!

\*Trade Mark Reg'd.

### UNTIL PEACE COMES

We at Anaconda will go on producing the vast quantities of Copper, Brass and Bronze needed for ammunition . . . guns . . . instruments . . . respirators . . . aeroplane, tank, truck, ship and submarine parts . . . for the thousands of war goods that are helping to bring Victory, helping to bring more of our boys home—sooner!

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Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ont. Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Sq. Bldg.

directly to the lamp socket. But whichever type base is used, the next step is identical. From a lighting fixture shop a lamp shade and wire "harp" to support it are procured. The "harp," deriving its name from the characteristic curve its twin arms make in detouring around the bulb, is mounted just below the socket.

Glass blocks can be used with wood planks to create useful, streamlined bookcases. Basswood, a kiln-dried wood, will not shrink or warp, though if an enamelled finish is desired, white pine is as satisfactory. For a bookcase the distance between the shelf supports should not exceed 3 ft. 6 in.

The large bookcase sketched stands 2 ft. 5 in. high. Three 1 in. x 12 in. planks, 10 ft. long, are required. They will take large flat books and combine well with 1 1/4 in. x 1 1/4 in. blocks. Six of the latter are used. On the underside of the bottom plank are nailed three 2 in. x 4 in. flats 12 in. long, parallel to and exactly under the blocks. To mask the sanded edges of the blocks, narrow 1 in. x 4 in. boards are carried up the front of the bookcase and across the top. Rounding of the ends of the plank is done at the lumber mill where procured.

Curved glass blocks are also available, though not in the largest size. The small bookcase shown stands 1 ft. 8 in. high and utilizes one 2 in. x 8 in. plank base and two 1 in. x 8 in. shelves, all 2 ft. 6 in. long with rounded ends. Curved 7/8-in. textured blocks have been selected for this example—which becomes a useful and good-looking piece beside a chesterfield or easy chair.

The breakfast bar features a plank counter resting on a partition of 5 3/4 in. x 5 3/4 in. glass blocks laid with wood strips. The counter top is covered with linoleum and edged with plastic molding. A wide board at the end of the bar permits the use of shelves on the far side of the partition. Over the counter an open-faced cupboard houses essential breakfast equipment. +

### Thou Canst Not Then Be False

*Continued from page 53*

give Holly a good life. I can't take it away now."

"No," she said.

"I've never wanted very much for myself," he went on, "never—until I wanted you. But I'm young still, Barbara. I found that out in these last six months. I stopped then just being a father and became a man again." He leaned across the table toward her, his dark intelligent face full of feeling. "I suppose against this boy who's in love with you I must seem pretty old. I'm 45. That isn't really old for a man. I'll give you a man's love—adult, mature and"—he looked down at his hands—"faithful. I've been faithful to Margaret for 20 years."

She sighed and he looked up at her.

"Are you going to meet me in Montreal tonight, Barbara?"

She put out her hand and for a moment rested it on his.

"You know I am," she said.

When he got back to his office he found his new secretary waiting for him with a sheaf of letters to sign. Then there seemed nothing to do but wait until train time. He was filled with nervous restlessness. He pulled out the drawers in his desk with the feeling that he must straighten up his affairs—that this was the end of a part of his life—as indeed it was—and that he must start everything afresh. But the desk was in



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AN APRON!**

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messy toilet stains  
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## HAWES' Canada's Favorite FLOOR WAX

• POLISHES BETTER •

Hey lady-

**STOP!**



You don't need all that equipment just to clean a toilet bowl! Hasn't any one told you about Sani-Flush? It's an easy, sanitary way to remove ugly stains and film *without scrubbing*. Used twice a week, Sani-Flush keeps toilet bowls spic and span, disinfects, destroys a cause of odors.

Sani-Flush is not like ordinary soaps and cleansers. Its chemical action extends to unseen, hard-to-reach surfaces, even cleans the hidden trap. Absolutely safe for all toilet connections and for septic tanks. (See directions on can.) Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



**Sani-Flush**

REMOVES A  
CAUSE OF  
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**ITCH CHECKED**  
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For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions, use pure, cooling, medicated, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes, comforts and quickly calms intense itching. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

**Ask Grandma  
She Knows**



When grandma was young Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD came on the scene. She has used it and watched it all these years until its merits are known in nearly all homes.

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Ask for the new economy size bottle of

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you can find room for it, nothing grows faster than the castor-oil bean and it will give as dense a screen as can be wished for. It mounts from eight to 10 feet in height and so gives considerable shade by the end of the season. It would be a nice idea to feature some garden furniture or a garden seat against such a background.

Another very quick-growing annual where there is plenty of sun is the Mexican sunflower, *Tithonia speciosa*. This little-known plant forms a large shrublike growth five feet or more in height, and in late summer it is covered with large and dazzling orange-scarlet flowers that are quite attractive. If planted in hedge formation *Tithonia* would give a good screen.

Even if you are only temporary tenants, there is no reason why your successors should not reap the benefit of an intelligent scheme of laying out the



The well-kept lawn adds enormously to any house. The chore of weekly mowing really pays off!

garden with adequate paths and planting beds. Unless you wish to spend your waking moments fussing over shapes, stick to straight lines for your planting beds. Attractively planted paths are always assets in gardens and if your conscience allows an expenditure for some flagstones to make you a sitting platform or tea terrace, your beneficiaries will rise up and call you blessed. Money spent for a movable feature such as a well-designed sundial or birdbath is a good investment as you can always carry it with you on your next garden venture. But don't be led astray and get your garden cluttered up with gnomes or models of animals. An occasional one may be all right if there is a specific setting, but mostly they are evidence of lack of good judgment.

About proportions in planting beds. Make them generous in width as they seem to shrink when the plants are in them. Five feet is a good width for an average border down the side of a garden and you can widen to 8 or 10 feet across the back if you wish to allow for the foreshortening effect in looking across the width. A background of evergreens or shrubs shows flowers off to advantage, but if there is a fence vines will serve the same purpose.

Some of the best annual vines with which to experiment are morning glories, gourds, scarlet runner beans, the cardinal climber and *Cobaea scandens*.

Heavenly Blue morning glories have become enormously popular in the last few years, and rightly so. There is also a lovely white variety, Pearly Gates, and a red, Scarlett O'Hara. Gourds have heavy foliage and large pumpkin-colored flowers. The strange fruits in all shapes and shades of cream, yellow, orange and green are decorative for indoor use in the winter, but they are not edible. Scarlet-runner beans are obligingly quick and will act as screens to block out undesirable buildings or views if given some support. Also the

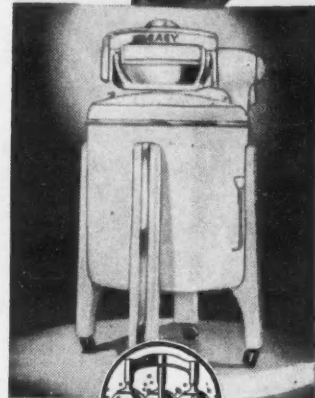
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\*More effective!



Double size

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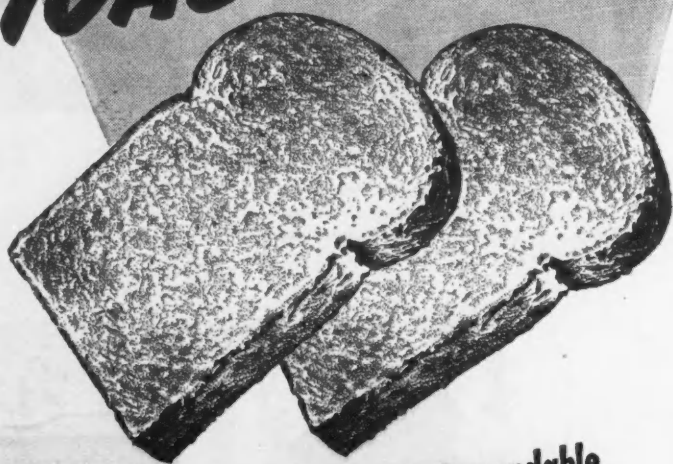
\*Scientific tests prove Etiquet 24% more effective as deodorant than other deodorant creams tested. Etiquet spreads smoothly...not crumbly; pure...not irritating to normal skin; works fast...no need to rinse.

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The same gleaming, efficient G-E Toasters that won a nation-wide reputation before the war are coming back on the market again! They're returning, to give you delicious golden-brown toast at the touch of a switch! But remember—supplies are still limited. Time will be needed to supply all demands—though a new G-E Toaster, sturdy and smart, is well worth waiting for. Check with your General Electric Appliance Dealer, today.

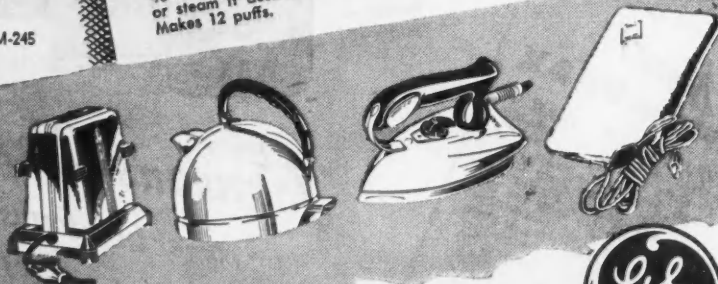
### Victory Recipe

#### RHUBARB PUFFS

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 4 Tablespoonfuls of shortening            | 3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder            |
| 1/2 Cupful of sugar                       | 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt                    |
| 1/2 Teaspoonful of true vanilla flavoring | 3/4 Cupful of milk                         |
| 1 Egg, beaten                             | 1 Cupful of raw rhubarb, very finely diced |
| 2 Cupfuls of flour                        |  |

Cream the shortening and the sugar together until well blended and fluffy. Add the vanilla then the well beaten egg. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Fold in the rhubarb. Fill greased muffin tins 3/4 full and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr. for 20 to 25 minutes, or steam if desired. Serve as a muffin or as dessert with pudding sauce. Makes 12 puffs.

EM-245



MADE IN CANADA

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED

# Easy Does It!

by Frances  
Steinhoff Sanders



Beginning gardeners of any age can master simple gardening technique.

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For the planting-beds adjacent to the house don't forget the possibilities in the summer cypress, or Kochia, the globe-shaped annual that is a tender green in early summer and then turns a brilliant carmine and blood red. It can be planted in solid formation or used as a low hedge. Snow-on-the-mountain or Euphorbia is valuable for its foliage effect. It grows to about two feet and has clear green leaves outlined in white, giving a very restful and cooling effect, especially when grown

in the mass. Both the summer cypress and the snow-on-the-mountain grow readily from seed sown in the open in May.

Another charming annual, useful as a very low ground cover, is the Vinca rosea, or Madagascar periwinkle. It resembles the better-known perennial periwinkles with similar shiny dark leaves. It should be started indoors early in the year and transplanted several times before being set out. As yet it is not used in Canadian gardens to the extent it might be.

In selecting flowers for planting beds beside the house, be sure to select only those with tidy habits. Edging plants such as ageratum or sweet alyssum are fine in this respect. Solid masses of petunias of one color will give continuous bloom all summer and the white ones are especially good for distant effect. Geraniums are returning to favor and a pretty combination is salmon-pink geraniums edged with lavender ageratum.

Occasionally a vine is an asset to soften the wall of a house. A quick-growing annual called Cobaea scandens, with oval green leaves and purple green bell-shaped flowers in late summer, if given some support will soon form an attractive green drape.



Avoid the clutter of gnomes and animal figures. Such grotesqueries seldom add anything of value.

If the lawn is completely bereft of shrubs and you pine for some, you can have a lot of joy from a flowering almond or white Spirea van Houttei or the less well-known beauty-bush, Kolwizia amabilis, with soft pink flowers and a pretty habit of growth. These are relatively inexpensive.

ON THE garden side of the house the first goal to be achieved is privacy. If

Hey lady-

**STOP!**



You don't need all that equipment just to clean a toilet bowl! Hasn't any one told you about Sani-Flush? It's an easy, sanitary way to remove ugly stains and film *without scrubbing*. Used twice a week, Sani-Flush keeps toilet bowls spic and span, disinfects, destroys a cause of odors.

Sani-Flush is not like ordinary soaps and cleansers. Its chemical action extends to unseen, hard-to-reach surfaces, even cleans the hidden trap. Absolutely safe for all toilet connections and for septic tanks. (See directions on can.) Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



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CAUSE OF  
TOILET ODORS

**ITCH CHECKED**  
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-or Money Back

For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions, use pure, cooling, medicated, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes, comforts and quickly calms intense itching. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

**Ask Grandma  
She Knows**



When grandma was young Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD came on the scene. She has used it and watched it all these years until its merits are known in nearly all homes.

When you can't rest and sleep well—when you have indigestion—when you feel tired out and run down in health, start in at once with Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD and you will soon know why this Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> tonic is so popular.

Ask for the new economy size bottle of

**Dr. Chase's  
Nerve Food**

60s.—60cts. 180s.—\$1.50



you can find room for it, nothing grows faster than the castor-oil bean and it will give as dense a screen as can be wished for. It mounts from eight to 10 feet in height and so gives considerable shade by the end of the season. It would be a nice idea to feature some garden furniture or a garden seat against such a background.

Another very quick-growing annual where there is plenty of sun is the Mexican sunflower, *Tithonia speciosa*. This little-known plant forms a large shrublike growth five feet or more in height, and in late summer it is covered with large and dazzling orange-scarlet flowers that are quite attractive. If planted in hedge formation *Tithonia* would give a good screen.

Even if you are only temporary tenants, there is no reason why your successors should not reap the benefit of an intelligent scheme of laying out the



The well-kept lawn adds enormously to any house. The chore of weekly mowing really pays off!

garden with adequate paths and planting beds. Unless you wish to spend your waking moments fussing over shapes, stick to straight lines for your planting beds. Attractively planted paths are always assets in gardens and if your conscience allows an expenditure for some flagstones to make you a sitting platform or tea terrace, your beneficiaries will rise up and call you blessed. Money spent for a movable feature such as a well-designed sundial or birdbath is a good investment as you can always carry it with you on your next garden venture. But don't be led astray and get your garden cluttered up with gnomes or models of animals. An occasional one may be all right if there is a specific setting, but mostly they are evidence of lack of good judgment.

About proportions in planting beds. Make them generous in width as they seem to shrink when the plants are in them. Five feet is a good width for an average border down the side of a garden and you can widen to 8 or 10 feet across the back if you wish to allow for the foreshortening effect in looking across the width. A background of evergreens or shrubs shows flowers off to advantage, but if there is a fence vines will serve the same purpose.

Some of the best annual vines with which to experiment are morning glories, gourds, scarlet runner beans, the cardinal climber and *Cobaea scandens*.

Heavenly Blue morning glories have become enormously popular in the last few years, and rightly so. There is also a lovely white variety, Pearly Gates, and a red, Scarlett O'Hara. Gourds have heavy foliage and large pumpkin-colored flowers. The strange fruits in all shapes and shades of cream, yellow, orange and green are decorative for indoor use in the winter, but they are not edible. Scarlet-runner beans are obligingly quick and will act as screens to block out undesirable buildings or views if given some support. Also the

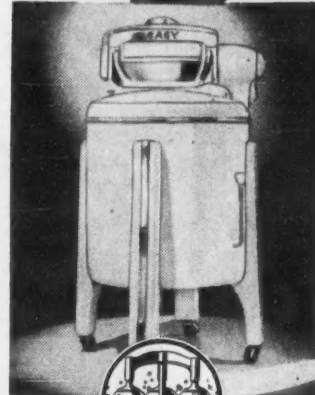
**THIS IS WHY!**

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will be an EASY!*



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THE EASY WASHING MACHINE CO. LIMITED • TORONTO (10) CANADA

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in public?**



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to save your kisses for private moments. Kissing in public embarrasses onlookers and him. Avoid embarrassment in other ways too. Keep yourself dainty-sweet with **Etiquet**—the new, safe, anti-septic deodorant cream.

\*More effective!

It's

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DEODORANT CREAM

that stops underarm  
perspiration 1 to 3 days...



Double size

\*Scientific tests prove **Etiquet** 24% more effective as deodorant than other deodorant creams tested. **Etiquet** spreads smoothly... not crumbly; pure... not irritating to normal skin; works fast... no need to rinse.

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TOILET GOODS COUNTERS... 39c





# TOAST FOR TWO



## ... With the Streamlined, Dependable GENERAL ELECTRIC TOASTER

The same gleaming, efficient G-E Toasters that won a nation-wide reputation before the war are coming back on the market again! They're returning, to give you delicious golden-brown toast at the touch of a switch! But remember—supplies are still limited. Time will be needed to supply all demands—though a new G-E Toaster, sturdy and smart, is well worth waiting for. Check with your General Electric Appliance Dealer, today.

### Victory Recipe

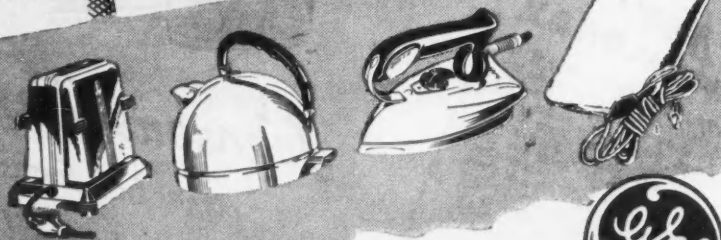
#### RHUBARB PUFFS

4 Tablespoonfuls of shortening  
1/2 Cupful of sugar  
1/2 Teaspoonful of true vanilla flavoring  
1 Egg, beaten  
2 Cupfuls of flour

3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder  
1/2 Teaspoonful of salt  
3/4 Cupful of milk  
1 Cupful of raw rhubarb, very finely diced

Cream the shortening and the sugar together until well blended and fluffy. Add the vanilla then the well beaten egg. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Fold in the rhubarb. Fill greased muffin tins 2/3 full and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr. for 20 to 25 minutes, or steam if desired. Serve as a muffin or as dessert with pudding sauce. Makes 12 puffs.

EM-245



MADE IN CANADA

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LIMITED

# Easy Does It!

by Frances  
Steinhoff Sanders



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# Chatelaine Housekeeping: *A department of Home Management. Conducted by Helen G. Campbell*



Picture—The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

## Some Hows on Housecleaning

by Helen G. Campbell and Evelyn Kelly

**T**HE TIME is near to launch your spring offensive. Your enemy is that ubiquitous fellow, Dirt, and your objective a spick-and-span house with grime and soil thoroughly routed from the home territory—for a while anyway.

First essentials of an easy-as-possible victory: a quiet corner for scheming, pencil and paper for jotting down the jobs to be done and a clear head for plotting a schedule which fits your particular pattern of living.

**Morale Upkeep:** It's a grand and glorious feeling to look forward to a sparkling, rejuvenated house cleaned in record time. So plan to have enough energy left over to enjoy the fruit of your labor. It won't be much satisfaction if you're tuckered out, for then all you'll want is to crawl away and do a Rip Van Winkle.

Settle on a reasonable amount to be done each day and break off at a certain hour—early enough for a few minutes rest, a new make-up and a quick change into something fresh and gay if not glamorous.

Dress the part; wear comfortable shoes, a bright kerchief over your hair, cleaning gloves on your hands

and protective creams on your face. Be crafty in menu planning; stress simple meals, easily prepared but tasty dishes, short cuts in cooking. Start with your refrigerator well stocked with time savers—ready-to-roll pastry, cookie dough, chocolate syrup, crisped salad greens and other ingredients for a succession of quickies. Take advantage, too, of canned and packaged products which minimize the time and effort necessary for a meal's preparation.

**Tools for the Job:** How's your equipment? Is the vacuum cleaner in fine working trim? Is the step-ladder steady? Are your brooms and mops and brushes fit for their various jobs? Now is the time for replacements and necessary repairs. If you have a handyman around the house, enlist his co-operation while he's in the afterglow of a good dinner. You don't want to risk breakdowns in the middle of housecleaning operations.

Stock up with the necessary supplies—soaps,

cleansers, furniture waxes and polishes, window cleaners, plenty of cloths, including some soft, lintless ones.

Get a notebook and keep a record of equipment, supplies, procedure used, time required for different jobs, ideas for improving your technique and other odds and ends of information which will be useful in your next annual clean-up—if you live through this one!

**Preliminary Skirmishes:** Get as much as possible out of the way before you begin the actual battle. Sort over your books and see if you can spare a few copies for the Services. Collect all the magazines (if you haven't read that article by now, you never will!) and pass them along too. Tie up newspapers ready for the next collection day; pack discarded clothing for the Red Cross or some other relief organization. Gather together into a salvage container all those things which have outlived their usefulness to you. Get non-washables which need freshening away to the dry cleaners.

**The Big Drive:** Happiest housecleaners are those





VAL:

**Sally, that *sparkles!* Yet you hardly scrubbed at all!**

**SAL:** Of course not! It's easy to make things shine when your cleanser doesn't scratch.

Sally's learned the secret of quick, thorough cleaning. She knows that Bon Ami—unlike gritty cleansers—doesn't leave *dirt-catching scratches* that dull porcelain and make it harder to clean. And Bon Ami not only whisks off dirt without rubbing—it *polishes*, too! Leaves a silky-smooth, shining surface that dirt won't cling to. Save time—save *appearances!* Make speedy Bon Ami your one-and-only cleanser!

P. S. Bon Ami Powder is a favorite for sinks, bathtubs, general cleaning; Bon Ami Cake for windows, mirrors, windshields.

MADE IN CANADA

# Bon Ami

THE **SPEEDY** CLEANSER that  
"hasn't scratched yet!"



beans are good to eat. The cardinal climber is highly recommended for its rich glossy green foliage and scarlet flowers, one to one and a half inches across.

Best results in raising annuals are obtained by digging the soil deeply, at least a spade deep, and if the soil is poor, substituting a good mixture of garden loam and barnyard manure in the proportion of one of loam to four of manure. Don't overdo the fertilizer or you will have all leaves and no flowers. And another hint. Cosmos and nasturtiums both produce more flowers in rather poor soil than in that too rich.

In preparing soil for seeds it must be pulverized so that the tiny rootlets can take quick hold. Very fine seeds are handled with ease if mixed with a handful of sand. If broadcasting seed in permanent locations, sow to give the appearance of a drift. The smaller the seed the shallower it is planted. Smooth over seeds very lightly but firmly with soil.

IF THE budget is slim, seeds are your answer to making a minimum expenditure and getting maximum results. Many of our most charming annuals may be sown broadcast in the spring when the soil is sufficiently warm. Seed catalogues usually mention the varieties that can be handled in this way. To get real effects, make a preliminary plan on paper, repeating the swathes of color.

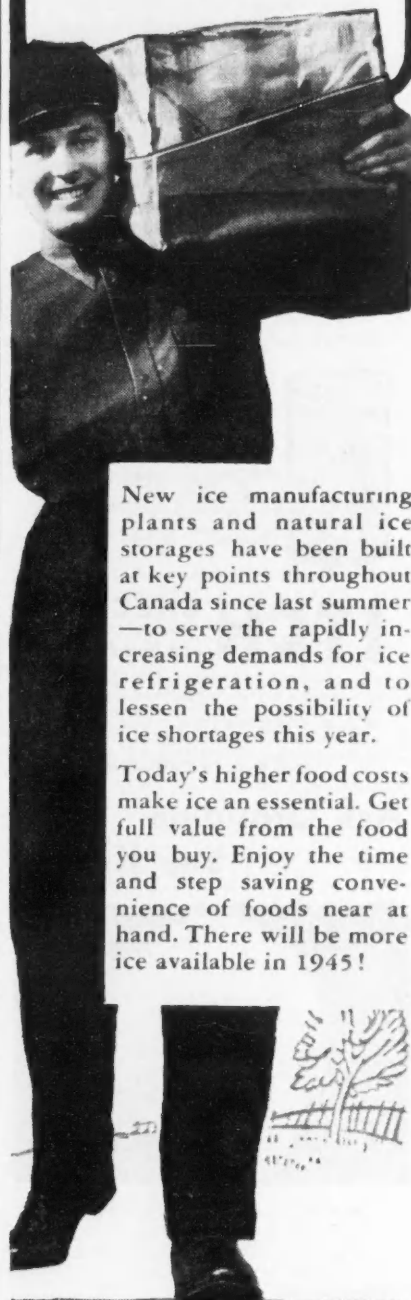
One such garden I designed for my own use, and it was a joy to behold from early summer until autumn. On the fence background rioted Heavenly Blue morning glories and gourds, each planted in blocks. At either end of the border were swathes of snow-on-the-mountain. For height, we used tall cosmos in shades of pink together with the striking annual Cleome, or spider plant. This fairly recent annual has large rosy heads of flowers, with long spidery stamens; it blooms from June till frost. As they grow between three and four feet they are always subject to much favorable comment from visitors.

For early bloom I used annual baby's breath and clarkia, a delightful annual with rosettes of pink and rose flowers, together with annual larkspur in pink and blue. For bloom after midsummer we had large quantities of rose and lavender zinnias and drifts of single pink and lavender asters. Deep maroon snapdragons strengthened the color scheme and a border of soft pink petunias, Rose of Heaven, with blocks of variety Silver Blue completed the picture except for an unexpectedly beautiful effect achieved by accident when some nicotine from a previous season almost stole the show in the evening with its ethereal frostiness above the other pastel colors. In that same garden we discovered that self-sown balsams thrived in shady parts where other annuals did not bloom—a tip to anyone struggling with shade. The majority of annuals demand full sun, but don't forget that ferns are very reasonable to buy, and nothing makes a handsomer solution for shady corners.

FEW GARDENERS realize to what extent good arrangement of plants will give individual character to a garden. Always choose those with good foliage because it is permanent and the flowers are temporary. Zinnias have heavy foliage, so they are fine for massing. Also the colors are intense, with good carrying quality. Snapdragons have unusually good foliage and will stand a certain amount of shade. Verbenas are not

✦ Continued on page 75

# MORE ICE IN 1945!



New ice manufacturing plants and natural ice storages have been built at key points throughout Canada since last summer—to serve the rapidly increasing demands for ice refrigeration, and to lessen the possibility of ice shortages this year.

Today's higher food costs make ice an essential. Get full value from the food you buy. Enjoy the time and step saving convenience of foods near at hand. There will be more ice available in 1945!



# Serving Soup



China courtesy Copeland and Duncan Ltd.

Good soup is good out of any dish, but attractive bowls and a bit of garnish give it that extra touch of glamour.

by Helen G. Campbell

**S**OUP IS a global dish with 101 different names and flavors. And like the rose which smells as sweet whatever you call it, soup is delicious, economical and comforting in each of its innumerable variations.

Into the soup pots of the world go all manner of ingredients and out of all of them come many fragrant, savory brews. The guidwife of Scotland fills her kettle with thrifty and substantial barley broth, the chatelaine in France produces *pot au feu* or *bouillabaisse* as her *specialite de la maison*, Mexican *senoras* feature their favorite *puchero*, while Russian cooks make oceans of colorful *borstch* and regard it as something above roubles.

Canadian housekeepers know how to work their own particular magic with meat bones and a few vegetables or milk and a *purée* but a great many fine soups are served with no other preliminary than a whirl of the can opener and a mere reheating. Lined up on our grocers' shelves is an imposing array—clear light soups of appetite-tempting flavor, smooth creamy *purées*, hearty meat stocks, substantial vegetable combinations—soups to introduce a meal and soups that are a whole meal in themselves.

As every woman knows, the role of soup is a very important one. It provides that flair of anticipation which increases enjoyment of every course and thereby aids in digestion. There's nothing better as an initial offering for dinner, nothing more appropriate as a supper main dish, and nothing more appreciated in the lunchbox. Not only in one season either, but all the year round; soup is a dish for any weather, counteracting winter's frostiness and balancing the chilled and frozen dishes featured in summer menus.

With so many kinds available you can ring in all sorts of flavor changes and

with a little ingenuity achieve some brand-new ones. Blending two varieties is a well-known stunt and a very good one provided you put compatible flavors together. Or you can let the garnish and the accompaniment provide variety.

Even the way you serve it makes a difference. Good soup is good out of any dish, but for those who are fussy about their service there are bouillon cups for clear varieties, two-handled bowls for cream soups and vegetable combinations, pottery pots for substantial mixtures and shallow-rimmed plates for chicken with noodles or some other introductory offering.

The main thing is to settle on a soup which fits most agreeably into your menu, then bring it to the proper temperature—but if it's meant to be hot and well-chilled if it's jellied. Lukewarmness is not to be tolerated in soup service.

## Julienne Soup

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Can of consommé
- 1 1/4 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Tablespoonful of green beans, cut in strips
- 1 Tablespoonful of turnips, cut in strips
- 1 Tablespoonful of carrots, cut in strips
- 1 Tablespoonful of parsnips, cut in strips

Cut the vegetables in tiny matchlike slivers. Cover with the boiling water and cook until tender—about 15 minutes. Add the consommé and reheat. Four servings.

## Tomato and Celery Bisque

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Can of condensed tomato soup
- 1 Can of condensed celery soup
- 1 1/2 Cans of milk

Blend the soups, then combine with

✦ Continued on page 68



## Try this at bedtime tonight

● Do you sleep soundly and wake up refreshed, clear-eyed and buoyant, ready for the day's work? Or are your nights restless and disturbed, your mornings spoiled by fatigue and exhaustion?

If you've been waking tired and listless, why not do as thousands today are doing—simply drink a cup of Ovaltine warm at bedtime. For Ovaltine does three things to bring vigorous morning freshness.

(1) Taken warm at bedtime, it relieves that feeling of nervous tension—helps the body to relax for sleep *without drugs*. (2) Processed for easy digestion, it supplies light nourishment to prevent restless tossing and turning due to digestive unrest. (3) It supplies a variety and wealth of important food elements to rebuild body and nerve cells, replenish vitality to meet the morning.

Ovaltine furnishes not only essential vitamins, but also a combination of minerals, high-quality proteins and quick energy food elements which authorities agree are necessary for health and top vitality.

So if you sleep poorly—waken tired and listless—why not turn to Ovaltine as an aid to refreshing sleep and clear-eyed, radiant morning freshness. See if you don't begin to wake up each morning brighter and more buoyant—ready to greet the day with a smile.

### Mail for FREE Sample

A. Wander Limited.  
Dept. 102,  
Peterborough, Ont.

Please send me a sample of Ovaltine and informative pamphlet on its nutritional values. (One sample offer to a person).

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Province .....

# OVALTINE

148M



## Make a STEW with DUMPLINGS



### Floating in Delicious OXO Gravy

The flavour will be meaty, the gravy rich and brown, because Oxo will add concentrated prime beef goodness . . . and Oxo will mean extra colour, flavour, and extra quantity in your gravy. Use Oxo cubes or Oxo Fluid, whichever you prefer. The recipe tells you how.

### New Flavour FOR OLD FAVOURITES

#### Add to Cream Soups

1 teas. Oxo Fluid  
Oxo Cube  
for each cup liquid.  
Extra tang and taste

#### Make Gravy for Hamburgers

2 teas. Oxo Fluid  
Oxo Cube  
to 2 cups hot water.  
Thicken and season.  
Lunch or supper special

#### For Vegetable Water Soup

1 teas. Fluid Oxo  
Add 1 Oxo cube  
for each cup heated  
vegetable water. Beefy  
and vitamin rich.

#### For Sandwich Fillings

Add Oxo for flavour to  
egg or cheese mixtures.  
Smartens them up.

### BALMORAL STEW With FLUFFY DUMPLINGS

*The Stew:* Dredge  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 lbs. lamb or beef with seasoned flour and brown in fat cut from the meat. Add 4 cups boiling water and simmer, covered, until meat is almost tender. Add 2 Oxo Cubes dissolved in 2 cups boiling water, 1 cup tomato juice, 4 medium-sized onions, sliced, and 4 cut-up carrots. Cook gently 30 minutes. Have dumpling dough ready. If necessary, remove a little gravy, so that dumplings may rest on stew-liquor. Drop dough by spoonfuls. Cover pot closely and cook, still gently, for 15 minutes without raising cover.

*Note:* For stew without dumplings, or if thicker gravy is desired, stir in (after dumplings are removed) a little flour blended with cold water; stir and cook until smoothly thickened.

*The dumplings:* Measure and sift together 2 cups sifted pastry flour or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sifted bread flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Cut in finely 3 tablespoons shortening. Lightly mix in 1 cup milk.

Be close friends with your Oxo. It helps improve so many dishes. And serve hot Oxo often. Give it to the children for lunch or after school. Enjoy hot Oxo at bedtime. Quick, you know . . . made in a minute. Just 1 Oxo cube or 1 teas. Fluid Oxo to a cup of hot water and it's ready—delicious, warming, healthful.



Use  
**OXO**

who concentrate on one room at a time, thus sidestepping the confusion which results from a general upset. It's a good idea to work from the top of the house downward; dislodged dust adhering to the laws of gravity descends to settle on subjects below. So the attic if you have one is the right spot to launch your campaign. If you haven't already cleared it out pretty well for previous salvage drives, steel yourself to part with some of those old treasures (?); you'll never miss the half of them, and cleaning next year will be that much easier.

After discarding all you can bear to, give the whole place a thorough cleaning, dusting and airing, then you're ready to march on your next objective.

**Strategic Manoeuvres:** Make full use of your mechanized forces. Dust on walls, furniture, mattresses, bedsprings and in hard-to-clean places disappears like magic when your vacuum cleaner attachments are in pursuit.

Before you begin any job such as washing windows, waxing floors, polishing furniture, assemble your cleaning supplies on a big tray or in a basket, thus making your bright wits save your busy feet.

When cleaning bits and pieces—silver, brass, copper, for instance—first cover your table with clean paper, collect all items and supplies and sit comfortably while you work.

**Specific Jobs:** Brush the outside sills before you begin: outside dirt means more inside work. Wash frames and sills, then clean the glass, pane by pane, with a good spray or powder cleanser used according to directions. After the room has been cleaned give the windowsills a light waxing and they'll be easier to keep looking their best.

Brush blinds or if washable lay out on a table and go over them with mild sudsy water, then with clear, doing a small patch at a time and immediately wiping dry so that the water does not soak in.

To clean Venetian blinds lower full length, adjust slats to horizontal position. Dust with a soft brush or cloth and touch up soiled tapes with a good upholstery or dry cleaner. Better do this before starting to wash your window. If the slats need washing, go over them with a cloth well wrung out of soapy water, then with another wrung out of clear. Special cleaners are available for these blinds.

**Dusting Walls:** The suction brush attachment of the vacuum cleaner does an efficient job of dusting walls, cornices, moldings, grills, doors and window frames. Or good results can be achieved by going over the flat surface with a long-handled soft wall brush or a soft cloth over a mop, working in light upward strokes. Wallpapers with a smooth, hard washable finish can be wiped—not rubbed—with thick soap-suds, then with a clean sponge or cloth squeezed out of clear water. Do a small patch at a time and work from the floor up. Unwashable papers can be freshened with special cleaners.

Painted walls with semigloss or flat finish should be wiped, then washed with soapy water to which a little household ammonia is added (about one tablespoonful to a pailful). Sponge with clear water to freshen, and dry with a soft cloth.

**Woodwork:** For flat or semigloss painted surface use the soap and water treatment as for walls. Clear water



### when you make it into rennet-custards

Desserts the whole family enjoys! Desserts that give your children the full nourishment and protective values of milk — and more, because the rennet enzyme makes the milk more readily digestible. Quick to make.

#### RENNET-CUSTARD IS A HIGHLY NUTRITIONAL FOOD

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### MAKE IT NOW BAKE ANYTIME

#### A BISCUIT MIX TO KEEP ON HAND

Here's a biscuit mixture you can make quickly, store in the refrigerator and use as needed for hot biscuits, casserole toppings, meat rolls and desserts.

#### THE BASIC MIXTURE

- 6 cups all-purpose flour
  - $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons Cow Brand Baking Soda
  - $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt
  - $\frac{3}{4}$  cup shortening
1. Sift, then measure flour. Sift three times with salt and Baking Soda.
  2. Cut shortening into dry ingredients to fairly fine mixture.
  3. Store in tightly covered container in refrigerator.

#### WHEN READY TO USE

To a portion of the dry mixture add enough sour milk or buttermilk to make a soft dough — about  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sour milk to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cups of mixture.

A substitute for sour milk or buttermilk can be made by placing 1 tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar in a standard measuring cup and filling to  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup mark with sweet milk.

### COW BRAND BAKING SODA



PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA





# Just Wonderful!

Delighted exclamations always greet a steaming bowlful of Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! For it has the enticing fragrance, the nourishing richness, the distinctive flavour that come only from deft blending of Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes, heavy cream and exotic spices. Heinz Condensed Vegetarian Vegetable Soup is another favourite, quick to fix, economical to serve—in short, wonderful!—and a handy aid in preparing Lenten dishes.

Send for a free copy of the 40-page booklet—"57 Ways To Use Heinz Condensed Soups," containing tested recipes for Meats, Fish, Poultry, Casserole Dishes, Sauces and Gravies, Vegetables, Salads, Dressings, and Desserts. Write to H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., Box 454, 115 George Street, Toronto.



## Four favourite dishes made from Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup



**SAVORY SWISS STEAK**—Take 2 lbs. round steak. Rub  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour, 2 teaspoons salt, dash pepper, into steak with saucer. Brown on both sides in fat. Cover with onion slices and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped green pepper. Add 1 tin Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup, diluted with equal quantity of water. Cover. Simmer slowly for two hours. Serves 6.



**TOMATO CHEESE OMELET**—Mix together 4 well-beaten eggs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup grated cheese. Cook slowly in heated greased pan. Lift edge with spatula to allow uncooked portion to flow underneath. When slightly browned, fold in half. Let stand over low heat until centre is set. To make sauce: melt 2 tablespoons butter; add 2 tablespoons flour; blend well. Add remaining Soup gradually. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Serves 4.

## LENTEN DISHES



**FISH LOAF**—Combine 1 cup flaked cooked fish,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry bread cubes, 2 tablespoons finely diced green pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely diced celery, 1 tablespoon finely diced onion, 3 eggs, 1 tin Heinz Condensed Vegetarian Vegetable Soup. Grease loaf pan. Place 3 green pepper rings in bottom with slice of hard-cooked egg in centre of each. Pack loaf mixture in pan. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 60 minutes. Serves 10 cold—6 hot.



**SALMON BALLS IN VEGETABLE SAUCE**—Cook 1 tin Heinz Condensed Vegetarian Vegetable Soup and 1 cup water until bubbling. Combine 1 cup flaked cooked or canned salmon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup bread crumbs, 3 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon Heinz Prepared Yellow Mustard,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Heinz Worcestershire Sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Shape into 8 balls. Place balls in soup. Cover. Simmer for 10 minutes. Serve with cooked rice and remaining soup. Serves 4.

# HEINZ SOUPS

57



# Meals of the Month

## MARCH

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>THU 1</b>	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Eggs Marmalade Tea	Creamed Corn and Wieners Lettuce Wedges with French Dressing Mock Parkerhouse Rolls Tea Honey Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Browned Potatoes Diced Carrots and Celery Grape-Prune Molds with Coffee Cream Tea
<b>FRI 2</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Tomato Soup Egg and Lettuce Sandwiches Canned Peaches Cookies Cocoa	Escalloped Salmon and Peas Harvard Beets Baked Potatoes Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 3</b>	Stewed Prunes French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Sliced Cold Meats Lyonnais Potatoes Homemade Pickles Vanilla Blancmange with Jelly Sauce Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Boiled Spiced Beef Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Jellied Apple Sauce with Cream Tea
<b>SUN 4</b>	Stewed Rhubarb Bacon and Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Welsh Rarebit Salad Greens French Dressing Sliced Oranges Loaf Cake Tea Punch	Tomato Bouillon Stuffed Breast of Lamb Mint Jelly Browned Potatoes Peas Chilled Prune Whip Coffee Tea
<b>MON 5</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Marmalade Coffee Tea	Spiced Beef Hash Mixed Pickles Celery Fruit Cup Leftover Cake Cocoa	Cold Roast Lamb Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Baked Cottage Pudding Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 6</b>	Orange Halves Cereal with Sliced Bananas Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	French Toast Sandwich Cucumber Pickles Lettuce Salad Jam Tarts Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Indian Pudding with Cream Coffee Tea
<b>WED 7</b>	Half Grapefruit Bread and Milk Raisin Bran Scones Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Eggs and Onion Rhubarb Toasted Scones or Drop Cookies Cocoa	Pea Soup Vegetable Plate (Potato Cakes, Asparagus, Scalloped Tomatoes, Parsnips) Chocolate Rice Custard Coffee Tea
<b>THU 8</b>	Tomato Juice Plain Omelet Brown Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Potato Soup with Parsley Toasted Crackers Orange, Celery and Stuffed Date Salad Cocoa	Liver and Onions Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Apple Dumplings cooked in Syrup Tea
<b>FRI 9</b>	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Bean Loaf Ketchup Brown Rolls Diced Fruit in Lemon Jelly Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Haddock Tartare Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Molds Grape Sponge with Cream Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 10</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal with Chopped Dates Toasted Marmalade Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Canned Peaches Bran Cocoa Squares Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Oven-cooked Steak Mashed Potatoes Turnips Steamed Cup Cakes Fruit Sauce Tea
<b>SUN 11</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Bacon-Potato Cakes Toasted Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Bread Sticks Sardine and Tomato Jelly Salad Maple Syrup Johnny Cake Tea Ginger Ale	Stewed Chicken with Dumplings Green Beans Diced Carrots Apple Pie with Cheese Coffee Tea
<b>MON 12</b>	Baked Apples Bread and Milk Graham Gems Coffee Honey Tea	Chicken and Rice Soup Mixed Vegetable Salad Gems (leftover) Caramel Rennet Custard Tea Grapefruit Juice Drink	Hamburger with Onions Boiled Potatoes Beets Banana Shortcake Lemon Sauce Tea
<b>TUE 13</b>	Orange Halves Cereal Sausages Coffee Toast Tea	Pancakes Maple Syrup Head Lettuce French Dressing Cherry Jelly Whip Toasted Cocoa	Veal Chops Creamed Potatoes Asparagus Cuttings Steamed Spice Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>WED 14</b>	Tomato Soup Cereal Toasted Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Croutons Celery Hot Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa	Baked Eggs in Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Creamed Peas Hot Gingerbread with Apple- sauce Tea
<b>THU 15</b>	Apple Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toasted Jelly Coffee Tea	Jellied Meat Molds Chili Sauce Pan-fried Potatoes Fruit Salad Vanilla Wafers Tea Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Shepherd's Pie Buttered Sliced Beets Jellied Cabbage Salad Ice Cream Cookies Coffee Tea
<b>FRI 16</b>	Half Grapefruit Broiled Smoked Herring Toasted Jelly Coffee Tea	Savory Rice with Curry Sauce Brown Rolls Prune Cheese and Orange Salad Tea Cocoa	Salmon Loaf Creamed Potatoes Spinach Cress Cherry Rolyoly with Cherry Sauce Tea
<b>SAT 17</b>	Stewed Prunes Cereal Corn Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Chicken Noodle Soup Toasted Tomato Sandwiches Baked Bananas Lemon Sauce Tea Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Lettuce Salad Baked Custard Tea
<b>SUN 18</b>	Grapefruit Juice Waffles Coffee Maple Syrup Tea	Devilled Egg Salad Brown Bread and Butter Celery Ice Cream Small Cakes Tea Hot Chocolate	Clear Soup Hot Baked Ham Baked Potatoes Asparagus Rice and Raisin Pudding with Cream Tea



Lenten lunch — creamed cabbage with mashed and seasoned baked bean rolls.

**Indian Pudding**—Blend 1/3 cupful of cornmeal and 1/2 cupful of cold water. Stir into 5 cupfuls of hot milk and cook 20 minutes in double boiler. Add 1/2 cupful of molasses, 2 teaspoonfuls of ginger, 1 of salt. Bake in a slow oven 2 hours.

**Mock Parkerhouse Rolls**—Slices of fresh bread, crusts removed, folded cater-corner, lightly buttered and browned in a very hot oven.

**Grape-Prune Molds**—Grape juice thickened with cornstarch. Add a few chopped cooked prunes.

**Bacon-Potato Cakes**—Mashed potato with a little chopped cooked bacon.

**Toasted Tomato Sandwich**—Use undiluted canned tomato soup. Heat, flavor with cheese.

**Bran Cocoa Squares**—Recipe last month.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>MON 19</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Ham Pan-fried Potatoes Lettuce Salad Mustard Pickles Canned Plums Cakes Tea Cocoa	Grilled Kidneys Scalloped Potatoes Peas Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 20</b>	Sliced Oranges Fried Ham Coffee Toast Tea	Cheese Soup with Parsley Cabbage and Grape Salad Bran Muffins Honey Tea Ginger Ale	Stuffed Flank Steak Mashed Potatoes Diced Turnips Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>WED 21</b>	Apple Sauce Cereal Toasted Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Broiled Ciscos with Lemon Potato Cakes Fresh Fruit Cup Nut Cookies Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Spinach and Poached Eggs Baked Potatoes Carrots Steamed Fig Pudding Lemon Sauce Tea
<b>THU 22</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal French Toast Coffee Corn Syrup Tea	Frankfurters Mustard Sauerkraut Rye Bread Stewed Rhubarb Tea Cocoa	Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Buttered Onions Almond Blancmange Coffee Tea
<b>FRI 23</b>	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Conserve Coffee Tea	Corn Custard Brown Bread and Butter Half Grapefruit Cookies Cocoa	Steamed Codfish or Haddock Parsley Sauce Potato Cakes Green Beans Jellied Fruits with Cream Macaroons Tea
<b>SAT 24</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Fish Cakes Chili Sauce Coleslaw Stewed Rhubarb Hot Raisin Buns Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth Cold Sliced Veal Boiled Potatoes Creamed Celery and Carrots Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>SUN 25</b>	Grapefruit and Orange Cup Sausages and Scrambled Eggs Toasted Jelly Coffee Tea	Chicken Soup Toasted Rolls Cheese Mixed Greens Salad Laver Cake Grape Juice and Ginger Ale	Grilled Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Harvard Beets Ice Cream Cookies Coffee Tea
<b>MON 26</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal with Raisins Toasted Scones Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Beans Green Salad French Dressing Jellied Applesauce Cake Coffee	Dressed Spareribs Baked Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Trifle Tea
<b>TUE 27</b>	Stewed Rhubarb Bread and Milk Popovers Coffee Honey Cocoa	Cream of Asparagus Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes Pears Baked in Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Tomato Juice Steak and Kidney Pie Glazed Parsnips Brown Betty Sauce Tea
<b>WED 28</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Casserole of Vegetables with Cheese Sauce Bran Muffins Jam Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill Scalloped Onions Mashed Potatoes Steamed Chocolate Pudding Plain Sauce Tea
<b>THU 29</b>	Tomato Juice Buckwheat Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Cream of Pea Soup Bacon Potato Cakes Ketchup Sliced Bananas with Cream Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Turnips Caramel Custard Coffee Tea
<b>FRI 30</b>	Orange Halves Cereal Coffee Cake Jam Tea	Curried Eggs on Toast Carrot and Celery Sticks Canned Fruit Nut Bread Cocoa	Poached Haddock Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 31</b>	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Stewed Fruit Coffee Tea	Mushroom Soup Cold Canned Salmon Potato Salad Chili Sauce Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Vegetables Boiled Potatoes Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea



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The lifting of restrictions on the manufacture of certain electrical appliances is good news for people who are waiting for new Irons, Toasters, Hotplates and Rangettes. These Canadian Beauty products are being made now, although supplies are limited by the quantity of raw materials and labour available.

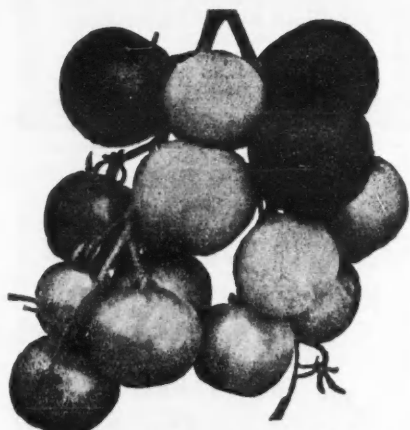
If you need an electrical appliance, see your dealer who may now have Canadian Beauty models. If he cannot fill your order, remember the tremendous demand for these products—it will be some time before they are available for all.



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(Pkt 15c) (oz 75c) postpaid.  
**FREE—OUR BIG 1945 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—Loads Again \$2.00**  
**DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.**

good lengths of string). Tangle the strings through chair rungs, under tables and so on. Really mix them up so that untangling them isn't as easy as kissing the Blarney stone. On the end of each string attach instructions for a stunt, having the girl's instructions on white paper, the boy's on green. When all strings are untangled and your guests have their instructions, get to going on the stunts. Just to give you the idea here are some things the boys might be asked to do:

Have one boy darn a sock; another put his hair up in pin curls; put another to knitting a row or so of plain knitting, but have it all set up and ready to go... can't expect too much of a mere man! Ask another to give a two-minute talk on how to apply cold cream, rouge and mascara; another could be instructed to apply bright red nail polish (but assure him you'll remove it afterward).

The girls' stunts could go something like this: Have one describe a rugby game, rules, etc.; ask another to tie a bow tie or ordinary necktie; have another give a two-minute imitation of a boy on the phone asking a girl for his first date. Likely you can think up some other good ones that'll be right on the beam for your own crowd.

**Midnight Supper**—For ease in handling we're all for a buffet table done up in green and white and St. Patrick's Day motifs. Take pains to arrange the linen, silver and china. You're a big girl now and later on you'll want to be able to do these things well without batting one of your long eyelashes.

### Menu 1

Tiny Salmon Turnovers  
Two-faced Shamrocks  
(Brown bread on one side, white on the other with assorted fillings. Pile on a big plate, garnish with parsley)  
Pepper Rings  
Celery Fingers filled with Green Cheese  
(Spready cheese tinted green with pure food coloring)  
St. Patrick's Cake  
(White cake with lemon filling and white icing with a shamrock outlined in green icing or crushed green candies)  
Coffee +

## Some Hows of Housecleaning

Continued from page 62

with a teaspoonful of washing soda to each gallon is better for an enamel finish as soap dulls the gloss. Wipe all woodwork, then, depending on the finish and the effect desired, apply wax or high-grade furniture polish according to directions on the container.

**Furniture:** Remove loose dust, brush upholstery, if any, then rejuvenate the wood with a thin coat of furniture wax or a light application of good furniture polish. Finish with a thorough rubbing or buffing.

**Floors:** Removal of dust and soil should precede the waxing. Take off the old finish, if necessary, with a cloth moistened with turpentine or good cleanser. Rub lightly with fine steel wool or abrasive, then wipe first with a turpentine moistened cloth, then a dry one. Apply a thin film of wax, allow to dry and polish vigorously. Then several hours later, when the first coat has thoroughly dried, apply a second thin film and give it a good hard rubdown. +



**A 1000 BUCKS A WEEK  
AND A PACKAGE OF LUSHUS  
EVERY DAY!**

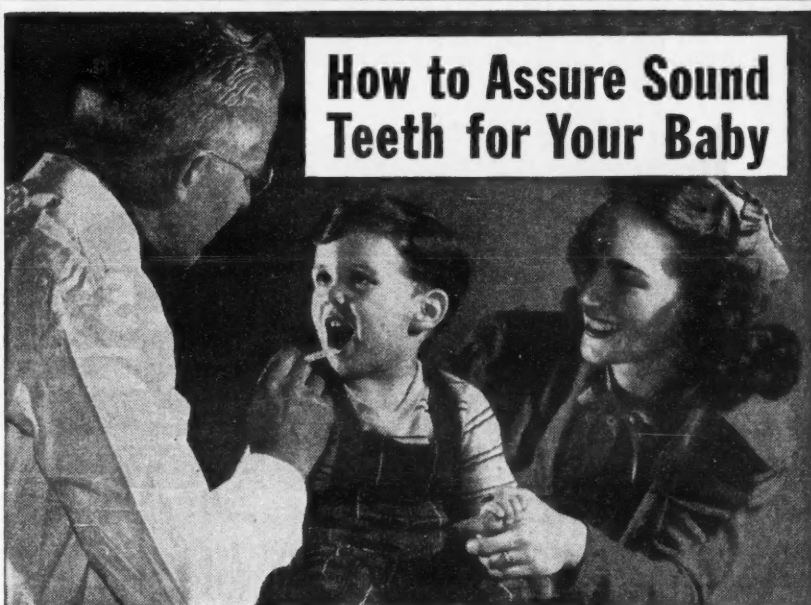
SHREWD FELLOWS, these producers... Gertie the glamour girl just doesn't know how to say no to a proposition like that!

Because we're rationed on the good things that go into making Lushus, it's no easy job to keep your grocer supplied. But we do see that the supply is evenly distributed, so every family has a chance of getting their fair share of this grand, fresh-tasting jelly dessert with the famous Shirriff's flavour bud.



**SHIRRIFF'S**  
*Lushus* A JELLY  
DESSERT

Made by the makers of Shirriff's NEW DESSERTS and Shirriff's MARMALADE



## How to Assure Sound Teeth for Your Baby

By MEREDITH MOULTON REDHEAD, Ph.B., Baby Food Counselor of Heinz Home Institute

● YOU MOTHERS know that because a baby's teeth begin to form during prenatal life, much stress is placed on your well-balanced diet during pregnancy. Also, the baby's own diet continues to contribute building material for proper development of his teeth. So it is important that he receives foods which will not only supply these essential nutrients but also provide chewing exercise.

That is why Heinz Strained Foods are scientifically cooked to preserve a high degree of vitamins and minerals. Heinz Baby Foods—backed by a fine 75-year-old tradition of quality—are prepared with careful attention to all of baby's body-building needs.



Notice the difference in flavour, colour and texture of:

**HEINZ BABY FOODS**





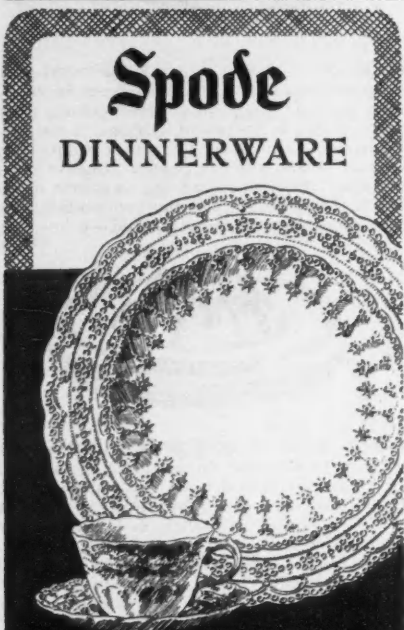
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An  
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Your silverware, always treasured, is more "precious" than ever by reason of the difficulty of replacement. Follow the advice of its makers and bring out its full sheen and loveliness by polishing it with Silvo — magic in its quickness, gentleness and safety!

Silvo is recommended by the manufacturers as perfect for the preservation of their lovely products.



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Creamed chicken shortcake with green pepper bow in the St. Patrick tradition.

## Shamrock Shindig

by EVELYN KELLY

ST. PATRICK'S DAY in the evenin'. And begorra if the 17th of March isn't for fallin' on a Saturday, perfect night for a super shindig. Make it formal jist for the fun of it and give the girls a chance to go swish and glamorous with date dresses and hairdos.

While you can always do your inviting by telephone or friendly little notes, sending out R.S.V.P. invitations is a smooth way of acquiring that sophisticated hostess feeling. Or here's a slick idea done up on white notepaper with green ink, to be mailed to your friends:

You're Invited to Jennifer's House  
On St. Patrick's Day  
in the evenin'  
8.45 p.m.

### ACT I

Scene 1 Blarney Bait (girls in powder room fixing their hair and brandishing lipsticks). Boys somewhere about straightening their ties.

Scene 2 Hunting Hats in the recreation room or wherever you entertain in your house. (See games below.)

### Act II

Scene 1 Matching up in couples for next game.

Scene 2 Strings 'n' Stunts, still in the recreation room (see games below).

### ACT III

Scene 1 Dancing.

Scene 2 Midnight Supper.

Here are the games, guaranteed ice-breakers and hilarity makers.

**Hunting Hats**—Cut out little hats from thin tissue paper and place them around at random, under chairs, on windowsills and so on. You'll need dozens of 'em. Each guest is given a paper drinking straw. The idea is to pick up a hat and carry it to a certain spot by taking a deep breath through the straw and getting the hat on the end of it. It's quite a trick to hold your breath long enough to pick up these hats and carry them across a room. No fair using your hands if you drop one either. Person who can pick up most hats and get them to the designated spot in say five minutes wins a small prize.

**Matching Couples**—Cut out enough shamrocks for the number of couples. Now cut each shamrock into two parts zigzag fashion, and write on one part of the shamrock a question such as, "What Pat is part of a Spanish house?" On the other part of the shamrock write the answer, "Patio."

Here are some questions and answers you might use:

What Pat belongs to the aristocracy?	Patrician.
What Pat is illiterate in speech?	Patois
What Pat mends Father's pants?	Patch.
What Pat is a pie?	Patty.
What Pat is always sad?	Pathetic.
What Pat gives you a free ride?	Patrol wagon

Everybody then matches up for the next game.

**Strings 'n' Stunts**—You'll need as many lengths of string as there are couples (for 16 people you'll need eight

**MIRACLE POLISH** shines furniture like **NEW**



Use this "double-action" furniture polish every housecleaning day. Right before your eyes it brings new beauty and lustre to dingy, old-looking pieces. And as you polish even ugly scratches disappear. Sold everywhere, 25¢.

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Supplies more calories than any other common food, excepting butter. Approximately 20% fat, and 40% protein. Either green or dry, is richer in food value than peas, beans or Limas. Free of starch. Rich in calcium, iron, phosphorus, Vitamins A, B and G. You will be astonished at the many appetizing and delicious ways of preparing this wonderful vegetable. The extensive uses are described fully in our recipe folder sent free with your order.

(Pkt 10¢) (1/4 lb 18¢) (1 lb 45¢) postpaid. (Larger quantities by Express, not prepaid, at 35¢ per lb)

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**DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.**

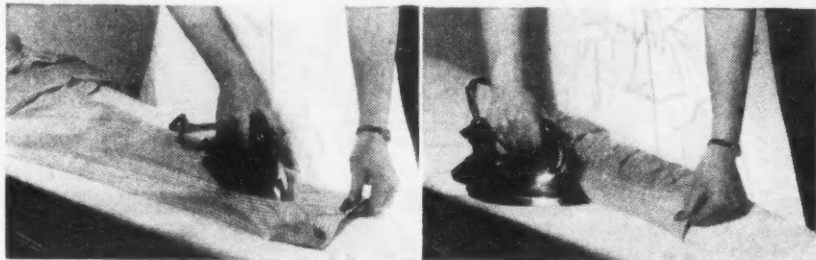


# Doing Up a Shirt

Photographed in co-operation with Lux Laboratories

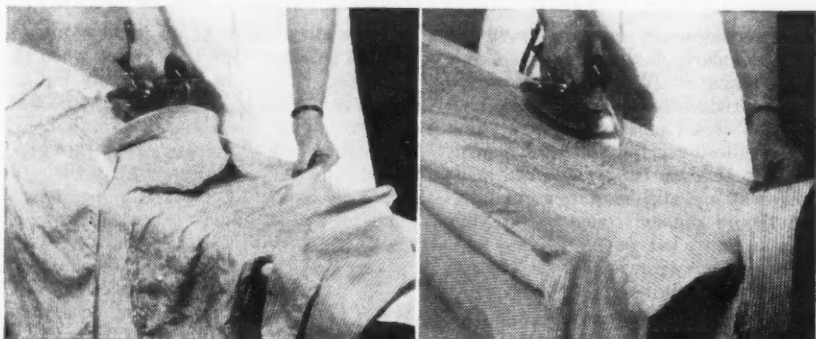
**TO WASH:** Dip shirt in water, then brush thick suds on soiled collars and cuffs, give a short soak in lukewarm water, a wash in soft or softened sudsy water and at least two rinses in clear.

Some collars have a permanent stiff finish and require no starching. Other shirts may benefit by dipping collar, cuffs and front in light starch. When dry, sprinkle with warm water, roll up and leave for a few hours until evenly dampened before beginning to iron.



1 Begin with cuff: Iron on wrong side, turn and press on right until dry. Do sleeve placket at same time. Straighten sleeve and iron.

2 Next, collar. Flatten and stretch gently but firmly. Smooth first on wrong side, then on right. Iron dry, then fold over and press.



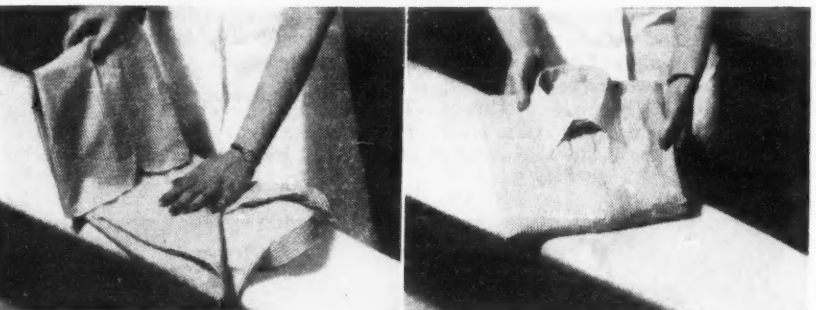
3 Fold shirt across back at bottom of yoke as illustrated. Iron quite dry. Or press yoke laid over end of ironing or sleeve board.

4 Iron buttonhole facing and pocket on wrong, then right side. Press both fronts and back. Then button top, centre and end buttons ready for folding.



5 Lay front down . . . fold side over on to back (about one quarter of width). Fold sleeve as shown and lay straight with outer crease. Repeat.

6 With both sleeves folded, hold in place with one hand, slip other hand under lower edge and fold up about seven or eight inches.



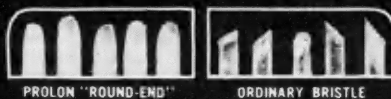
7 Fold again, bringing crease of first fold up to the collar edge. If desired, pin to shoulder yoke at both upper corners. —anti-wrinkle dodge.

8 Turn over, straighten edges and be justly proud of a job well done. Be sure to have shirt thoroughly dry before beginning to fold.

## Why Can't I Grow Bristles as Good as PROLON?



For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end **PROLON**



Actual Photomicrographs

**Remember this,** the next time you buy a tooth brush: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle.

### PROLON—No Finer Bristle Made

Among these new synthetic bristles being marketed under various trade names, none is finer . . . none is more durable . . . none is more costly to produce than Prolon, the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

### Only PROLON has "Round Ends"

Prolon, in fact, has a very important plus which no other synthetic bristle has. It is the only bristle that is rounded at the ends.

Yes, it's a fact! Under a special patented process, exclusive with Prophy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

### And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Prophy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto**

P.S. We also make this 25¢ brush . . . the best buy in the lower-price field.



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# YOU CAN'T AFFORD To Be Without This Book!

## IN AN EMERGENCY IT MAY WELL SAVE A LIFE!

Suppose illness or accident were to strike suddenly in your home — would you know what to do until the doctor arrives? If your child complained of pains in the side, would you dose him with medicine? What would you do if a member of your family inadvertently took the wrong pills and you suddenly realized they were poison?

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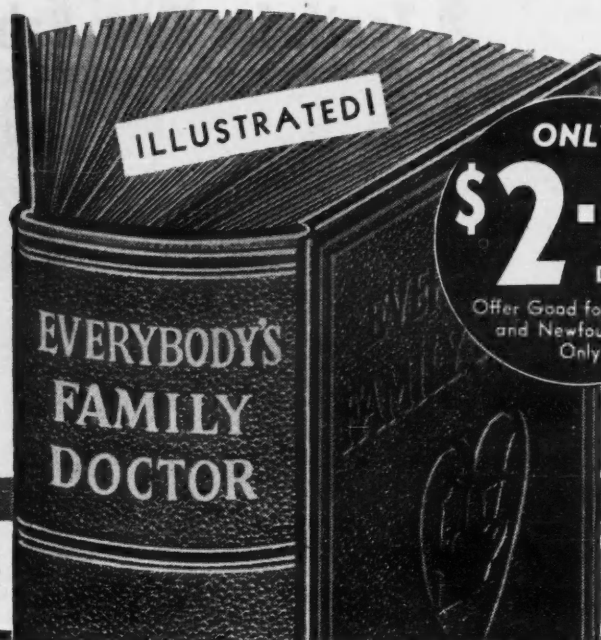
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EFD

## Serving Soup

Continued from page 63

the milk. Heat to boiling point and serve. Eight servings.

### Sausage Chowder

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2½ Cupfuls of potatoes, diced
- ½ Cupful of celery, diced
- 1 Medium onion, chopped
- ½ Pound of sausage or sausage meat
- 2½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 3½ Cupfuls of milk

Cook the vegetables in a small amount of boiling water until tender. Cut the sausages into small pieces and fry slowly. Pour off all but 3 tablespoonfuls of the fat, add the flour and blend well. Add the milk and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the vegetables together with the water they were cooked in and season to taste with salt and pepper. Reheat. Six servings.

### Down East Fish Chowder

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- Fishbones and skin from one small whitefish or haddock
- 2 Strips of bacon
- ¾ Cupful of canned tomatoes
- 1 Cupful of diced raw potatoes
- 1 Cupful of raw whitefish shredded
- ¼ to ½ Cupful of chopped green pepper
- 1 Medium-sized onion, chopped
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Pint of hot milk
- ½ Cupful of soda biscuit crumbs

Boil the fish, bones and skin in about 2½ cupfuls of water for half an hour. Cut the bacon in small pieces and place in the top part of a large double boiler, then add the tomatoes, diced potatoes, shredded whitefish, chopped green pepper and onion. Pour over this 1½ cupfuls of strained fish broth, bring to a boil, and cook over boiling water for one half hour. Season, add the hot milk and the rolled soda biscuits. Stir well and serve hot. Six servings.

### Curried Corn Soup

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Teaspoonful of curry powder
- 1 Teaspoonful of cornstarch
- Salt, pepper, cayenne
- 3 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 2 Concentrated meat extract cubes
- 2½ Cupfuls of tomato juice
- 1 Can of corn, cream style
- 1 Cupful of milk

Brown the onion in the butter. Add the curry powder, seasonings, and cornstarch and blend well. Dissolve meat extract cubes in the boiling water, add the tomato juice and milk and pour gradually into the onion mixture and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add the corn and cook until thoroughly heated. Strain. Six to eight servings.

### Kidney Soup

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Beef kidney
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Onion, finely sliced
- 1 Quart of boiling water
- 1 Large carrot, finely diced
- 1 Slice of turnip, finely diced

Soak the kidney in salted water for 30 minutes. Rinse, drain, cut in small pieces and dredge with flour. Melt the butter in a frying pan, add the onion and cook until clear. Add the kidney and brown. Transfer the browned meat and onion to a kettle, add the boiling water and vegetables and simmer for three hours. Six servings.

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45-5



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## Baby's Own

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teeth in front is the first to appear and it generally comes through at about six months of age. Then for the next two years baby sprouts more and more teeth. A rough way to estimate how many teeth he should have is to take his age in months and subtract six. At some time after two years of age he should have his full quota of 20 baby teeth. Teething is a normal, natural process. In most cases you can't tell, except by looking in his mouth, that baby is getting a new tooth. Once in a while though when one of the big back teeth is coming through, he may be a little fretful and not quite as hungry as usual. In that case do not try to force him to take more food than he wants. Unfortunately some people blame fevers and even convulsions on teething. This is entirely wrong—these symptoms are caused by some real trouble, such as an infection, and you should tell your physician about them at once. If teething did cause such disturbances our babies would be sick almost continuously for two years or so.

Baby should be able to hold up his head steadily when you lay him on his tummy, at the age of about four months. He usually acquires the mutually pleasing art of sitting alone somewhere between his seventh and ninth month. Then comes walking which is usually achieved between the ages of 10 and 14 months. If your child is a little slow in learning these tricks, do not hurry him by propping him up or holding him up with his weight on his feet. Nothing is gained by rushing him. He'll do these things when he is ready and forcing him to assume these positions too soon may be harmful.

PRACTICALLY ALL babies are born with blue eyes. It isn't until they are one to two months old that their eyes assume their permanent color. During the first few months most babies are cross-eyed at intervals. This is because their eye muscles do not work together properly. If the cross-eyes persist beyond the age of 10 or 12 months you should get medical advice. Tears are lacking until the three-month mark is passed. We are not sure whether the newborn baby can hear—but we do know that he hears very imperfectly for the first few days.

The proportions of the body change as the child grows. If that weren't the case, we adults would be man-sized babies which we certainly aren't. The two main changes are that the head becomes smaller in proportion to the rest of the body and the arms and legs become relatively longer.

During the preschool period (from two to five years) the child loses his rolipoly baby appearance and he begins to lengthen out. He should, of course, continue to gain both in height and weight. Have him weighed and measured and examined by your physician every six months. The preschool or nursery school period is important for your child's health, and some people are rather apt to forget this fact.

From six to 10 years youngsters grow at a steady moderate rate. After the age of 10 the girls start to grow much more rapidly. They shoot up in height and increase a good deal in weight. The exact age at which a girl enters this phase varies considerably. Also the amount they grow in any one year varies a good deal, but as a general rule the bigger girls grow quickly early and mature early. The smaller girls are older when they show this sudden spurt of growth and they usually mature later. Sometimes the short girls of 12

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"I start a 'Block Plan' as a war effort...  
and stop a family dispute"



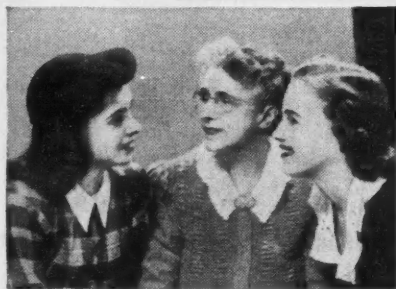
1. I've taken on the job as neighborhood leader for the government's Block Plan. All the women in my block do their war work in a group. We set up salvage drives, get blood donors, and do dozens of other necessary war jobs.



2. Keeps me pretty busy, but luckily I know most of my neighbors. The other day, though, I arrived at my friend Marie's as she and her mother were arguing about Marie's baby.



3. "What's the trouble?" I asked. "Mother says I'm spoiling my baby," she sighed, "having so many special things for him." "Yes," declared her mother, "you even have a special *laxative*!"



4. "Naturally," I said. "A child's system needs special care. My nurse sister always gives her child Castoria, made especially for children—it's gentle and effective."



5. Marie went ahead and gave her baby Castoria. The baby cooed over it . . . and Marie's mother said, "On thinking it over, I can see you and Marie are right . . . 100%!"



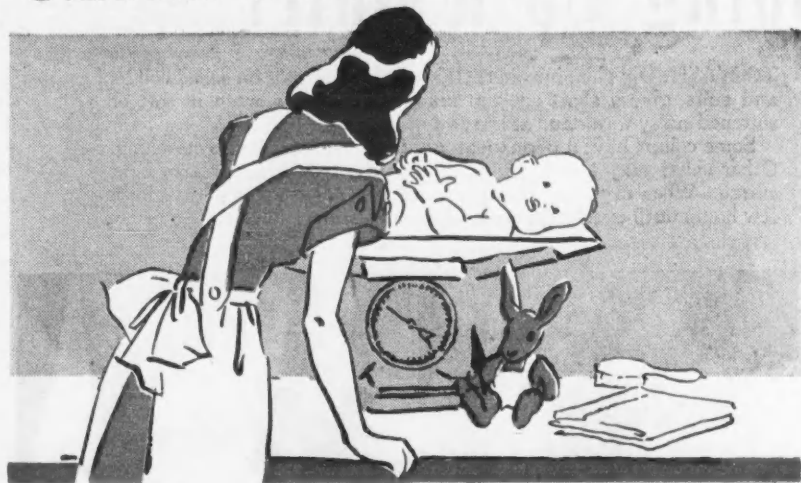
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## CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



## How They Grow!

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

IT IS fun to watch anything grow, but it's particularly interesting to see our youngsters at it. What I propose to do in this article is to give you the average times at which most youngsters reach certain milestones, but you must remember that children can vary quite a bit either way and still be quite normal. So you should not be concerned if your child is somewhat out of line. If, however, he is much behindhand you would be wise to have him checked over by your physician.

Boys weigh on the average about half a pound more than girls do at birth. All normal babies lose weight for the first three or four days after they are born, because it takes about that long for the breast milk to become established. By the end of his first two weeks a baby should have regained his birth weight. He then proceeds to gain weight at a good rate for the next three months. During the next three months the rate of gain is not quite so rapid, and for the last six months of the first year it is a little slower still. When you realize that most babies double their birth weight by the age of five months and triple it at about one year it is evident that the rate of growth in the first year is very good. If you have a beam type of scale in your home it is a good plan to weigh baby once a week during his first six months, and once every two weeks in the last six months of his first year. Always weigh on the same day and at the same hour, preferably just before his bath. As

he grows older and wriggles about more, you will need someone to help you when you weigh him as he might easily fall out of the scales.

Most babies are about 20 in. long when they are born and they grow about nine inches in height in their first year—which is indeed quite an accomplishment. Their heads too grow at a surprising rate—in fact they are four inches more in circumference at 12 months of age than they were at birth.

When baby is born he has two "soft" spots on the top of his head. Actually they aren't very soft, as they are covered with tough gristlelike cartilage as well as skin. However, they are definitely softer than the rest of his head which is covered with bone. As baby grows older the bone grows in from the outer edges of the soft spots and by the age of nine to 16 months even the large diamond-shaped soft spot toward the front of his head has been filled in with hard bone. The smaller soft spot near the back of his head has usually disappeared by the age of six weeks. You do not need to be afraid of washing over these soft spots. Baby's brain is very well protected by the tough cartilage membrane, and unless you wash baby's head regularly every day he is liable to develop cradle cap.

THE APPEARANCE of baby's first tooth is usually awaited with great eagerness. Usually one of his lower



Walking is generally achieved between the ages of ten and fourteen months.



THERE HAD been no change in her. She lay, a flat thin silhouette in the narrow bed, her face white and closed against him. He sat down in a corner, hunched forward, his hands hanging between his knees, and tried to think. A miracle, the doctor had said. He ought to be praying then—and suddenly he felt shaken with a kind of terrible inward laughter. He was a fine kind of fellow to expect a miracle!

And yet he had to pray—he had to. For the first time in the 19 years of Holly's life he had come up against something he couldn't get for her. At first it had been with the strength of his hands. They weren't the same hands now. He glanced down at them, spread them out. There was no grease now rimmed about the big nails. They were smooth, well-cared-for. Then it had been with money. But he couldn't buy her a new body, or mend this tender envelope of flesh that held all that meant his darling to him . . .

"Oh, God," he prayed, burying his face in his hands, "make her well—let her live. Oh, God, I know I've no right to ask anything from you . . ." In his agony he groped for words—words that might soften this important Stranger he had neglected for so long. "I don't know You very well, do I?" he said then. "I haven't done very much for You. Oh, I've put on striped pants and a grey tie and ushered in church on Sunday—and I've given money to the Joint Charities—big subscriptions with my name in the papers . . . But I've never talked very much to You—not man to man. Oh, God, give me back my little girl—whole and sound—I'll take such care of her . . ."

He dropped his hands from his face and stared at the bed—at Holly. So intense had been his emotion, his feeling of an actual Presence in the room, that he almost expected to see the white face flush with color, come alive—the motionless body to spring from the bed with its old careless abandon. Silence—nothing—no movement . . .

And then the thick padded door to Holly's room began to move slowly inward, to open, and on the threshold stood Barbara. She still wore the tweed suit, and the green cap with its bright feather was on the back of her golden head.

"Oh, John"—her voice broke—"I just heard it over the radio. I had to come . . ."

He stared at her almost as if he had never seen her before. Her loveliness was like a blow over his heart. She was rosy from the cold and the snowflakes clung to her hair and gave her a gentle childlike air.

"So young," he said within himself, "so young . . ."

She turned her eyes from his face as if she could not bear to see the torment in it and looked over at the bed. His glance followed hers, and suddenly the strangest feeling assailed him. He saw the two girls merge as it were into one body—the body of youth. Barbara lay now on the white hospital bed, her golden head, her firm glowing body shattered—stricken . . .

"I did this to you," his voice seemed to be saying. "I took all your bright youth, your promise for my own selfish needs—to flower over the barren places in my own life. I struck you down . . ."

So sharp had been the illusion that it was almost with surprise that he tore his eyes from the bed to turn and find Barbara still standing by the door, radiant and young and beautiful in her unvanquished strength.

He got slowly to his feet.

"You must go home," he said dully. "There's nothing you can do here."

He took her out into the hall. For a moment he stood staring down at her. He had such a longing to take her into his arms that it took all his strength not to touch her.

"It's all different now, isn't it, John?" she said at last. "Everything's changed . . ."

*Everything's changed except my love for you, his heart cried.*

Aloud, he said with difficulty, "Yes, everything's changed."

For an instant she put out a hand. Her face was full of protest.

"But, John . . ." *It was real, this thing between us, her eyes pleaded, so terribly, terribly real . . .*

"Changed," he repeated.

Ah, yes—everything was changed. *I can't strike you down, my darling. I can't cripple you spiritually—the way Holly lies there crippled in her body. I can't do that. You must have your chance too. Perhaps it will be with Dave Washburn—perhaps with some other boy . . .* He looked at her hungrily. "Good-by," he said then. "Good-by."

She walked away from him—down the hall—with her own swift grace.

He went back into Holly's room, went to the window, pressed his face against the glass, stared down into the street as if he might see far down there that gallant young figure walking out of his life. Then he turned.

Margaret had come quietly into the room. She stood now at the foot of Holly's bed, looking down at her child. Her face was drawn with pain. She raised her eyes to his now, and, with a kind of sickness, he saw in them that same look of bewilderment and fright. He stopped dead. Had he been wrong about Margaret all these years? He had been so sure he was right . . . Could it be possible that he had made her suffer one tenth of the pain that was searing his own heart tonight?

He crossed the room to her, and together they stood looking down at Holly. Then he put his arm across Margaret's shoulder and drew her to him.

"Did you have your tea?" he said then.

She nodded speechlessly.

"Well, suppose I go down and get a bite. You'll stay with her?"

"Oh, yes, John, of course . . ." Her voice was suddenly eager.

He went over to the bureau to get his hat. In the mirror then he saw his own face, and curiously he saw—not the John Brandys, successful man of the world who had made a fortune—but a boy with gentle eyes. +

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FROM their vast experience, Vicks Health Advisers and Scientists developed a simple home-guide—called Vicks Plan—that has proved its real worth in tests made among 2650 children under clinical supervision. Reports show that it resulted in fewer colds . . . shorter

colds . . . 50% less sickness from colds! Now this *tested* Vicks Plan is ready for you to use in dealing with colds.

Of course, Vicks Plan may do less for you and your family—or it may do even more! At a time like this it is certainly worth trying in your own home.

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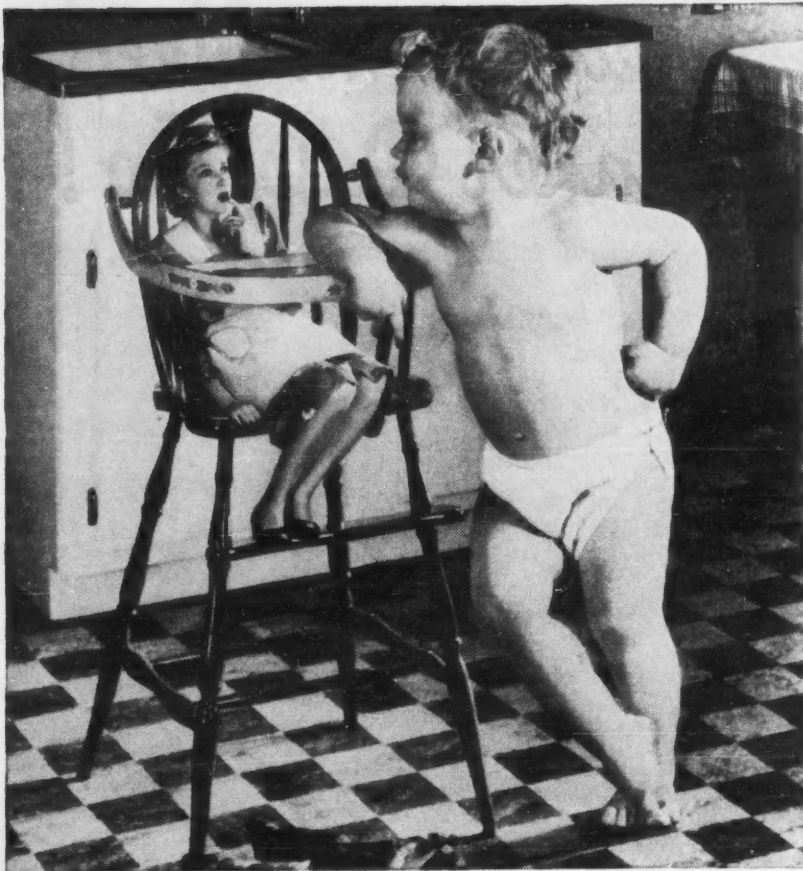


**3. If a Cold Should Develop . . .** Some colds slip by all precautions. When one does, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its grand double-action starts to work at once and keeps on working for hours—invites restful sleep. And often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone . . . clinic-tested VICKS VAPORUB.

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**NOTE:** Full details of Vicks Plan in your package of Vicks . . . If the miserable symptoms of a cold are not relieved promptly—or if more serious trouble seems to threaten—call in your family doctor right away.





*"Ready to eat those words, mom?"*



**BABY:** How do you like being me, Mom? Still think I have "nothing to cry about?"

**MOM:** Honey—I take it all back! I never knew so many things in a baby's life could irritate his skin and make him cross!

**BABY:** And does that suggest something, maybe? Such as protecting my skin with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder?

**MOM:** Gracious! Do babies need both?

**BABY:** Yessiree, Mom! Johnson's nice,

pure Baby Oil to keep me smooth and help prevent what my hospital nurse called "urine irritation." And then again, Johnson's Powder for soft cool sprinkles that chase little chafes and prickles!

**MOM:** My! A mother learns something about babies every day!



**BABY:** Johnson's learned about 'em a long time ago, Mom! And as soon as you get me all soft and smooth and sweet again, you can pin the wings right here!

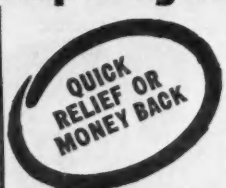


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38

ASK YOUR GROCER



and 13 fear that they are fated to be runts for life. They should not despair so soon—the chances are that they will grow a great deal more, and that they will become reasonably tall. Usually girls do not grow much after 15 years of age.

At 13 the average girl is both taller and heavier than the average boy of the same age. This is because the boys are about two years later beginning their period of accelerated growth. As with the girls, there is a good deal of variation as to the exact age at which it will occur in any individual boy. Some boys are as much as two years behind others in getting going. The small boys don't need to be pessimistic—their time is yet to come. By the age of 15 the boys have outdistanced the girls in both height and weight and they still keep on growing until the age of 19 at least.

If you go into one of the early grades in the public school you will notice that there isn't very much variation in height among the youngsters. But if you visit the last grade of the public school or the first form in the high school you will be struck by the tremendous variations in size. Finally, if you look over the boys and girls in their last year at high school you will notice that the boys and the girls also are much more of a size. You now understand why these changes are seen. The juniors at public school have not entered their period of rapid growth, the junior high school youngsters are in the middle of it, and the seniors have passed the peak of it.

Dr. Robertson will be glad to answer questions on child care. Please do not ask for feeding formulas or prescriptions. Address your letters to Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. +

## Thou Canst Not Then Be False

Continued from page 57

can produce coma like the one she's in—just as much as real brain injury. So I'm just praying—for a miracle. They do happen sometimes in cases like this." He nodded toward the room. "Why don't you and Mrs. Brandys take turns sitting in there? You can't hurt her—and we can only give you one nurse just now." He shook his head. "There just aren't any more—for any amount of money."

John got up then. "I see." He tried to pull himself together. "You know, of course, you can call in anyone you want—from anywhere you can get him. There isn't any question of money..."

Speidel nodded. "I know that. If we need anyone I'll let you know," and he was gone.

Brandys looked longingly at the door. "Margaret, why don't you go down to the restaurant and get something to eat? I'll take over now."

"I'm not hungry, John." He brushed that aside with an impatient gesture, and then he saw with a new pain that she looked at him as if she were afraid of him.

"Oh, well—go anyway. Get a cup of tea," he said angrily. *Get out of my sight, leave me alone with her,* he seemed to be shouting.

She pattered off down the hall then, somehow a pathetic-looking figure in her stylish clothes. He pushed away the thought of her and went back into Holly's room.



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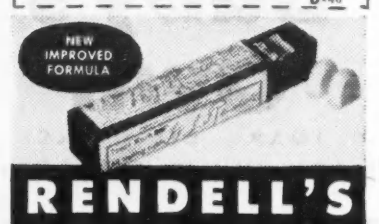
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## Easy Does It

Continued from page 60

used as much as they might be as edgings—the foliage is as attractive as the flowers.

If buying started annuals in boxes, do not distribute them in little groups of threes and fours. They need quantity to give effects at a distance. Use not less than a dozen in a group, and repeat the

groups at intervals along the border. Plant harmonizing colors adjacent to each other. If in doubt about color combinations you are always safe in using shades of yellow and orange, cream or white, with blues and lavenders and purples. Deep maroon or dark reds will enrich most plantings. Scarlet is the most arresting color in the garden. Avoid using it with strong pink. The pastel colors, soft yellows, pinks, blues and lavenders are always charming together. Strong yellow should be kept away from strong pink.

You might like to experiment with some of the following combinations of annuals; annual forget-me-nots, pink and white daisies and purple pansies; white snapdragons and ruby-red verbenas; Yellow Supreme marigolds bordered with bronze and yellow dwarf French marigolds; pink stocks and lavender ageratum; lavender zinnias and pink *Lavatera splendens*; Cleome with maroon snapdragons, annual blue larkspur and flaming velvet petunias.

FOR THE small garden plot there are certain basic vegetables that are considered musts. These include salad greens such as lettuce, radishes and onions, carrots, beets and beans, both yellow and green and limas; and tomatoes. Spinach, peas and corn are good crops for the slightly larger plot. If there is still space unused include cabbages, Brussels sprouts, Swiss chard and cauliflower. Be sure to tie up the heads of the cauliflower when they form, to prevent their becoming discolored. Potatoes require room and so do turnips.

Those who like to experiment with some of the more unusual vegetables and have the necessary room may try their hand at growing kohlrabi, okra, peppers, broccoli, eggplant, collards, salsify, Chinese cabbage. Squash and cucumber need room for their vines to run along the ground.

We suggest to beginners that they equip themselves with one of the many fine books now available on the growing of vegetables. In them are given very specific directions as to quantities required, best varieties for home growing and comprehensive tables giving other valuable statistics. An alternative course is to write to your Provincial Department of Agriculture for pamphlets on vegetable growing. +

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## TRAINING YOUR CHILD

### Children's Lies

PART II.

**Dr. WILLIAM E. BLATZ**

Director, Institute of Child Study,  
University of Toronto.

THE SECOND type of lie is the lie of fantasy. As a child grows up he learns that other human beings are very interesting and that at times companionship is much more enjoyable than being alone. He learns, too, that in order to enjoy companionship he must be interesting, especially in conversation. He finds that, like himself, other people are more interested in themselves than in anyone else and his conversation must not only be interesting to himself but to the other person if the companionship is to endure. He must learn to be a raconteur. His description of his own experience must be fast moving, details must be eliminated, dramatization must be skilful, that is, if the other person is going to listen; and so he learns to distort his experience deliberately, by omitting details, adding gratuitous episodes and rearranging the time and space sequence.

This distortion is done for the specific purpose of being interesting. There is no intention to deceive for any other purpose. If there are more persons than one, then the tale must be worthy of the audience. Fantastic lies come under the heading of a social game in which there are rules and regulations. There must always be some signal or cue to indicate that the recital departs more or less from the truth. The subtler the signal and the more intelligent the audience, the more thrill there is in the performance. The signal may be only a slight smile, a starry eye, a raised eyebrow or some other gesture. This gesture implies that the performer knows that the listener knows that the performer knows that the listener knows. If the signal is too obvious, then the game falls flat. If the signal is too subtle, then the whole performance is misinterpreted.

If the child comes home from school breathless and says, "Mummy, I saw a thousand horses running away down the street," the mother may say, "A thousand, my dear?" which immediately challenges the child, who may respond flatly, "Well, there were at least two," and the incident is over. The child has been crushed by reality. The mother has refused to play the game. How much better to have entered into the spirit and have said, "My, that is a lot of horses," with a twinkle in her eye and listened to the further dramatization of the incident.

We all number among our acquaintances some persons who "stick to the truth." The friend who meets us on the street and begins a long recital of yesterday afternoon: "My dear, yesterday was terrible. It was at two o'clock that the telephone rang or maybe it was a quarter past two, because I remember the baker had come and he always comes punctually at two o'clock and I remember ordering a raisin loaf which I usually get on Wednesdays, or perhaps this was the day before because yesterday was Thursday, or was it? Yes, it was, so it might have been two o'clock and I had just finished the dishes and

so it must have been Thursday because I only get a raisin loaf on Wednesdays—"

By this time the listener is thinking frantically of how to get away or of strangling the raconteur, who is obviously only interested in herself and not in the listener. How much more interesting it is to meet another friend, who says, holding up a bandaged finger and with a twinkle in her eye, "I nearly chopped my whole hand off yesterday and bled bucketsful." You know that this was impossible or she wouldn't be there and yet you are sufficiently interested to enquire further because the details might be still more interesting.

OFTTIMES parents are distressed when their children manifest early skill in the lies of fantasy and discourage such flights of fantasy by saying, "You must always tell the truth," catching them up on details, ridiculing them or washing out their mouths with laundry soap. Such measures, heroic as they are, unfortunately often succeed in inhibiting all fantasy from the life of the child. Most people are relatively dull companions because their early fantasies have been nipped in the bud. Their compositions at school have had to conform to the rigid rules of syntax, margins, spelling, neatness, introduction, body, and conclusion, with the result that only rarely does one emerge from childhood into adult life capable of entertaining us with tales of fantasy which we call fiction. The historian who steps aside from his scientific role and dresses historical figures with conversations that never took place and incidents of trivial fantasy makes history fascinating to others than historians. And one cannot help but delight in the delicate but poignant fantasy of Robert Louis Stevenson, who, by deed of gift, left his birthday to a little girl who had the misfortune to be born on Christmas Day.

Parents are afraid that there will be a carry-over into the realms of activity where accuracy and careful observation are necessary, but this fear is unjustified because fantastic lies are used only in social situations where there is no intention to derive anything else from the situation except attention and interest. All novelists, poets, painters, sculptors, dramatists, actors, composers are skilled in fantastic lies according to their popularity.

Obviously, since it requires skill to entertain others and a wealth of experience is necessary for a varied distortion, young children are on the whole not very successful except with their parents. Parents can afford to be patient and assist in the training, although parental pride too often magnifies the child's skill in fantasy when he is asked to perform before others, especially relations. Such social emphasis impedes the education of the child because the game is too easy, the child gaining approval regardless of the standard of his performance. A belated tribute should here be paid to relations who have in the past, for some reason or other, endured the boredom of their infant relations.

From this it can be gleaned that the parental role in guiding a child toward a skilful use of the lies of fantasy is not only important but difficult. But when it is realized that out of such training emerges wit and humor, it can be seen, first, how important it is not to neglect this training, and, second, how sad it is to feel that in the world today wit and humor are so rare. +

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# Grateful Giving

**T**ODAY a raucous clatter in the pine trees announced the first crows. Spring is stirring, overhead and under the snowbanks. It is good to be alive—so good, in fact, that one would be willing to pay a high price just for the privilege.

A great many people have been denied the lovely, intimate, personal experience of another spring. By the sheer accident of having been born at a certain time and place in history, and by the vigor of their youth, they have been required to die. For them there will be no seasonal re-enactment of the mystery of bud and bird and gentling air. Their time has passed; ours is still here and now—we can have the joy of spring and we can be grateful for it, and for those who have let us live to see it.

But gratitude without works is a poor thing. If we want to say thank you to the men of Cassino and Ortona and Falaise, to the beach-raiders at Dieppe and the ghostly paratroops at Arnhem, to the sailors who will never again make port, and the lads who were old enough to fly on a fatal mission for us but not quite old enough to vote—if we want to express our gratitude in concrete form, there is a way, and it is to hand immediately. We can support the Red Cross in its Mercy on the March campaign, and we can do it with a fresh outpouring of spirit and money. If dead men could speak, I believe they would tell us to see to the needs of the living, to rescue the sick and wounded, feed the starving, clothe the destitute. This is precisely the job which the Red Cross does with such careful efficiency, but it is "our" job rather than "theirs"—because the Red Cross is, in simple analysis, a great citizens' organization doing humane and neighborly acts on our behalf and with our money. There is no substitute for the work of the Red Cross or for the spontaneous support which it must have from every citizen.

The finest tributes to Red Cross services are those which come from the men who know, the veterans who have returned. The prisoners of war who are now back in Canada can give vivid interpretation to those weekly food parcels, which to us seem merely routine, but to them meant the plain difference between living and dying. They will tell you, too, how clothes and bedding kept them warm in freezing huts, and medicines cured the sick; how books and sports equipment and mouth organs saved their morale. Of the \$10,000,000 needed by the Red Cross for its 1945 services, more than half this amount will be used for such parcels, which once a week, without fail, bring the practical sympathy of Canada and the Canadian people to every one of our men in enemy hands.

The Red Cross deputizes for us in visiting the wounded, providing cigarettes, invalid delicacies, and comforts. It saves lives with blood serum delivered to the forward clearing stations behind the battlefronts. It operates clubs and canteens for men away from home. This year its responsibilities have increased in another direction: more than 20% of its gross budget is designated for Allied Relief. You and I, here at home among the abundances of Canada, can at last do something about those haunting sombre faces of Europe's children and the tired women who gaze at us from the newsreels and the picture pages.

War is bitter and cruel; it could be a brutalizing influence even on our peaceful homes, if it were not for the outlet which giving, sharing, and self-denial have provided. It is essential, for ourselves and our future, that we keep intact the tenderness and compassion which inspire a person or a nation to unselfish deeds. This springtime of Victory Year can be made more memorable if we respond to this new challenge with all our hearts and our individual resources.

*Mary Ella Macpherson*



MARCH, 1945

## Chatelaine

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